Studies in CHURCH ✠ ✠ DEDICATIONS

or England's Patron Saints

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STUDIES IN CHURCH DEDICATIONS

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CHURCH DEDICATIONS

OR

ENGLAND'S PATRON SAINTS

BY

FRANCES ARNOLD-FORSTER

"*We build not temples unto our Martyrs as unto gods, but Memorials unto dead men, whose spirits with God are still living.*"—S. AUGUSTINE.

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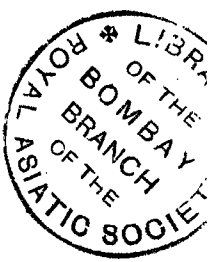
IN THREE VOLUMES

VOL. I.



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"LET us now praise famous men, and our fathers that begat us.

"The LORD hath wrought great glory by them through His great power from the beginning.

"Such as did bear rule in their kingdoms, men renowned for their power, giving counsel by their understanding, and declaring prophecies:

"Leaders of the people by their counsels, and by their knowledge of learning meet for the people, wise and eloquent in their instructions:

"Such as found out musical tunes, and recited verses in writing:

"Rich men furnished with ability, living peaceably in their habitations:

"All these were honoured in their generations, and were the glory of their times.

"There be of them, that have left a name behind them, that their praises might be reported.

"And some there be, which have no memorial; who are perished, as though they had never been; and are become as though they had never been born; and their children after them.

"But these were merciful men, whose righteousness hath not been forgotten."

Ecclesiasticus xliv. 1–10.

PREFACE.

THE subject of Church Dedications is one that, from a variety of causes, is beginning to attract a good deal of increased interest, not only on the part of students, but also among the general public ; and it is hoped that a place may therefore be found for a book which brings together a considerable amount of information relating to our English churches and the saints whose names they bear.

The bond of association between our churches and the names of the saints is one that is very precious to many of us. Probably we are most of us agreed that "London Cathedral" would be a poor exchange for "S. Paul's"—that time-honoured dedication-name which enfolds twelve hundred years of history. The very sound of these names—S. Mary, S. Laurence, S. Cuthbert, and so forth—serves to call up visions of some much-loved church—whether in crowded city or in quiet village, whether venerable with age or newly built to meet the needs of to-day—churches differing widely from one another, yet alike in their purpose ; alike also in this, that they are stamped with the name of some saint of God.

From the dawn of English Christianity up to the present day, the great majority of our churches, if not associated directly with one or all of the Persons of the Blessed Trinity, have been dedicated either to All Saints or All Angels collectively, or to the saints of Scripture. Dedications such as these meet us on every side, and demand no explanation. But the value of dedications does not lie merely in their obscurity or in their rarity, and there is, as we shall endeavour to show hereafter, much more to be learnt than might at first sight be supposed, from the proportion and distribution of these commonest of dedication-names.

When we pass from the scriptural to the non-scriptural dedications, an interest of a new kind meets us. S. Nicholas, S. Margaret, S. George —how constantly are their names upon our lips ! In a sense, how familiar they are, and yet how slender is our real knowledge of those who bore

them! How gladly do we press back beyond picture and allegory to catch, if possible, some faint glimpse of their true personality! And then again, beyond these semi-legendary saints, there stand the real historic figures, such as S. Clement, S. Martin, S. Oswald, whose noble stories we read with kindling hearts; and those other figures, such as S. Teilo, S. Botolph, S. Maidoc, not less real, yet so hidden, so dimly seen through the mist of ages, that it is only by looking long and closely that we can image to ourselves what manner of men they were.

As we travel through England and visit church after church, we meet many such names—some well known, some half known, some altogether unfamiliar to us—which stir our curiosity and make us desire to know more of the saints who bore them, and of how they came to be commemorated in these particular spots.

But such knowledge is not always easy of access, as the writer has learnt by experience; and even among those who are most disposed to be interested in the subject, there must be many who lack time and opportunity to pursue the inquiry for themselves, and who may be glad to have brought before them in a convenient form some of the results of the study bestowed by historians and archæologists upon these various saints and their English memorials.

This book deals with all the known dedication-names found in England —about six hundred in all.* The Appendices give in tabular form certain particulars relating to the dedications of over fourteen thousand of our English churches, while the text gives more or less detailed accounts † of all the patron saints mentioned. The biographies contained in these "Studies" have been compiled from many and varied sources—from the original authorities, whenever these were happily accessible to the writer; in other cases from the best books on the subject within reach. The exact sources of information made use of have always been noted at the foot of the page, thus enabling the reader to judge for himself of the value of the statements made. It may be safely asserted that there is no one book—neither the invaluable and comprehensive "Dictionary of Christian Biography," nor even Mr. Baring-Gould's extensive collection of the "Lives of the Saints" ‡—which includes all the strangely varied patrons who have given their names to our churches. Many of these, as we have already said, are among the best-known figures of their time. As we follow their story we find ourselves moving along the broad track of

* Cf. footnote on p. 564 of vol. ii.

† It has been thought needless to give lives of the scriptural saints, and very slight sketches have been considered sufficient in the case of those saints who can only claim to possess churches dedicated since the Reformation; the histories of all the remaining saints are told at somewhat greater length.

‡ Original edition, 1872.

universal history; but there are others, not a few, who can only be found by wandering into curious by-paths of biography and archæology; while there is a yet smaller number who have, so far, baffled all research. But, after all, these very obscure saints are but a handful in comparison with the whole number; generally speaking, if we look closely enough we shall find that there is a story connected even with the less well-known names, and a story that is well worth the telling; for dedication-names were not of old time given at haphazard, but sprang, for the most part, out of a natural regard to surrounding circumstances.

A great deal of hidden history, a great deal of theology, and a great many small personal experiences underlie the thirteen centuries of our English church dedications; and it is the special object of these "Studies" to bring to light some of this hidden history, and to show what deep and varied interest attaches to the familiar names of our churches. There is, moreover, much of interest in studying the geographical distribution of these names; in noting how one saint is to be found in every county, another in every county except Celtic Cornwall, while a third is to be found only, it may be, in one single village.

The subject is, in fact, an inexhaustible one, for each separate dedication-name—could we but trace its story—would carry us back far beyond the consecration of the particular church to distant lands and bygone centuries. "The continuity of good," said Archbishop Benson some years ago, in a sermon preached at the restoration of S. Bartholomew's, Smithfield,* "may be carried back even beyond the pale morning of Norman progress in which this foundation was laid." And then he tells again the well-known story (see p. 82) of Rahere, the twelfth-century founder of both church and hospital, and of the vision of S. Bartholomew that appeared to him on his way home from Rome. The Archbishop continues: "He must have seen the noble tower of S. Bartholomew which was just in those years added to the great church upon the island in the Tiber. That island had for immemorial centuries been dedicated to the healing of the sick. There had been the Temple of Æsculapius, and there the shrine of a yet older deity of healing. It suggests itself that the vision he really saw was a transplanting of church and hospital —that Bartholomew who dwelt on Tiber might dwell on Thames. But if so, then into what dim and shadowy ages the continuity of good runs back."

Or, once again, to take a more modern example: see how the new church of Holy Cross in St. Pancras (p. 34), built as a memorial of Commodore Goodenough, that true-hearted Christian officer who met his

* *Guardian*, June 7, 1893.

death at the hands of the heathen islanders of Santa Cruz, speaks of the far-away island in the Pacific, so named centuries ago by its Spanish discoverers, and now being won back anew to the faith of the Cross.

As a rule, those who are interested in such matters have devoted their attention solely to pre-Reformation dedications. In this book no such distinction has been made. The spirit of an age is often strikingly manifested by its choice of patron saints, and the favourite dedication-names of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries show no less strongly marked characteristics than those of the Middle Ages, and have therefore no less an interest of their own. Undoubtedly, the change in the point of view was tremendous when patron saints ceased to be chosen mainly for their value as intercessors, when their names were no longer followed by the appeal, "Orate pro nobis." Yet now that our patron saints are chosen as witnesses to the grace of God, as glorious examples to their fellow-men, we boldly claim that their influence for good is in no wise less real or less powerful than it was of old time.

In the following pages the different saints have, as far as possible, been grouped according to their respective orders and natural associations—the Bishops of Rome in one chapter, the Welsh S. David and his friends in another, the Virgin Martyrs in a third, and so on. Strict chronological order will plainly not serve us in dealing with saints, who, though contemporaneous, have yet so little in common with each other as the cultured Roman gentleman, S. Gregory the Great, and such a fantastic, half-legendary figure as the Irish S. Brandan. The line of what may be termed "natural association" has therefore been followed in these pages.

The spelling of proper names has, as far as possible, followed the stereotyped usage of the different churches themselves—"S. Bertoline," instead of "S. Bertram," for example—rather than any more scholarly model. "Wilfrid" and "Edith" are names too firmly rooted amongst us to be readily exchanged for "Wilfrith" and "Eadgyth;" and "Etheldreda" and "Alphege" have a more familiar sound in our ears than "Aethelthryth" and "Aelfheah." It would, however, be a hopeless task to take account of all the minor differences of local spelling, and it has hardly been attempted.

It remains to give a few particulars * as to the more technical parts of the work. Appendix I. shows in tabular form the relative popularity of the various dedication-names at different periods of history, and also serves the purpose of an index. Appendix II. gives an alphabetical list of parishes throughout England, together with their several counties and

* Further remarks on the various Appendices and their uses will be found in the table of "Explanations and Abbreviations" prefixed to vol. iii.

dioceses, and the saints to whom their respective churches are ascribed—a list primarily based upon the Clergy List for 1896, though largely modified from other sources. Appendix III. gives the saints first and the parishes afterwards; it is practically Appendix II. reversed, for convenience of reference, but in abbreviated form.

The dates given in Appendices I. and II. have been collected from many different sources, and serve to classify the various dedications into four periods: those belonging to the pre-Reformation period;* those of the eighteenth century; those dedicated between 1800 and 1850; and, lastly, those, and they differ markedly from the preceding, dedicated in the latter half of the present century.

It is important to remember that, from the point of view of these pages, the central question is simply at what period the existing patron saint of any given church came to be adopted, and that the periods here designated refer only to the origin of the dedication-name, and are in no way concerned with the date of the structure to which that name is attached. A newly rebuilt church may carry on a name that has for a thousand years been associated with the site on which it stands; while, on the other hand, an ancient fabric that has unhappily lost the memory of its original dedication, may bear a name of modern choice.

It happens not infrequently that a church is credited with two, or even three, patron saints; and though it is probable that one only is recognized by established usage, it does not therefore follow that one name is right and the others wrong. It is possible that the church may at some period have been formally re-dedicated to some different saint, or that the Lady-chapel or chancel may have been placed under the invocation of one patron, and the rest of the building dedicated to another. This explains the discrepancies which exist in the two important eighteenth-century volumes which are the basis of all the later books on Church Dedications—Bacon's *Liber Regis*, and Ecton's *Thesaurus*. The first of these two volumes—popularly known as "The King's Book"—has for its second title, "Thesaurus Rerum Ecclesiasticarum." It is an eighteenth-century (1786) reproduction, with additional matter, edited by John Bacon, of the manuscript returns made by the Commissioners of Henry VIII. in 1534—on the very eve of the Reformation—touching the names, condition, and value of all the churches and benefices throughout England. The other volume has the same title—"Thesaurus Rerum Ecclesiasticarum"—and much the same scope. It came out more than thirty years before Bacon's edition of the *Liber Regis*, and was edited by John Ecton, who, like Bacon, held an official position as "Receiver" of ecclesiastical moneys.

* But see table of "Explanations and Abbreviations" prefixed to vol. iii.

Ecton states on his title-page that "the dedications have been revised by Browne Willis, LL.D." Browne Willis was an archæologist of note, nevertheless the blanks in both works, where professedly the dedication-names ought to be, leave much to be desired. It was hardly to be looked for that omissions of such long standing should be made good in our time, but, as is shown in the present work, a surprising number of forgotten dedications have recently been brought to light by careful research into mediæval Wills and other ancient documents. The writer is well aware that it would have been most desirable to indicate the several sources from which the dedication-names given in Appendix II. were taken. In a few special cases this has been done, but to do it in all lay beyond the scope of the present work.

A slender clue to the true patron of a church, but one which when judiciously used may help to turn many a doubtful hypothesis into a certainty, may be found in the date of the parish feast. Henry VIII. here, as in many other respects, did the student of dedications an ill turn, when in 1539 he published in the "Primer"—the authorized Prayer-book of that day—his mandate ordaining that "the feast of dedication of the Church shall in all places throughout this realm be celebrated and kept on the first Sunday of the month of October for ever, and on no other day. Item, that the feast of the patron of every church within this realm, called commonly the church holy-day, shall not from henceforth be kept or observed as a holy-day as heretofore hath been used." A certain number of parishes conformed to this regulation; hence the numerous fairs and feasts that are held in the beginning of October. The majority of parishes fortunately had the independence to ignore the royal decree, and to adhere to their customary day; but even they could not resist the Act of Parliament two hundred years later (1751), which enforced the adoption of the Gregorian Kalendar, or *New Style* of reckoning. The famous omission of the eleven days, which caused so much excitement throughout the country, has left a permanent impress upon our parish feasts, which are variously computed according to the Old or the New Style. Many parishes still adhere to the Old Style, and so celebrate their festivals some ten or twelve days after the Saint's Day which they are intended to commemorate. For example, Coln St. Aldwyn, dedicated to the Baptist, which formerly observed its patronal festival on August 29—the day of the Beheading of S. John Baptist—now keeps it on the Sunday next to September 11. In like manner, S. Ann's at All-Cannings and S. Faith's at Havant, and hundreds more, still follow the Old Style. The difference is not always, it will be observed, exactly eleven days; it is sometimes twelve or thirteen, occasionally even fourteen, varying probably according

to whether the feast is celebrated on the eve, day, or morrow of the saint's festival.*

If any one desires to see how much lost knowledge can be recovered by a careful investigation into local feasts, he should study that wonderful little compilation, the *Truro Diocesan Kalendar*. On the whole, the Celtic dedications have been far more scientifically worked out than those of the Roman Kalendar. Probably their very difficulty has aroused interest. We have no book that deals with English dedications as a whole in the thorough and scholarly fashion of Rees's "Welsh Saints;" but much, very much, has been done for separate counties by such archæologists as Precentor Venables, Mr. Thomas Kerslake, the Rev. Charles Boase, Mr. W. C. Borlase, Canon Raine, Canon Jackson of Leigh Delamere, and others. The results of their researches have been embodied in archæological journals, pamphlets, and manuscript indexes; and, thanks to such sources as these, more than four hundred ancient dedications, supposed to be lost, have been incorporated in the present volumes—not to speak of numerous minor additions and corrections. It is to be deplored that some five hundred ancient churches still remain anonymous, but there is every reason to hope that some even of these will yet be recovered. In the chapter on "Lost Dedications" we have shown what has been effected in this way in one single county (Nottinghamshire); but there is this drawback in treating counties and districts piecemeal—that, though the work may be thorough, the relation to the whole is lost. Thus, a Northumbrian antiquarian speaks—very naturally from his experience—of the frequency of the ancient ascription to SS. Philip and James, being unaware that there are more of these in his particular district than in all the rest of England put together. The *comparative* method is very important in the study of dedications, and requires for its exercise a large area. The present work covers the whole of England (including the Isle of Wight), but does not enter into Wales, the Isle of Man, nor even the Channel Islands, which ought in strictness, perhaps, to have been treated together with the rest of the diocese of Winchester.

It lies outside the limits of these Studies to explain such curious affixes as S. Margaret *Pattens*, S. Mary *Matfelon*, and the like, which have no more relation to the saint proper than those graceful descriptive titles, "S. Mary-in-the-Elms," "S. John-in-the-Willows," "S. Peter-in-the-Rushes." They have all, however, been duly chronicled in Appendix II.

But even assuming that a dedication-name has been established beyond doubt, it not infrequently happens that there is still a question as to the

* If, moreover, the change of Style was not adopted in any place till after 1800, the difference would by that time amount to twelve days instead of eleven.

identity of the saint intended. Is it S. Thomas the Apostle with whom we have to do, or is it his namesake, the murdered Archbishop of Canterbury? Does "S. Augustine" stand for the Bishop of Hippo, or for the missionary sent to England by Gregory? So, too, as to the circumstances that prompted the choice of any particular patron. We follow up a promising clue, an ingeniously argued theory, which seems to fit the facts at every point, only to discover from some piece of local information, gleaned too late, that our whole fabric is overthrown by the readjustment of a date which alters the entire sequence of events.

Such are some of the difficulties and disappointments that beset a student of dedications. No one can be more painfully conscious than the writer, of the many qualifications that ought to be possessed by any one who undertakes to write on this large subject, or more keenly alive to the fact that numerous imperfections and mistakes will inevitably be found in the present attempt to deal with it. The writer can only claim that these Studies—and they do not profess to be more than *Studies*—are the outcome of conscientious and careful labour. They have been a labour of love to herself, and she can but hope that they may prove of some interest and service to others. To professed scholars, indeed, these volumes cannot hope to offer anything new: the utmost they dare to claim is that the close comparative study of a multitude of small separate facts may have resulted, here and there, in furnishing a clue to the origin of some perplexing dedication, or in riveting one more link in an imperfect chain of evidence.

Finally, the writer desires to express her warm thanks to the many correspondents—for the most part personally unknown to her—who have so kindly and freely responded to her appeals for information on points of local or special knowledge. Some of them—Mrs. Francis Holland, the Rev. C. Boase, Canon Jackson of Leeds, Canon Jackson of Leigh Delamere, Mr. Kerslake, Canon Raine, and Precentor Venables—have passed beyond the reach of thanks; but there are many others—clergy and laymen in every part of England—who have, with ready kindness, given the information that was asked for. All such help has been separately acknowledged in its place, but it must be gratefully said here how very largely this local and special knowledge has contributed to whatever of value the book may possess.

F. A.-F.

WHARFESIDE,
July, 1899.

NOTE ON REFERENCES.

MANY of the writers and books most frequently made use of in the following pages are referred to in the footnotes in shortened form, as in the subjoined list; all other references are given fully wherever they occur.

"Age of the Saints" ...	*See* Borlase.
Arch. Journal	Archæological Journals and Transactions: various.
Backhouse and Tylor ...	"Early Church History."
Bacon	*See* "Liber Regis."
Baillet	"Vie des Saints": edition 1739.
Baring-Gould	"Lives of the Saints": first edition, 1872.
Bede	"Ecclesiastical History": Bohn's and Plummer's editions.
Bentham	"History and Antiquities of Ely": 1771.
Bingham	"Antiquities of the Christian Church."
Bright's "Church History"	"Early English Church History."
Bristol, Bishop of ...	"Account of S. Bertram's Shrine at Ilam." "Augustine and his Companions." "Conversion of the Heptarchy": etc.
"Britannia"	*See* Camden.
Borlase (W. C.)	"Age of the Saints": 1893.
Camden	"Britannia": second edition, 1722.
Clerical Guide	Bosworth: 1886.
Clergy List	(with "Clerical Guide" incorporated: Kelly. 1896.
County Histories ...	Baines's "Lancashire." Blomefield's "Norfolk." Clutterbuck's "Hertfordshire." Hasted's "Kent." Hutchin's "Dorset." Lower's "Sussex." Morant's "Essex." Nicolson and Burn's "Westmoreland." Nightingale's "London and Middlesex." Ormerod's "Cheshire." Whitaker's "Loidis and Elmete": and others.
Cox	"Churches of Derbyshire."
Daniel	"The Prayer-book."
D. C. B.	"Dictionary of Christian Biography": edited by Smith and Wace. Murray.
Diocesan Kalendars ...	Various.
"Dorset Antiq."	"Transactions of Dorset Field and Antiquarian Club."

Ecton	"Thesaurus Rerum Ecclesiasticarum": second edition, 1754.
E. H.	*See* Bede.
E. P.	*See* Hooker.
Eng. Chron.	English (or Anglo-Saxon) Chronicle: Bohn's edition.
"Eng. Illus."	"England Illustrated: a Compendium of the Antiquities, civil and ecclesiastical, of England": 1764.
"English Saints" ...	*See* Newman.
Fleury	"Histoire Ecclésiastique": 1691.
Forbes (late Bishop of Brechin)	"Kalendars of the Scottish Saints."
Godwin and Britton ...	"Churches of London."
Green	"Conquest of England." "Making of England." "Short History of the English People."
Hodgkin	"History of Italy and her Invaders."
Hooker	"Ecclesiastical Polity."
Jameson, Mrs.	"Sacred and Legendary Art."
Lawton	"Collectio Rerum Ecclesiasticarum de Diœcesi Eboracensi": 1840.
Lewis	"Topographical Dictionary of England": 1831.
"Liber Regis"	"Liber Regis; vel Thesaurus Rerum Ecclesiasticarum": Bacon's edition, 1786.
Loftie	"Historic Towns: London."
"London P. and P." ...	*See* Wheatley and Cunningham.
Mackeson	"Guide to the London Churches."
Montalembert	"Les Moines d'Occident."
Murray	English and Foreign Handbooks: various.
Newell	"Ancient British Church."
Newman	"Lives of the English Saints."
Nicolas (Nicholas Harris)	"Chronology of History": 1833.
Rees (Rev. Rice) ...	"An Essay on the Welsh Saints."
Rees (Rev. W. J.) ...	"Lives of the Cambro-British Saints."
Stanley	"Eastern Church." "Memorials of Canterbury." "Memorials of Westminster." "Sinai and Palestine."
Turner (Sharon)	"History of the Anglo-Saxons": 1832.
Wheatley and Cunningham	"London Past and Present": 1891.
Wheatly	"Rational Illustration of the Book of Common Prayer."
"York Churches" ...	*See* Lawton.

If the writer has in any case exceeded her rights in making use of information, whether from printed works or private letters, without express permission, she can only plead that the wrong is a most unintentional one, and wholly contrary to her own wish.

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PARALLEL KALENDARS,

SHOWING SAINTS AND FESTIVALS COMMEMORATED BY

(*a*) ANGLICAN PRAYER-BOOK.

(*b*) DEDICATIONS OF OUR ENGLISH CHURCHES.

JANUARY.

	(*a*)	(*b*)
1.	Circumcision.	
2.		[vieve, V.
3.		Melorius, M. Tewdric, K.M. Gene-
4.		S. Titus, B.
5.		
6.	Epiphany.	Epiphany. Melanius, B.
7.		
8.	Lucian, P.M.	Lucian, P.M. Pega, V.
9.		Julian, M.
10.		
11.		Egwin, B.C.
12.		Benedict Biscop, A.
13.	Hilary, B.C.	Hilary, B.C. Kentigern, B.
14.		
15.		
16.		
17.		Antony, A.
18.	Prisca, V.M.	
19.		Wulstan, B.
20.	Fabian, B.M.	Fabian, B.M. Sebastian, M.
21.	Agnes, V.M.	Agnes, V.M.
22.	Vincent, M.	Vincent, D.M. Anastasius, M.
23.		
24.		S. Timothy, B. Cadoc, A.
25.	Conversion of S. Paul.	S. Paul, Ap. Advent, V.
26.		
27.		Chrysostom, B.D. Julian, B.
28.		
29.		
30.		Charles, K.M.
31.		Maidoc, B.

FEBRUARY.

	Prayer-book.	Dedications.
1.		1. Bridget, V. Abs. Crewenne, V. Uny, C. [Abp.
2.	Purification of S. Mary the Virgin.	2. Purification. Feock, C. Laurence,
3.	Blasius, B.M.	3. Blaise, B.M. Werburgh, V. Abs.
4.		4.
5.	Agatha, V.M.	5. Agatha, V.M.
6.		6. Vedast, B.
7.		7.
8.		8. Kew, V.
9.		9. Teilo, B.
10.		10.
11.		11.
12.		12.
13.		13.
14.	Valentine, B.	14.
15.		15. Mabena, V.
16.		16. Juliana, V.M.
17.		17.
18.		18.
19.		19.
20.		20. Mildred, V. Abs.
21.		21.
22.		22. Elwyn, C.
23.		23. Polycarp, B.M. Milburga, V. Abs.
24.	S. Matthias, Ap.	24. S. Matthias, Ap.
25.		25.
26.		26.
27.		27.
28.		28.
29.		29.

MARCH.

1.	David, Abp.	1. David, Abp. Albinus, B.
2.	Chad, B.	2. Chad, B.
3.		3. Nun, C. Wynwalloe, A.
4.		4.
5.		5. Piran, A.
6.		6. Sithney, A. Kyneburga, V. Abs.
7.	Perpetua, M.	7. Enodoc, C. Congar, H.
8.		8. Senan, B. Felix, B.
9.		9.
10.		10.
11.		11. Constantine, K.M.
12.	Gregory, B.	12. Paul (of Léon), B. Gregory, B.D.
13.		13.
14.		14.
15.		15.
16.		16.
17.		17. Patrick, B. Withburga, V. [K.M.
18.	Edward, King of the West Saxons.	18. S. Gabriel the Archangel. Edward,
19.		19. Alkmund, K.M.
20.		20. Cuthbert, B. Wulfram, B.
21.	Benedict, A.	21. Benedict (of Nursia), A.
22.		22.
23.		23. Wynner, C. Piala, V. Ethelwald, H.
24.		24.
25.	Annunciation of the Virgin Mary.	25. The Annunciation.
26.		26.
27.		27.
28.		28.
29.		29. Woolos, H.
30.		30.
31.		31.

APRIL.

	Prayer-book.	Dedications.
1.		
2.		
3.	Richard, B.	Pancras, B. Richard, B.
4.	S. Ambrose, B.	Ambrose, B.D.
5.		
6.		
7.		Goran, C.
8.		
9.		
10.		
11.		Guthlac, P.H.
12.		
13.		
14.		
15.		Paternus (of Vannes), or Padarn, B.
16.		Paternus (of Avranches), B. Magnus,
17.		[K.M.
18.		
19.	Alphege, Abp.	Alphege, Abp. M.
20.		
21.		Anselm, Abp.
22.		
23.	S. George, M.	George, M.
24.		
25.	S. Mark, Evan.	S. Mark, Evan.
26.		Ricarius, A.
27.		
28.		
29.		
30.		

MAY.

1.	S. Philip and S. James, Aps.	SS. Philip and James, Aps. Asaph, B. Breock, B. Corentin, B.
2.		Athanasius, B.
3.	Invention of the Cross.	Invention of the Cross.
4.		
5.		Hydroc, C.
6.	S. John Evan. ante Port. Lat.	S. John Evan. (ante Port. Lat.).
7.		John of Beverley, Abp.
8.		
9.		
10.		
11.		
12.		Pancras (of Rome), M.
13.		
14.		
15.		
16.		Brandan, A. Carantoc, A.
17.		Madron, H.
18.		
19.	Dunstan, Abp.	Dunstan, Abp.
20.		Collen, C. Ethelbert, K.
21.		
22.		
23.		
24.		
25.		Aldhelm, B.
26.	Augustin, Abp.	Augustine, Abp.
27.	Ven. Bede, Pres.	Venerable Bede, P.
28.		
29.		Buriena, V.
30.		Walstan (of Bawburgh), C.
31.		Petronilla. V.

JUNE.

	Prayer-book.	Dedications.
1.	Nicomede, M.	Rumon, B.H. Wyston, K.M.
2.		
3.		Genesius, B.
4.		Petroc, A. Breaca, V.
5.	Boniface, B.	Boniface, B.M.
6.		Godwald, B. H.
7.		Meriadoc, B.
8.		Medardus, B.
9.		Columba, A.
10.		Ivo, B. Margaret, Q.
11.	S. Barnabas, Ap.	S. Barnabas, Ap.
12.		
13.		
14.		Basil, B. Aldate, B.
15.		
16.		Cyril, M. Juliot, M.
17.	S. Alban, M.	Alban, M. Nectan, C. Botolph, A.
18.		
19.		Gervase and Protasius, M.M. [of).
20.	Trans. K. Edward.	Edward, K. of West Saxons (Trans.
21.		Mewan, A.
22.		
23.		[C. Bartholomew of Farne, H.
24.	S. John Baptist.	S. John Bapt. (Nativity of). Germoe,
25.		[shore), V. Abs.
26.		Maxentius, A. Eadburga (of Per-
27.		
28.		
29.	S. Peter, Ap.	S. Peter, Ap.
30.		Theobald, P.H.

JULY.

1.		
2.	Visitation of Virgin Mary.	Visitation of Virgin Mary.
3.		
4.	Trans. of S. Martin.	Martin, B. (Trans. of).
5.		[Sexburga, Q. Abs.
6.		Morwenna, V. Modwenna, V. Abs.
7.		
8.		Disen, B.
9.		Everilda, V.
10.		Felicitas, M.
11.		
12.		
13.		S. Silas.
14.		[Q. Abs.
15.	Swithun, B.	Swithun, B. Edith (of Polesworth),
16.		
17.		Marcellina, V. Kenelm, M.
18.		
19.		
20.	Margaret, V.M.	Margaret, V.M.
21.		[A.
22.	S. Mary Magdalene.	S. Mary Magdalene. Wandregisilus,
23.		
24.		Menefrida, V.
25.	S. James, Ap.	S. James, Ap. Christopher, M.
26.	S. Anne.	S. Anne.
27.		S. Joseph of Arimathea.
28.		Samson (of Dôl), B. [K.M.
29.		Martha, V. Beatrice, V.M. Olave,
30.		
31.		German, B. Neot, H.C.

AUGUST.

	Prayer-book.	Dedications.
1.	Lammas Day.	S. Peter ad Vincula.
2.		Sidwell, or Sativola, V.M.
3.		
4.		Dominic, C.
5.		Cassyon, B. Oswald, K.M.
6.	Transfiguration.	Transfiguration. Acca, B.
7.	Name of Jesus.	The Holy Name.
8.		
9.		
10.	S. Lawrence, M.	Laurence, M. Geraint, K.
11.		
12.		Marvenne, V. Abs. Clare, V. Abs.
13.		Hippolytus, B.M. Radegund, Q.
14.		
15.		The Assumption of the B.V.M.
16.		
17.		
18.		Helena, Emp.
19.		Cleodicus, C.
20.		Oswin, K.M.
21.		
22.		Simphorian, M.
23.		
24.	S. Bartholomew, Ap.	S. Bartholomew, Ap. Ouen, B.
25.		Ebba, V. Abs.
26.		Pandiana, V.
27.		Decuman, H. [B.D.
28.	S. Augustine, B.	Hermes, M. Augustine (of Hippo),
29.	Beheading of S. John Baptist.	S. John Bapt. (Beheading of). Can-
30.		[dida, or Whyte, V.M.
31.		Aidan, B. Eanswith, V. Abs. Cuth-
		[burga, Q. Abs.

SEPTEMBER.

1.	Giles, A.	Firmin, B.C. Silin, A. Giles, A.
2.		
3.		
4.		
5.		
6.		Teath, V. Bega, Abs.
7.	Enurchus, B.	
8.	Nativity of Virgin Mary.	Nativity of Blessed Virgin Mary.
9.		Bertoline, H. Wolfrida, Abs.
10.		Salvy, B.
11.		Protus, or Pratt, M.
12.		
13.		
14.	Holy Cross Day.	Cornelius, B. Holy Cross Day.
15.		
16.		Ninian, B. Edith (of Wilton), V.
17.	Lambert, B.M.	Lambert, B.M.
18.		
19.		
20.		Eustace, M.
21.	S. Matthew, Ap.	S. Matthew, Ap. [bald, A.
22.		Maurice, M. Laud, or Lo, B. Hy-
23.		
24.		Robert (of Knaresboro'), H. [gan, C.
25.		S. Cleopas. Fimbarries, B. Maw-
26.	S. Cyprian, Abp.	Cyprian, Abp. M.
27.		Cosmas and Damian, M.M.
28.		Lioba, V. Abs.
29.	S. Michael and All Angels.	S. Michael and All Angels.
30.	S. Jerom, C.D.	Jerome, or Hierom, C.D.

OCTOBER.

	Prayer-book.	Dedications.
1.	Remigius, B.	Remigius, B.
2.		Leodegarius, or Leger, B.M.
3.		
4.		Francis (of Assisi), C. Edwin, K.M.
5.		
6.	Faith, V.M.	Faith, V.M.
7.		Osyth, V.M.
8.		Keyna, V.
9.	S. Denys, B.	Denys, B.M. Cadwaladr, K.
10.		Paulinus, Abp.
11.		Ethelburga (of Barking), V. Abs.
12.		Wilfrid, Abp.
13.	Trans. King Edward.	Edward the Confessor, K. (Trans. of).
14.		
15.		Levan, C.
16.		
17.	Etheldreda, V.	Ignatius, B.M. Etheldreda, V. Abs.
18.	S. Luke, Evan.	S. Luke, Evan.
19.		Frideswide, V.M.
20.		Adeline, V.
21.		Ursula, V.M.
22.		
23.		
24.		
25.	Crispin, M.	Crispin, M.
26.		Gwynnog, C. Eata, B.
27.		Ia, V. Merryn, or Meran, C.
28.	S. Simon and S. Jude, Aps.	SS. Simon and Jude, Aps.
29.		
30.		Arilda, V.M.
31.		Urith, C. Quintin, M.

NOVEMBER.

1.	All Saints' Day.	All Saints. Dingat, C. Vigor, B.
2.		All Souls.
3.		Winifred, V.M. Rumbald, K.C.
4.		[Hubert, B.
5.		S. Elisabeth.
6.	Leonard, C.	Illtyd, A. Leonard, H. Winnocus, A.
7.		The Four Crowned Martyrs. Cuby,
8.		[B. Tesiliah, C.
9.		
10.		
11.	S. Martin, B.	Martin, B.
12.		
13.	Britius, B.	Britius, B.
14.		Dubricius, Abp.
15.	Machutus, B.	Mawes (poss. Machutus), B.
16.		
17.	Hugh, B.	Hilda, V. Abs. Hugh, B.
18.		
19.		
20.	Edmund, K.	Evilla, V. Edmund, K.M.
21.		
22.	Cecilia, V.M.	S. Philemon. Cecilia, V.M.
23.	S. Clement, B.	Clement, B.M.
24.		
25.	Catherine, V.M.	Catherine, V.M.
26.		
27.		
28.		Edwould, H.
29.		Barrog, H.
30.	S. Andrew, Ap.	S. Andrew, Ap.

DECEMBER.

	Prayer-Book.	Dedications.
1.		Eloy, B.
2.		
3.		Birinus, B.
4.		Barbara, V.M. Osmond, B.
5.		
6.	Nicolas, B.	Nicholas, B.
7.		
8.	Conception of Virgin Mary.	Conception B. V. Mary. Budoc, A.
9.		
10.		Deiniol, B.
11.		
12.		
13.	Lucy, V.M.	Lucy, V.M.
14.		
15.		
16.	O Sapientia.	
17.		
18.		
19.		
20.		
21.	S. Thomas, Ap.	S. Thomas, Ap.
22.		
23.		
24.		
25.	Christmas Day.	Holy Nativity.
26.	S. Stephen, M.	S. Stephen, M.
27.	S. John, Evan.	S. John, Ap. and Evan.
28.	Innocents' Day.	The Holy Innocents.
29.		Thomas of Canterbury, Abp.
30.		
31.	S. Silvester, B.	Silvester, B. Columba, V.M.

Note.—There are many other saints commemorated by the dedications of our churches, but the foregoing are all who have separate days assigned to them. Dedications commemorating the Moveable Feasts cannot be shown here.

ERRATA.

Page 161, *for* January 22, *read* January 20.
„ 394, number of churches dedicated to S. Aldhelm, *for* 3 *read* 4.

N.B.—To find the volume and page containing the history of any given saint, refer to APPENDIX I., at the beginning of Vol. III. which serves the additional purpose of an index.

STUDIES IN
CHURCH DEDICATIONS.

CHAPTER I.

THE SAINTS OF THE ANGLICAN KALENDAR.

It is probable that most constant church-goers have at some time or other bestowed a few moments' attention upon the Kalendar that stands prefixed to the Prayer-book services. It is a strange medley that meets our eyes, as we pass quickly from month to month. There are, first, the twenty-four so-called "red-letter days," too often printed like the other days in black letter, but originally marked out from the minor holy days by this honourable distinction. They tell their own story, these red-letter days, for they all commemorate either events connected with our Lord's life, or else the festivals of the Apostles and Evangelists.

Then, again, there are names—like those of "King Edmund" and "Edward, King of the West Saxons"—which would seem more fitly to belong to secular history; a yet larger number are the common property of both ecclesiastical and profane history—the two Augustines, for example, and Gregory the Great. A few names, such as S. Valentine and S. Swithun, have become popularized through some superstition commonly connected with their festivals; while others, like S. George and S. Denys, are known chiefly through the mediæval legends and romances that have grown up around them.

But when we have accounted for all the best-known names, when we have taken note of the "Invent. of Cross," "S. John E. ante Port. Lat.," and "O Sapientia," those standing causes of perplexity to the youthful student of the Kalendar—there still remain a large proportion of names which convey very little meaning to the average reader. Sacred Art gives a clue in some cases — S. Catherine, for example, and S. Cecilia have

been made familiar to us by many a famous painting; but what of such names as Enurchus, Lambert, Britius, or Machutus? Why, we ask, should these obscure names hold their place in our Prayer-book from generation to generation, while others of far greater distinction have been either deliberately struck out or never inserted?

In the words of Bishop Westcott: "In this respect, no one can fail to have felt how imperfectly our Kalendar reflects the Divine history of the Church." * "The Apostolic age," says the same writer, "stands there without preparation and without sequel. The old dispensation finds no representative from among the heroes of faith, law-giver, or prince or prophet, Enoch or Elijah, Moses or David, Samuel or Isaiah. The new dispensation finds no representative from among those, who in Christ's name and by Christ's power brought modern life and thought into His service." This reproach of having neglected the Old Testament dispensation, universally true of the Western Church, does not apply to the Eastern Church.† In the Greek Kalendar we find Moses and Joshua, "Job the Just," David and Elijah, the whole roll of prophets from Isaiah to Malachi, and even "The Seven Maccabees," taking their places with "The Twelve Apostles" and the first deacons, with Philemon and Onesiphorus, with "S. Mary Magdalen the Ointment-bearer," and "Ananias the Apostle." Following the history a little further, we have the Fathers of the Church, "S. Justin Martyr and his Companions," Polycarp and "Clement of Rome," "S. John Chrysostom" and Athanasius. There, too, we find those favourite mediæval saints, "The Seven Sleepers," "The Forty Martyrs of Sebaste," Simeon Stylites, "Dionysius the Areopagite," and our own S. George. But beyond this point the Eastern Kalendar does not go; the roll closes even earlier than that of our English Kalendar.

It is matter of regret that our existing Kalendar is inferior, both in point of catholicity and of nationality, to those which preceded it. In the eighth-century Kalendar, commonly supposed to have been drawn up by the Venerable Bede, we find the Maccabees, and also their Christian counterpart of the second century, "The Seven Brethren;" of Bible saints we have the addition of S. Timothy. There is Ignatius, the great champion of episcopacy, and Pancras, the Roman boy-martyr; there are the soldier-saints, Victor and Maurice, and that heroic band of soldiers, "The Forty Holy Martyrs"—so they are recorded in Bede—who met a martyr's death upon the ice-bound pool at Sebaste fifteen hundred years ago, and whose story was kept in remembrance alike by the Eastern and the Western Churches.

Antony and Paul the Hermit are representatives of a type of saint-hood then held in very high esteem. To it belongs in some sort another name in Bede's Kalendar, that of S. Cuthbert, the saint of Holy Island, reverenced in his own day more for his sanctity as a solitary than for his

* "The Historic Faith."

† See the Parallel Kalendars in Blunt's "Annotated Prayer-book."

earlier activity as a missionary-bishop. Bede gives us also Paulinus, the first Archbishop of York, "the Apostle of Yorkshire;" but for a fuller recognition of our national saints, we must look to the pre-Reformation Kalendars of Salisbury, York, and Hereford, where, side by side with the martyr Polycarp, the legendary Christopher, and the yet more legendary "Seven Sleepers," we find S. Patrick and S. Bridget; the saintly King Oswald; John of Beverley; Aidan, the zealous missionary; William of York and Thomas of Hereford; Hilda and Frideswide, the royal foundresses. Every one of these names has been in course of time dropped out, and English Church history is now represented in our Prayer-book by some sixteen names, not all of them belonging to the first rank. In regard to this matter of the Prayer-book Kalendar, the Irish Church and the Scottish Episcopal Church have taken very different lines. Both have been conscious of the inadequacy of the existing Kalendar, and the Irish Church has solved the difficulty by striking out all names of saints except those for which a special collect, epistle, and gospel are provided—the red-letter days, in short.

The loss is a serious one, for, notwithstanding its manifold deficiencies, our Kalendar is yet richly suggestive, and until we have something better to fill its place, we could ill afford to be deprived of it. The late Bishop of Ely (Dr. Woodford) saw in this Kalendar a standing reminder to our English Church to be faithful to her world-wide charge. To him this "gathering together the devotional characteristics of the Church of all places and times in the English Prayer-book," seemed to be "one of those Divine providences by which the English Church is better qualified than any other to follow, with the faith and ministrations of Christ, the track of the great colonizing Anglo-Saxon race into every quarter of the globe." * The Scottish Church, unlike the Irish, has taken advantage of its greater liberty, not to abolish the Kalendar but to enrich it. The additions (with the one exception of "Cyril—Bishop") are all, however, of a purely national character. We have King David and Queen Margaret, S. Patrick and S. Cuthbert, S. Mungo and S. Serf, S. Ninian and S. Columba, with some other names famous in Scottish history. As regards its national character, therefore, the Scottish Kalendar is superior to the English; but its superiority is limited to this one point, so that we cannot look upon it as a model for our own future guidance. The time has perhaps not yet come for the drawing up of such a noble kalendar as Bishop Westcott has sketched for us, in his proposal to "people with familiar forms the vacancies of All Saints' Day, and to fill up the noble but blank outlines of the Te Deum," by a list of names "which all would accept as worthy of memory—names of rulers and scholars, of men who taught by their words and by their lives, who spread the faith and deepened our knowledge of it." Such a commemoration would do much towards strengthening our realization of the Communion of Saints, and would be a great matter for thanksgiving; but in the meantime there is a source from

* "The Great Commission."

which the deficiencies of our Anglican Kalendar may in great measure be filled up. In the dedication-names of our churches we have a reflection of "the Divine history of the Church," limited and imperfect enough, it is true, yet far more adequate than that furnished by the Kalendar.* To some extent, indeed, the reproaches brought by Bishop Westcott against the Kalendar are applicable also to this other form of commemoration. The number of saints is largely increased, but the type of saintship is not enriched in proportion to the added number. If it cannot justly be said that it is "removed far from the stir and conflicts of ordinary action,"† yet it must be owned that "the prophetic type, the type of the artist and of the poet and of the scholar," are still wanting, and that our Kalendar ignores those who brought "modern life and thought" into Christ's service; while it closes abruptly "before our own Church entered on its characteristic work in the old world or in the new."

But church-building in England is not a thing of the past, and the range of dedication-names is being continually extended. New churches are rising up among us year by year, bearing the names of good servants of God—it may be of seventeen centuries ago, it may be of the Middle Ages, it may be of our own generation. Gladly we welcome all such additions to the roll of saints, for the chosen names enter into the daily life of parish and congregation, and stand as silent witnesses to the unity and continuity of the Church.

This frequent mention of honoured names is one of the special reasons put forward by the great Hooker, "for which Christian churches might first take their names of saints." He says: "It liked good and virtuous men to give such occasion of mentioning them often, to the end that the naming of their persons might cause enquiry to be made, and meditations to be had of their virtues." ‡

Hooker's further defence of the practice, upon the ground of the History that was enshrined in these dedication-names, must be reserved till we come to the consideration of the historical value of church dedications (CH. II.).

We know from the "Ecclesiastical Polity" that these dedication-names were a great offence to Hooker's Puritan opponents. As we shall see later on, he meets fully the charge brought against them of having been "superstitiously meant," and defends the custom both on its own merits and on the ground of its honourable antiquity. "Touching the names of Angels and Saints," says he, "whereby the most of our churches are called; as the custom of so naming them is very ancient, so neither was the cause thereof at the first, nor is the use and continuance with us at this present hurtful." In the same paragraph Hooker lays down the great principle, that "churches were consecrated unto none but the Lord only," though for distinction's sake each one came to be connected with the name of "some memorable thing or person." The distinction is an

* See the Parallel Kalendars printed at the beginning of this volume.

† Westcott.

‡ E. P., bk. v.

important one, and brings out the true principle according to which our churches have been dedicated and upon which alone the practice must rest its justification.

The same distinction is emphasized by S. Augustine in his "City of God," in words which may fitly close this chapter. They are quoted by Hooker as strengthening his own argument: "The Gentiles to their gods erected temples; we not temples unto our Martyrs as unto gods, but memorials as unto dead men, whose spirits with God are still living."

CHAPTER II.

CHOICE OF DEDICATIONS.

It often happens that in passing from village to village in England the traveller meets with churches bearing strangely unfamiliar names, which provoke a momentary exclamation of wonder why the church should ever have been called by such a name. The question is one that admits of many different answers:—local influences, foreign connexions, chance associations, favourite legends, personal predilections of the founders—all these have had their share in determining the varied dedications of our churches.

The practice of giving dedication-names to churches has existed in England from time immemorial, and at Rome we can trace it for more than two centuries before the mission of Augustine. It was under Constantine the Great that the consecration of churches was formalized into a definite ceremony, and probably it was at the same time that the custom of distinguishing them by particular names became universal. But the custom itself was not a new one; we have evidence of it in one form or another for nearly a century before this. In those days the range of names was far more comprehensive than it became later on, and was by no means confined to personal names. "Sometimes," says Bingham,* "they had their name from a particular circumstance of time or place, or other accident in the building of them. The church of Jerusalem was called *Anastasis and Crux*, not because it was dedicated to any S. Anastasis or cross, but because it was by Constantine built in the place of our Saviour's crucifixion and resurrection." The name of Holy Cross or S. Cross was never suffered to fall into disuse, but it is only within very recent years that churches have again been named in memory of the Resurrection.

Among instances of the purely accidental choice of names, Bingham mentions that S. Peter's at Rome was anciently called *Triumphalis*, because it stood in Via Triumphalis, and that one of the churches at Carthage was called *Basilica Restituta* from its being rescued out of the hands of the Arians. To these may be added an example from nearer home: *Casa Candida*, now known as Witherne, on the coast of Galloway, gained both

* "Antiq. of Chr. Ch.

its old and its new name from the white stone church built there centuries ago, A.D. 556, by Ninian, the Apostle of the Picts. Bede tells us that "the place is generally called the White House, because he there built a church of stone, which was not usual among the Britons."*

But such purely accidental designations are rare. Amid all variety of names, founders as a rule had a deliberate reason for their choice, intending —in Hooker's words—that "as oft as those buildings were mentioned, the name should put men in mind of some memorable thing or person. Thus, therefore," adds he, "it cometh to pass that all churches have had their name, some as memorials of Peace, some of Wisdom, some in memory of the Trinity Itself, some of Christ under sundry titles, of the Blessed Virgin not a few, many of one Apostle, Saint, or Martyr, many of all." When he speaks of the "memorials of Peace and Wisdom," he is plainly thinking of the famous churches of those names founded by Constantine the Great at Constantinople.† Of Santa Sophia, the Church of the Divine Wisdom, we shall have more to say hereafter (CH. III.); for a modern parallel to the "Temple of Peace," we must look to New York with its "Grace Church." ‡ There is, not unnaturally perhaps, more freedom in the American choice of dedications than in our own, as, for example, "The Church of the Heavenly Rest."

A practice has quite newly sprung up among us of distinguishing a church, simply by the distinctive vocation of the worshippers for whose special benefit it is primarily intended. Thus both at Hull and at Gloucester we have "The Mariner's Church," and at Hastings "The Fishermen's Church." Such designations are not in accordance with English usage, but their practical advantages are obvious. But now to turn from these impersonal and informal designations, whether of early or of late date, to the personal names, which are attached to the great majority of our churches. A frequently quoted and very early example of this sort, is the church of S. Cyprian at Carthage, which gives the key to a whole series of "personal dedications"—in Africa, in Rome, in England, and elsewhere. This saint was martyred in A.D. 258. Bingham, reproducing a sermon of S. Augustine's, says: "The church and the altar that was built at Carthage, in the place where S. Cyprian suffered martyrdom, was upon that account called Mensa Cypriani, Cyprian's Altar, not because it was built or dedicated to him or his worship (for S. Austin says it was erected only to God and His service), but because it was a memorial of his martyrdom, being built in the place where Cyprian himself was offered a sacrifice unto God."

That places should be held dear for the sake of those who suffered there, was no less natural than that the churches afterwards built upon them should be called by the names of those whose memory they were

* E. H.

† Socrates, ii. 16.

‡ The well-known City thoroughfare, "Gracechurch Street," looks at first sight as though we must at one time have had a "Grace Church" in London; but, according to Nightingale's "London and Middlesex," "the name of this street is derived from the circumstance of there having been formerly a *Grass* Market here."

intended to preserve. It is to this class of dedications that Hooker refers when he says that churches might take their names "in regard of death, which those saints, having suffered for the testimony of Jesus Christ, did thereby make the places where they died venerable." We have a notable example of this sort in S. Alban's Abbey, and another—a less inspiring one, it must be confessed—in the church of "S. Edward the Martyr," at Corfe Castle, the very scene of the murder of the hapless young Saxon king, Edward II.

There was, moreover, another way in which personal names came to be connected with particular churches. "This is further evident," says Bingham, "that churches were sometimes named from their founders, who certainly did not intend to dedicate churches to themselves;" and he illustrates his remark by reference to three churches in Carthage, each one distinguished by the name of its founder. "A very large number of our most venerable English dedications are to be accounted for in this way; though undoubtedly the names were bestowed, not by the founders themselves, but by other people in honour of the founders." The late Precentor Venables followed Dr. Stubbs * in distinguishing this class of dedications by the name of "proprietary dedications," *i.e.* "the calling a church by the name of the holy person who built it, and in connexion with whom it obtained local celebrity." Thus we have S. Guthlac's at Crowland in Lincolnshire, and S. Oswald at Oswaldkirk in Yorkshire, S. Chad at Chadkirk in Cheshire, not to mention a host of less well-known names of that "strictly local kind which attests," says the late Mr. Kerslake of Bristol, "the highest antiquity." An interesting example of this description of dedication, though not so obvious as the foregoing, is S. Paul's church at Lincoln. Precentor Venables has pointed out the close historical connexion of Paulinus, Archbishop of York, with this city; and his belief that it is S. Paulinus, and not S. Paul, who is here commemorated is strengthened, as will be shown hereafter (CH. XXII.), by the existence of another church of "S. Paul's" in a district of Northumberland where Paulinus undoubtedly ministered. There is abundant proof that, in England at any rate, the founders of churches did not confer upon them their own names; for we frequently find that the original builder of the church or religious house made choice of some honoured scriptural name, which a later generation set aside in honour of the founder's own. Thus Wimborne Minster in Dorset, which now bears the name of its Saxon foundress Cuthburga,† the sister of the Mercian King Ina, was originally dedicated by Cuthburga herself to the Virgin Mary. So, too, the nunnery founded by King Egbert for his daughter the Princess Edith † was originally dedicated to the Virgin, but in after-times it substituted the name of its first abbess, and the existing parish church still perpetuates the memory of "S. Edith." Very similar to this is the history of the priory church of SS. Mary and Eanswith † at Folkestone, founded in the first half of the seventh century by Eadbald, King of Kent,

* Bishop of Oxford. † CH. XL.

for his daughter Eanswith, and dedicated in the first instance to S. Peter. Whatever may have been the causes that first led to associating personal names with different churches, the practice was one which commended itself to many minds, and soon became general throughout Christendom; and what had been in the first instance merely the natural outcome of special circumstances became gradually the general rule.

At the date of the Roman mission to England under Augustine, the earlier and more informal methods of naming churches had been largely superseded by personal names, which were now bestowed at the time of the consecration of the building. The great principle that "churches were consecrated unto none but the Lord only," was still witnessed to by those churches which bore only the name of the Sacred Trinity or of the Saviour; but the names of holy men and women—whether drawn from the Bible or from later history—were already in the ascendant.

Where there was no special cause at hand to determine the choice of what we may for convenience' sake term the dedication-name, it might be decided by a variety of influences. First of all, there was the force of old associations. What more natural than that missionaries founding new churches in a strange land should reproduce the dear and honoured names of the country they had left? The late Dean Stanley, in his "Memorials of Canterbury," shows how this principle of home associations governed Augustine and his fellow-missionaries to England in their choice of dedication-names. The special reasons for the first chosen dedication, "S. Pancras," must be discussed later when we come to the history of that saint (CH. XVI.). The name is one that can never now lose its hold in England, though it no longer lives in the city where it was first bestowed. Augustine's next foundation was the Abbey of SS. Peter and Paul in Canterbury;—"evidently intended," says Dean Stanley, "to carry back the thoughts of those who first settled within its walls far over the sea, to the great churches which stood by the banks of the Tiber, over the graves of the two apostles." But neither did this dedication remain; for, as was often the case, a later generation substituted the founder's own name, and the building became known as "S. Augustine's Abbey." Rochester Cathedral, by its dedication to S. Andrew, long marked its connexion with S. Andrew's Convent at Rome from which its founder Augustine had himself been sent forth; but in the reign of Henry VIII. the dedication was changed to its present form: "Christ and the Blessed Virgin Mary."

The same law of association has planted S. Botolph, the gentle hermit of the fens, in America. So little is certainly known of this seventh-century saint that there is little likelihood of modern churches being dedicated to him for his own sake; but the men of Boston—*i.e.* of "Botolph's town"—who first carried the old name to the New World, thought of little beyond reproducing the sound so familiar in their ears, "S. Botolph's church."

In like manner we have newly-founded churches to S. Dionis, S. Kenelm, S. Olave, and others—dedications chosen, not for the sake

of the saints themselves, but in order to mark a connexion with some older church of the same name now no longer existing, of which these modern churches are the direct representatives.

Another group of dedications is to be accounted for by its connexion with French religious houses. Many of our existing churches are the successors of older monasteries whose names they still perpetuate. It often happened that the revenues of these monasteries were appropriated by the king or other proprietor to some French abbey, and that the English house thereupon merged its own name in the dedication of its French patron. Thus S. Barbara's, at Ashton-under-Hill in Gloucestershire (CH. XI.), owes its name to an Augustinian monastery of "SS. Martin and Barbara" in Normandy; while another abbey in Normandy has given us the unfamiliar-sounding name of "S. Wandregisilus" (CH. XXVIII.).

So, again, the commemoration of an obscure French bishop, S. Laud, in a Buckinghamshire village (Sherington), is partially explained by the revenues of the church having been appropriated about the year 1195 by William de Sherrington to the French abbey of Marmontier (CH. XXIV.). These foreign dedications, not having either Catholic celebrity or local interest to recommend them, never became naturalized in England. S. Barbara, S. Wandregisilus, and S. Laud can each of them claim but a single existing parish church. Other French dedications were doubtless introduced by the Norman proprietors. Thus the Sussex church of Kingston-by-Sea, dating from Saxon times, bears the name of the French saint *Julian* (CH. XXIV.). The original dedication is unknown, but S. Julian must assuredly have come in with the Norman family of De Buci or De Bowsey, who were lords of Kingston from the twelfth to the fourteenth century, and whose name of De Bowsey still lives on in the little inland parish in the distorted form of "By-Sea." *

S. Denis (CH. XLV.), at Rotherfield in Sussex, is another instance of a French dedication due to the choice of the lord of the place; but in this case the lord was himself a Saxon—not a Norman—Berthwald or Bertoaldus by name. This Berthwald, falling ill of an incurable disease, visited the monastery of S. Denis and S. Eleutherius near Paris, where he was cured—according to his own belief—by means of the miraculous aid of these saints. On his return to his own land he testified his gratitude by founding a church at Rotherfield (A.D. 792), and dedicating it to his benefactor, S. Denis.†

New Testament dedications have, of course, always been in use, though varying strangely in popularity at different periods. We shall see, when we come to consider the churches dedicated to the Apostles, how exceedingly rare are the ancient dedications to S. Paul—except in conjunction with S. Peter—while in the half-century from 1800 to 1850 there are more churches dedicated to him than to any other Apostle, except S. John. S. John is indeed the dedication that stands first in the nineteenth century—counting almost twice the number dedicated within

* Lower's "Sussex." † Ibid.

the same period to the Blessed Virgin, the favourite saint of pre-Reformation times, to whom one in six of all the existing churches in England are dedicated.

S. Bartholomew, again, who in old times stood fourth in the rank of Apostolic dedications (S. Peter, S. Andrew, S. James, and S. Bartholomew), has only some thirty-five nineteenth-century churches—a smaller number than S. Barnabas, who before the Reformation was commemorated by scarcely more than half a dozen dedications.

A certain number of dedications belonging to all periods of history—and probably a far larger number than there is any possibility of tracing—are to be accounted for on purely private grounds. Take for example S. Martin's at Fenny Stratford in Buckinghamshire, one of the rare instances of an eighteenth-century dedication to a non-scriptural saint. It was rebuilt in 1724 on the site of a ruined chapel by one Mr. Browne Willis, a famous antiquary. Mr. Willis laid the foundation-stone on S. Martin's Day, and caused the church to be dedicated to S. Martin, because his grandfather had died on S. Martin's Day in S. Martin's Lane. He further bequeathed a certain sum of money for a sermon to be preached annually on S. Martin's Day.

It is by no means safe to conclude that a church is always named directly in honour of the saint whose name it bears. The number of eighteenth-century churches dedicated to S. George and to S. Ann point, not to a sudden revival of interest in S. George, "the Holy Martyr," or S. Ann, the supposed mother of the Virgin, but to a desire to compliment the reigning sovereigns. A certain newly consecrated village church of S. James was intended to commemorate neither the son of Zebedee nor the writer of the Epistle, but a private local benefactor of that name, whose services on behalf of the church the grateful parishioners desired to take this method of recording.*

The above is not a solitary example, nor is it only in our own day that such personal considerations have been allowed to weigh in the choice of church dedications. We shall have occasion to notice later the group of dedications to *S. Remigius*, peculiar to three of the eastern counties (CH. XXIV.), and to observe how far the personal element of local celebrities bearing the same name as the foreign saint may be held to account for them.

Enough has already been said to show that whole chapters of history are embalmed in our church dedications. The late Mr. Green, the

* A very marked example of this practice of complimentary dedications is to be found in the history of the dedication names of two Australian churches, S. Philip's in Sydney and S. John's at Paramatta. A correspondent, writing to *Notes and Queries* (May 6, 1882), brings to light the following curious order issued from Government House, Sydney, in the year 1802: "His Excellency is pleased to direct that the districts of Sydney, Petersham, etc., be comprised within a parish to be henceforth named St. Phillip in honour of the first Governor of this territory (Captain Arthur Phillip), and the districts of Paramatta, Bankstown, etc., be comprised within a parish to be henceforth named St. John, in honour of the late Governor, Captain John Hunter, . . . and that the churches now building at Sydney and Paramatta be respectively named St. Phillip and St. John."

historian, used to delight, so his friends tell us, to trace out the history of London in the successive classes of dedications of the City churches—the Saxon, the Danish, and then the French saints. Mr. Kerslake did a like work for the ancient city of Exeter, and showed, from the names and geographical distribution of the various churches, how the city was for a time sharply divided into two camps, as it were, between Celt and Saxon.*

But valuable as is the historical information thus preserved for our use, it is slight in comparison with what it would have been had the original dedications been in all cases respected, and handed down unaltered from generation to generation. Unhappily, the very reverse has been the case, and dedications have been changed ruthlessly. At all periods of English Church history English churchmen have been prone to give expression to their special religious sympathies by changing the name of the church in which they worshipped, whenever the existing name chanced to be distasteful to them, or even beyond the range of their knowledge. In some cases they were happily content to add to the older dedication without entirely superseding it, and so we come to have those strange mixed dedications to national and scriptural saints combined, such as "SS. Mary and Eanswith," "SS. Peter and Felix," "SS. John Baptist and Pandiana," and the like.

In the Middle Ages the re-consecration that necessarily followed upon the enlarging or rebuilding of a church gave free scope for a change of dedication. Precentor Venables was of opinion that it is to occasions such as these that we owe special groups of churches dedicated to some foreign saint, such as the churches to S. Denis in one district of Lincolnshire. "The most probable explanation of such groups," says he, "is that the present dedication was given when the church was enlarged and the High Altar consecrated; that it takes the place of an older dedication to a comparatively obscure saint, and that the new dedication commemorates the new saint under whose patronage the consecrating bishop had placed himself." †

The frequency of this practice of re-consecration is shown by Mr. Middleton, the antiquary, in the case of the Gloucestershire church of S. Martin's, at Wolston or Woolston, the oldest part of which is very early Norman. "This little church," says Mr. Middleton, "appears to have been consecrated three times. . . . The second consecration appears to have been at the beginning of the fourteenth century, and the last when the chancel was rebuilt in the fifteenth century." ‡ It might well have been differently dedicated at each consecration; but in this particular instance there is no reason to suppose any such change, for S. Martin of Tours, the earliest of our known English dedications, has always kept its hold in England, and probably only two centuries at the outside—the sixteenth and the seventeenth—have passed, from the first introduction of Christianity

* "The Celt and the Teuton in Exeter," *Arch. Journal*, vol. 30.

† "Lincolnshire Churches," *Arch. Journal*, vol. 38.

‡ *Archæologia*, vol. 47.

into our island up to the present time, without the dedication of some church to the memory of this ardent soldier-bishop.

Ely Cathedral presents one of the clearest examples of frequent re-dedication. Queen Etheldreda, in dedicating her conventual church to the Blessed Virgin Mary (A.D. 673), was only carrying on the still earlier dedication of a ruined church built by Ethelbert, King of Kent, a century before, in the neighbourhood of the present city. Her church having suffered severely from the ravages of the Danes, it became necessary under King Edgar thoroughly to restore it. Archbishop Dunstan officiated at the solemn service of re-consecration, on the day following the feast of the Purification, 790, dedicating the church to "SS. Peter and Mary"—the east end to the Apostle, the south aisle to the Virgin. From very early days the monastery had been generally known from the name of its founder as "S. Etheldreda's," but it was not until a fresh consecration in 1252 that her name was formally added to those of the other two saints, and the stately church dedicated in honour of "SS. Mary, Peter, and Etheldreda." For nearly three centuries this continued to be its proper designation, till in 1541 there appeared Henry VIII.'s charter "for erecting the Cathedral Church of the late Monastery of SS. Peter and Etheldreda at Ely, into a Cathedral Church by the name and title of 'The Cathedral Church of the Holy and Undivided Trinity of Ely.'" Since that time there has been no further change, and the canons of Ely still swear to observe the statutes of the cathedral of the "Holy and Undivided Trinity." But the force of association is strong. The vigorous personality of Etheldreda having impressed itself upon Ely for eight centuries, was not quickly to be displaced, and in popular estimation, and even in one published list,* Ely Cathedral still remains the church of S. Etheldreda.

Etheldreda's great-niece, S. Werburgh (CH. XL.), the patron of Chester, has not been equally fortunate. The Abbey church at Chester was associated with her name for as long a time as was the monastery of Ely with that of her more famous aunt; but when Henry VIII. changed the Abbey into a Cathedral, he altered the dedication from "S. Werburgh" to "Christ and the Blessed Virgin Mary."

Other special changes of dedications introduced by Henry VIII. must be noticed in their proper place. The Bishop of Oxford† (quoted by Precentor Venables) says of this reign: "The Catholic dedications after the Reformation replaced in many cases the old historic saints. There were doubtless changes of dedication before, but *that*, I think, was *the* period of change." Undoubtedly this was a great period of change, but it is probable that the displacing of the old historic saints—of England's own national saints in particular—had begun long before this. In the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries the tendency seems to have been towards superseding purely local saints by the favourite names out of the service books—the Catherines and the Margarets and the Georges; while the tendency of the post-Reformation dedications was either in favour

* Clergy List, 1896. † Dr. Stubbs.

of purely scriptural saints, or of direct dedications to the Blessed Trinity, or to the Saviour. There was a strong reaction against the ordinary Kalendar saints and a marked preference for the very non-committal dedication to "All Saints."

The favourite dedications of Henry VIII. himself were to the Trinity or the Saviour. In the case of Chester Cathedral the name of the Virgin enters into the dedication; but in the case of S. Mary's, Southwark, now S. Saviour's, it was struck out. As we have said, "All Saints" now became common, and it is probably to this reign that we should refer a large proportion of the 1200 ancient churches bearing this dedication.

It is intelligible why dedications to the Holy Cross or to unscriptural saints such as S. Leonard or S. Richard should have been thus superseded; it is even possible to understand why S. Mary Magdalene should have been set aside; but it is quite inexplicable why a scriptural saint like S. Luke should have shared the same treatment, as seems to have been the case in more than one instance.

That it was Henry's policy to diminish the number of Saints' Days observed throughout the country was further shown by his proclamation of 1536, commanding that all parish feasts should be held simultaneously on the first Sunday in October, instead of as hitherto on the anniversary of the dedication of the church, and that the particular Saint's Day should be entirely set aside. Custom, however, proved too strong for this Act of Uniformity, and the parishes for the most part clung to their separate feasts, which often remain to furnish us with a clue to the true dedication that underlies the later name of "All Saints."

It was not, however, only under Henry VIII. that changes were made. The process has been going on continually up to the present time. Many churches dedicated to S. Thomas of Canterbury have either tacitly dropped half their dedication-name or openly changed it into "S. Thomas the Apostle." "SS. Mary and Sampson" has become "S. James the Great;" while in other cases the dedication has not been formally changed, but allowed to lapse; a new church has succeeded to an earlier one, and the original dedication has not been renewed. Thus the ancient church of S. German's at Marske-by-Sea has been succeeded by S. Mark's, and at Swindon "Holy Rood" has given place to "Christ Church," the original dedication being in this instance preserved by a new Roman Catholic church.

The principle is a perfectly legitimate one, however unwisely we may conceive it to have been applied in particular cases, or however much, from an antiquarian standpoint, we may deplore its working. Undoubtedly the edification of the living is more important than the preservation of historical continuity, and if the Church is to adapt itself to all times, it must be free to reject and alter names which, however innocently given at the first, have since become a cause of superstition or an offence to weaker minds, or which tend to perpetuate false doctrine. We may regret the action of those who suppressed many an ancient and curious dedication—

such as those to "Our Lady of Assumption," or, "S. Mary and the Holy Host"—but, in truth, they were only acting as Hezekiah acted when he "brake in pieces the brazen serpent that Moses had made," and called it *Nehushtan*—a piece of brass.

If only the Church of England had followed strictly the advice of a certain early Archbishop of Canterbury, dedication-names might have been changed as need required without irrevocably losing the original name. Archbishop Wulfred, in A.D. 816, ordered that on or by every altar should be an inscription recording its dedication-name. Mr. Middleton observes that "after the twelfth century this canon appears to have been neglected, and hence such inscriptions as this are very rare." He adds, "One still exists painted on the wall by one of the crypt altars in Canterbury Cathedral, but I do not know of any other English examples."*

The task of recovering these lost dedications is not, however, altogether a hopeless one. Sometimes—though this is a dangerous and often misleading track—the dedication lies embedded in the civil name of the parish, as in the case of Peakirk in Northampton, the kirk or church of S. Pega (CH. XLVII.). The names engraven on bells are sometimes appealed to, but are most unsafe authorities; for bells are capable of being transported from church to church, and had, moreover, distinct dedication-names of their own.

The village feasts, as we have already seen, often furnish a clue; but even here caution is needed, for frequently when the dedication-day fell at an unseasonable time of year the feast would be changed to Whitsuntide or Michaelmas, or some more suitable day. Then again the change of style was observed in some parishes and not in others, so that in many cases, in order to arrive at the dedication-day, it is necessary to subtract from ten to thirteen days from the existing feast-day. Indirect evidence of the true dedication is sometimes found in old municipal towns in the days still appointed for the election of officers. Thus at Derby one of the old churches in the town is named "All Saints," but it is noticeable that the inferior officers of the municipality are, or were, elected annually on "the first Monday after S. Luke's Day."

In the search after lost dedications light may fall from very unsuspected quarters, and, as we shall see in connexion with S. Richard of Chichester (CH. XXIII.), in one Sussex parish the strongest evidence comes from a bird in a basket!

Mr. Kerslake used to say that the whole matter of church dedications has been "totally neglected, and has not yet emerged into the region of scientific accuracy, though an unsuspected amount of knowledge of history and ethnology still lies under it."† He was of opinion, however, that many dedications "remain to be discovered by those who undertake to do so for separate counties. Such additions may be gathered from wills, parish records, and other writings that have not been printed."

But while we sigh over our lost knowledge, we must bear in mind how

* *Archæologia*, vol. 50. † Private letter.

very many churches there are which have escaped all changes and still preserve their ancient dedications. We have dedications to obscure British saints, such as S. Aldate (CH. XXXII.) and S. Morwenna (CH. XXXIV.), who have lived on through the coming of Saxon and Dane and Norman, and have been untouched by the zealous reforms of either the Roman or the Puritan parties in the Church. For more than thirteen centuries they have kept their place, and it is not likely that they will be forgotten now. The memory of the mysterious Persian bishop who gives his name to St. Ives in Huntingdonshire (CH. XXV.), has lingered for over a thousand years in the part of England where, according to tradition, he travelled as a missionary and died. Felix, the Saxon Apostle of East Anglia (CH. XXIII.), is still remembered in the very scene of his labours ; while the Celtic Kentigern has left his traces in Cumberland, the country he so largely helped to evangelize.

Surely there is much of history in the dedications that are left us, and in that representative gathering of saints, where the Jewish Apostle and the Greek Father, the Roman Deacon and the French Queen, stand side by side with the Yorkshire Crusader and the Scottish Missionary, the Persian Bishop and the English King.

CHAPTER III.

DEDICATIONS TO THE DEITY.

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IN considering the question of church dedications, it is most important to bear constantly in mind the great principle so plainly laid down by Hooker, and before quoted, that "churches were consecrated unto none but the Lord only."* We have already seen how gradually the very multitude of churches made it necessary for "some variety of proper names to be devised for distinction's sake," and how in the majority of cases there was superadded the name of some good man or woman, some "saint of the Lord." We see an example of this in the dedication of Etchingham in Sussex, which is usually given as "SS. Mary and Nicholas," but of which the earlier and more correct style really is, "God, SS. Mary and Nicholas." So, too, we have a charter of St. Bees in Cumberland, dated 1134, granting certain lands to "God, S. Mary of York and S. Bega;"† or take Great Budworth in Cheshire, usually ascribed to "S. Mary and All Saints," but spoken of by Ormerod, the Cheshire historian, as "a fair parish church, dedicated to *God and All Saints*, in commemoration whereof our wake is

* E. P., v. 13. † Nicolson and Burn.

celebrated November 1st." * No doubt many ancient churches had a somewhat similar form of ascription, but the first portion of the dedication-name would very naturally fall into disuse, while the saint's name would tend to become that by which alone it was usually known. Yet, while this practice has increased more and more, there have been not a few of our churches—rather more than one in twelve of the whole number—that have adhered to the original idea of church dedication, and have placed themselves under the direct and sole invocation of the Saviour, or of the Holy Spirit, or, it may be, of the Blessed Trinity. It is this very large and important class of dedications with which we have now to deal.

SECTION A.—DEDICATIONS TO THE SAVIOUR.

Christ Church.

Dedications to the Saviour—most commonly under the name of *Christ Church*—have held their place amongst us ever since the foundation of Augustine's so named humble church at Canterbury, that was to be the original of our great metropolitan cathedral. "It was then," says the late Dean Stanley,† "as it is still, properly called 'Christ Church,' or 'the Church of our Saviour.' We can hardly doubt," continues the same writer, "that this is a direct memorial of the first landing of Augustine when he first announced to the pagan Saxons the faith and name of Christ, and spread out before their eyes, on the shore of Ebbe's Fleet, the rude painting on the large board, which, we are emphatically told, represented to them 'Christ our Saviour.'"

The use of the two names, Christ Church, or the Church of our Saviour, is noteworthy, as illustrating a very common early practice of using the two titles quite indifferently. In this there is nothing to surprise us, though it is contrary to modern practice; but it is somewhat strange to find "Holy Trinity" used in like manner as an alternative name for the other two. Thus, Canterbury Cathedral figures in Domesday Book as the Church of the Holy Trinity; and the beautiful old Minster church at Christchurch in Hampshire goes now by the designation of Holy Trinity, though the parish, "anciently called Twinam Bourne, has borrowed its present name from the dedication of its church to Christ." ‡ In this instance the earliest dedication of the Priory church—before the time of the Norman Conquest—appears to have been to the Holy Trinity, but when it was rebuilt in the time of William Rufus, by Flambard, the famous church-building Bishop of Durham, it was re-dedicated to "Our Saviour Christ," § and since that time the two forms of dedication have lived on side by side.

It is necessary, when we note the comparatively small number of ancient dedications to the Saviour, to remember how very large was the number dedicated to the Blessed Trinity, and that the two designations were used as convertible terms, for when we come to count up the existing pre-Reformation dedications under the name of Christ Church they are

* Ormerod.
† "Canterbury."
‡ "Eng. Illus."
§ Lewis.

curiously few. First and most unmistakable of all is Canterbury Cathedral before mentioned. The modern chapel of Christ Church in Coventry, in the parish of S. Michael, may perhaps be considered as carrying on the memory of a chapel in honour of our Saviour, erected in this place in the fourteenth century, on land given by Queen Isabella, wife of Edward II., though the actual site of this chapel is occupied by the existing parish church of S. John Baptist. In like manner, the modern church of Christ Church, Bermondsey, built in 1828, may, if it so chooses, regard itself as carrying on the traditions of a long vanished church in Bermondsey, founded about the year 1082 by one Aylwin Child, a citizen of London, and dedicated "to Jesus Christ."* So, too, the nineteenth-century church at Cressage in Shropshire, succeeding an old chapelry of unknown dedication, did well to assume the name of Christ Church, for by so doing it gave new life to a very ancient and interesting local tradition. "Near Cressage," says a county history of fifty years back,† "are the remains of an ancient oak, supposed to have sheltered Christian missionaries previously to the building of churches; it was then called 'Chrest-ach,' *i.e.* 'Christ's oak,' and from it the name of Cressage is said to be derived." Whatever the truth of this derivation, it was a felicitous thought to hand down the old tradition by the name of the hallowed building that now fills the place of the immemorial tree. The City church of Christ Church, Newgate, was originally dedicated by the Franciscan Friars to their patron S. Francis (CH. XXVII.), and only assumed its present style at the Reformation.

From among the double dedications, however, we gain one more example; the tiny chapelry of Armathwaite in Cumberland, with its ascription to "Christ and S. Mary," carries us back eleven centuries, to the time when William Rufus built a nunnery here dedicated to "Christ Jesus and His Mother Mary."‡

Worcester Cathedral has the same dedication under a slightly altered form—"Christ and Blessed Mary the Virgin;" but the first part of the ascription is a later addition, dating most probably from the third or fourth decade of the sixteenth century, when Henry VIII. set himself to revise the dedications of so many of our cathedral churches. In his reaction against what he considered the superstitious nomenclature of bygone generations, the king allowed himself but a very limited range of names, of which the three most frequently recurring were, "The Holy Trinity," "Christ Church," and "The Blessed Virgin Mary." It is to this period that we must assign the several changes of style in the cathedrals of Rochester, Chester, and Durham. S. Andrew's at Rochester, like S. Werburgh's at Chester, was altered into "Christ and the Blessed Virgin Mary;" while Durham lost a local association in dropping out its peculiar patron, S. Cuthbert, and changing its style from "Blessed Mary the Virgin and Cuthbert the Bishop" to "Christ and Blessed Mary the Virgin."

The memory of another national saint, rarer than either S. Werburgh

* "Eng. Illus."
† Lewis.
‡ Ibid.

or S. Cuthbert, was swept away in 1545, when Henry converted the Priory church of S. Frideswide (CH. XL.) at Oxford into a Cathedral, under the name of "The Cathedral Church of Christ." From an antiquarian point of view we cannot but regret losing a rare dedication-name that carries us back to a romantic story of Oxfordshire eleven centuries ago; but, regarded in every other light, we may well rejoice that the cathedral church of our oldest University city should be placed under no other invocation than that of the Saviour Himself.

The cathedrals led the way in reviving what was afterwards to become one of the best loved of English dedications, and the parish churches were not slow to follow the example thus set. Christ Church at Tynemouth (sometimes called North Shields) bears date 1657. It was built to replace the ruined Priory of Tynemouth. This Priory, which was dedicated to "The Blessed Virgin Mary and Oswin King and Martyr," had been for some time used as a parish church; but the new building did not carry on the old name, and this, our one and only ancient dedication to King Oswin of Northumbria (CH. XXXIX.), was thus lost. The same period perhaps gives us the dedication of a chapelry at Selside in Westmoreland; but this little building seems to have passed through so many vicissitudes that it is not easy to give an account of it. In existing lists * it will be found as S. Thomas, a name by which it seems to have been known in 1838; but Lewis, in describing the village, says: "The chapel, *dedicated to Christ*, was built about 1720;" and he further makes mention of a slab in the church, of unknown origin, bearing date 1634, which suggests the thought that the "building" in 1720 may only have been a re-building, and that so possibly the "dedication to Christ" may belong to the seventeenth rather than to the eighteenth century.

In the eighteenth century there are not a few undoubted examples, as at Macclesfield, Southwark, Spitalfields, and elsewhere. With the present century the dedications to Christ Church increase with astonishing rapidity, amounting to over 350. In point of actual numbers, the last forty years of the century have given us more than the first fifty—190 as against 165—but in proportion to the number of churches built in the two periods respectively, it may safely be said that it was in the opening half of the present century that this special dedication was most popular. We may be very confident that it will always now hold its honoured place amongst us, but the greater variety of dedication-names that has now become general prevents any one of them from being so freely used as in the days when no dedications were acceptable save those to the Saviour and to the Blessed Trinity and to the red-letter saints of our Prayer-book Kalendar. It is, however, probable that several of those churches now assigned to the latter half of the nineteenth century would prove, on closer investigation, to belong to the earlier half; and the same may be said of most of the old chapelries. Many of these were made parochial between 1820 and 1850, and probably at that time adopted their present

* Clergy List, 1896.

name. In some cases doubtless the old dedication was untraceable; in others it may have been to some black-letter saint, as, for instance, S. Giles at Tilstock * in Shropshire, now changed to Christ Church.

Of the more recent churches in this name, there is not much that calls for special attention, only it may be observed that not the least interesting among them is Christ Church, Isle of Dogs, which owes its name to its being under the special charge of Christ Church College at Oxford.

Holy Saviour.

York, Norwich, Dartmouth, and one or two village churches, instead of being called "Christ Church," retain the somewhat rarer form of the dedication, "S. Saviour's." But in all these cases it is probably a mere accident that has kept the one form rather than the other. The indifferent use of "Holy Trinity" and "S. Saviour" is again illustrated by Ringley in Lancashire, which is assigned sometimes to the one, sometimes to the other invocation; or by Clee in Lincolnshire, which is usually given as "Holy Trinity and S. Mary," though in some pre-Reformation Wills it is spoken of as "Our Saviour's." It is by no accident, however, that the noble church in Southwark, sometimes called "The Cathedral of South London," has come to be "S. Saviour's." It was formerly known as S. Mary Overy," from the position of the priory church upon or *over* the river Ree, but when Henry VIII. suppressed the Religious House, he changed the dedication. We can hardly regret a change that brings into the heart of toiling Southwark this most beautiful and comforting of dedications.

The church of S. Mary Magdalene, at Exford in Somerset, has an alternative dedication (recorded in a will of 1534) to "S. Salvym," or, as another example gives it, "S. Salvy." It has been supposed that this is another form of S. Saviour's—a corruption, it might be, of S. Salvator,—but there is no proof of this, and it seems far more probable that it is intended for the French bishop, S. Salvi (CH. LI.). However this may be, there can be no room for doubt as to the intention of a church consecrated at Foremark, near Derby, in 1662, under the name of "The Church of the Saviour." From this time on we meet with no further dedications in this name till we come to the present century, and then they become very frequent—with twelve in the first fifty years, and more than fifty since that time. It is most often found under the form of "Saint Saviour," but occasionally, as at Tynemouth, we find the more directly intelligible form of "The Holy Saviour," or, as at West Cosely in Staffordshire, "The Blessed Saviour."

Hooker, in the passage before quoted, says: "Some churches have had their names in memory of the Trinity Itself, some to Christ under sundry titles;" but at the time when Hooker wrote, our English dedications do not appear to have offered much variety in this respect, whatever foreign ones may have done. The early dedications to the Second Person of the Trinity are almost wholly confined to "Christ Church" and "S. Saviour," but gradually the list has been somewhat expanded.

* Made parochial 1871.

Jesus Church.

It was in Hooker's boyhood that the consecration of the little chapel of Troutbeck, near Windermere, took place under rather remarkable circumstances. In 1562 it was consecrated by Bishop Downham, of Chester, by the name of "Jesus Chapel;" but there having been some informality in the ceremony, it was re-consecrated in the same year by no less a personage than Parker, Archbishop of Canterbury.* The bell, cast some eighty years later, bears the legend: "Jesus be our speede."† Still more interesting, historically, from its connexion with Bishop Lancelot Andrewes, is the chapel of like name in the Southampton parish of S. Mary Extra. "Pear-tree Green," on which the chapel stands, is now easily accessible by railway; but in the days of James I. those inhabitants of the great outlying parish who dwelt on the further side of the river Itchen were often liable to be cut off from attendance at church. To remedy their needs, the squire of the district provided of his own bounty a church and churchyard; and when the saintly Bishop of Winchester came to consecrate the same (September 17, 1620), the founder set forth with graphic force the grievous bodily perils incurred by those who sought to cross "the broad and dangerous" Itchen in stormy weather for the sake of worshipping in their mother church, and the spiritual perils of those others who were perforce deprived of the sacraments and the ministry of God's Word. The need was plainly too urgent to be disregarded, and Bishop Andrewes proceeded to the consecration of the "Jesus Chapel" and its adjoining churchyard, making use of most carefully drawn-up services which have become the basis of our present existing consecration services.‡ Such a dedication was not, however, quite unknown in England before this time. Christ Church at Attercliffe, in the West Riding of Yorkshire, was so named at the rebuilding in the first half of the present century, but it was the successor of an ancient chapel known as "The Holy Jesus." Probably a natural shrinking from a too free use —without any sort of prefix even—of so precious a Name induced the change, and also accounts for its never having found general acceptance, in spite of its introduction in the sixteenth century at both our universities. The college of that name at Oxford was a new foundation endowed and named in the reign of Queen Elizabeth; its beautiful sister at Cambridge was originally a Benedictine nunnery dedicated to "The Blessed Virgin, S. John Evangelist, and S. Rhadegundis." § "Jesus Chapel," at Enfield, near London, and "The Church of the Holy Jesus," at Lydbrook in Gloucestershire—both of them modern—complete the dedications in this name.

All our remaining dedications to the Saviour belong to the nineteenth century; but before passing on to these we must pause to mention a curious and wholly unique dedication of the seventeenth century which shows the greater freedom and originality of this period in contrast with the monotonous rigidity of the eighteenth. This is

God's Gift.

* Bulmer's "Westmoreland."

† Ibid.

‡ See the whole Form printed in Newman's edition of Sparrow's "Rationale," 1840.

§ "Eng. Illus."

the College Chapel of Dulwich School, founded by Edward Alleyn in 1619, under the striking dedication of "God's Gift."

The Wisdom of God.

Equally rare, so far as English practice is concerned, but in strict accordance with early Catholic precedent, is the dedication of a recently founded church at Lower Kingswood in Surrey to "The Wisdom of God." The church is built in the Byzantine style, and its very name, no less than its outward form, carries our thoughts back to the world-famous cathedral of Santa Sophia at Constantinople "dedicated to The Eternal Wisdom, *i.e.* to the Second Divine Person." * If those are right—and we can hardly doubt that they are—who see in this ancient ascription no mere abstraction but a direct invocation of Him Who is the very Word and Wisdom of God, then we find in this latest of English dedications a link † with the two detached words that have for so long held their place in our Kalendar—"O Sapientia."

O Sapientia. *Dec.* 16.

These words, "O Wisdom," are taken, as is well known, from the opening sentence of the ancient Latin antiphons to the *Magnificat* which were sung on seven different days in Advent, beginning, as is shown in our Prayer-book, on December 16. These most scriptural and poetical antiphons are beyond doubt immediately addressed to the Saviour, Whose coming they set forth under various aspects, and Whose aid they implore. The first antiphon, which might well become the watchword of a church dedicated to "The Wisdom of God," runs as follows: "O Wisdom, Which didst come forth from the mouth of the Most High, reaching from the one end of all things to the other, and ordering them with sweetness and might: Come, that Thou mayest teach us the way of understanding."

Emmanuel.

The series that begins with "O Sapientia" ends with "O Emmanuel;" and this brings us to another most beautiful dedication-name, never found in England before the present century, but now yearly increasing in favour, namely Emmanuel Church. We find no less than forty examples of it, eight of them belonging to the period previous to 1850, the rest of more recent date. In some cases, as at Birmingham and Streatham, the name is given in the Old Testament form of "Immanuel," but this is rare. It is perhaps not perfectly correct to speak of this dedication being found only in our own day, for Emmanuel College at Cambridge was founded and dedicated three hundred years ago, in 1584. The patronage of the parish of Loughborough in Leicestershire is in the hands of the College, and when in 1837 the mother church of All Saints became insufficient for the growing needs of the town, the College built a new church which bears the name of Emmanuel, and so witnesses to the ancient connexion between Loughborough and the University of Cambridge.

The Good Shepherd.

When we consider how largely the imagery of the Good Shepherd has entered into all our religious imaginations, it is

* Murray's "Constantinople," based on Von Hammer's "Ottoman Empire."

† Private letter from Canon Newbolt.

matter for surprise that we should find only four churches bearing this tender and suggestive name. All four are of very recent foundation.

The Holy Redeemer. The Holy Redeemer, again, is a very rare ascription—in fact, the only Anglican instance of it seems to be in a modern church at Clerkenwell; but this is an example that is sure to be imitated in course of time.

Christ the Consoler. "Christ the Consoler" is the expressive and touching dedication-name given to a beautiful church at Newby in the West Riding of Yorkshire, built some twenty-five years ago by Lady Mary Vyner as a memorial to her son, who was killed by brigands in Greece.

The Holy Name. Last on our list stands "the Church of the Holy Name," a unique dedication which will be more conveniently considered in connexion with the festival of "The Name of Jesus" (CH. IV.).

SECTION B.—DEDICATIONS TO THE HOLY SPIRIT.

From the dedications to the Blessed Saviour we pass on to those in honour of the Holy Spirit. The practice of dedicating churches to the Third Person of the Trinity has never become general, but it is of high antiquity; witness S. Augustine's pronouncement on the subject. No one held more firmly than the great Bishop of Hippo the principle that "Churches are dedicated solely to God and His service," howsoever they might likewise serve as memorials of the holy dead; and in one of his controversies with a certain Arian bishop concerning the Divinity of the Holy Ghost, he points to the custom of dedicating churches in His honour as an argument for His Godhead. "Since therefore," says he, "we should be sacrilegious in building a temple to any creature, how can He be otherwise than the true God, to Whom we not only build temples, but are ourselves His temples?"

In our country such dedications are but few in number, but they are to be found at the most widely differing periods of church-building, and run throughout the whole of our English Church History like a slender golden thread.

S. Esperit. The two earliest make manifest their claim to antiquity by retaining their dedication-name in the Norman-French form of "S. Esperit." It is probable that there is some connexion between the two, as both are in Warwickshire, not so very far apart—the one at Marton, the other at Wappenbury. Wappenbury has also an alternative dedication to S. John the Baptist. Some centuries later, in the early years of the reign of Henry VIII., a certain Lord Sandys, in conjunction with Bishop Fox of Winchester, built at Basingstoke in Hampshire a most beautiful chapel which was dedicated to the Holy Ghost. The chapel was specially intended for the use of an Educational Guild, which they likewise set on foot. This Guild passed through many storms, and after having been

suppressed and re-established, and then again suppressed, it was re-organized by Mary Tudor as a Free Grammar School. Some fifty years ago the school was still extant—since then it has doubtless undergone some fresh experiences at the hands of the Endowed Schools' Commissioners—and the remains of the "Chapel to the Holy Ghost" were to be seen adjoining the schoolroom.*

Holy Ghost.

In the year 1635 we find the inhabitants of Middleton in Westmoreland subscribing money for a chapel, which was consecrated by Bishop Bridgman of Chester under the name of "The Chapel of the Holy Ghost."† After this there is a pause of more than two hundred years till we come to our own century. Now we have "The Church of the Holy Ghost" at New Town in the Isle of Wight, and two

Holy Spirit.

dedications to the "Holy Spirit," the first at Rye Harbour in Sussex, and the other at Milton in Devonshire.

Holy Paraclete.

Kirkhaugh in Northumberland is an old parish, but its present dedication-name of "Holy Paraclete" is of modern origin, having been assumed at some re-building in lieu of the old name which had been lost.

SECTION C.—DEDICATIONS TO THE HOLY TRINITY.

Holy Trinity.

Every county in England, with the seeming exception of Bedfordshire, has at least one ancient church dedicated to the "Holy Trinity," and even Bedfordshire has made good the omission by a nineteenth-century church in that name. Cornwall would rank as another exception, but that in the year 1290 the parish church of S. Austell, which took its name from one of the long-forgotten "Children of Brychan" (CH. XXXIV), was re-consecrated and placed under the invocation of the "Holy Trinity."

More than six hundred of our churches are dedicated in honour of "the Holy, Blessed, and Glorious Trinity." We cannot wonder that so grand and comprehensive a dedication-name should largely have been made choice of, but it must be acknowledged that from an antiquarian standpoint it is one of the most perplexing of all church dedications. As before said, it is of almost universal distribution, owning no local preferences. At first sight it would appear to be almost equally universal in point of time, but a closer investigation seems to show that, broadly speaking, there are three periods in which it was chiefly in favour, namely, the two centuries succeeding the death of Becket, the latter half of the sixteenth with the whole of the seventeenth century, and again in the fifty years from 1800 to 1850.

Dedications to the Holy Trinity were in use long before the institution of any separate festival of that name, and we have already noted that in the Domesday Survey Canterbury Cathedral figures as "Holy Trinity," though more usually known as "Christ Church." About this time the

* Lewis. † Nicolson and Burn.

question of instituting a separate festival in honour of the Trinity was under consideration at Rome, but was discouraged by the then Pope, on the ground that such a festival was needless, the doctrine being recognized by the daily use of the *Gloria Patri*.

Eighty years or so later, however, Becket, having himself been consecrated on the Sunday after Whitsunday, appointed that henceforth in the churches under his jurisdiction that same Sunday should be regarded as the Feast of Trinity.* The Archbishop's order doubtless gave a great impetus to the English commemoration of this mystery, and tended largely to increase the number of churches built in honour of the Trinity. In this matter English usage was in advance of the rest of Christendom, for in other parts of Europe the Festival was observed indifferently—if at all—on the Sunday next before Advent, or on the octave of Pentecost; and it was not until more than a century and a half later that an order from Rome authorized the long-existing English practice by enforcing the universal observance for this purpose of the first Sunday after Whitsuntide. To some extent, therefore, the practice of the Western Church was unified (the Eastern Church has never recognized any such Festival), but to this day our Prayer-book maintains one distinctive feature in this matter by dating all the latter Sundays of the Christian Year by their relation to the Feast of Trinity, while the Roman Church, though duly celebrating the Festival of the Trinity on the appointed day, on the following Sunday reverts to the thought of the special work of the Holy Spirit, and reckons all the remaining Sundays from Pentecost.

Among the many dedications to the Trinity (considerably over two hundred) that belong to this Mediæval period, we may specially notice Chilton in Somerset, which appears in old records under the designation of "Chilton Trinitatis."† To this early period, too, we shall probably be right in referring four of our Cathedrals: Bristol, Carlisle, Chichester, and Norwich. Ely is also in legal documents described as "The Cathedral of the Sacred and Undivided Trinity," but in this instance, as we have shown elsewhere, the dedication is no older than Henry VIII. He would have made a like change at Winchester, but Winchester was faithful to her old traditions, and though not rejecting the new dedication to the Trinity, she only superadded it to the already existing dedication in honour of SS. Peter and Paul and S. Swithun. Another of Henry VIII.'s dedications in this name was the famous Trinity College at Cambridge. Its less famous namesake, "Trinity Hall," on the other hand, belongs to the earlier period, and was dedicated in 1347 by Bishop Bateman of Norwich (perhaps by way of association with his own beautiful cathedral of the same name) to "The Holy and Undivided Trinity." Trinity College, Oxford, was formerly known as "Durham College," and took its present name in 1555.

In the Puritan reaction against names that might in any way be held to savour of superstition, Holy Trinity came more and more into favour,

* Daniel's *Prayer-book*.

† *Somerset, Arch. Journal*, vol. 17.

and the seventeenth century, though not a period remarkable for church-building, gives us "The Sacred Trinity" at Salford, near Manchester (1635), and at least four other churches in the same name, of which the most notable is Berwick-on-Tweed, built under the Commonwealth. The eighteenth century adds about nine more, but it was in the first half of the succeeding century that this dedication regained a popularity as great as it had ever enjoyed in the Middle Ages. To this period we may unhesitatingly assign over two hundred and thirty of the churches dedicated in this name. Like Christ Church, it was a dedication much in favour with the Evangelical party in the Church, so much so, that out of fifty-four modern churches held by the Simeon Trustees, more than one-third will be found to be dedicated either to the Saviour or to the Holy Trinity. In several instances the chain of association was still further lengthened by clerical patrons, themselves instituted by the Simeon Trustees, conferring upon the district churches in their own gift this same favourite dedication-name.

After 1850 we note a change, and the number of dedications to the Trinity is reduced by nearly one half. There may possibly have been a feeling that the beautiful dedication was in danger of becoming a party badge, and that, therefore, it was well for a time to drop it, but it is in truth a sufficient explanation of the change to say that each Age has its own characteristic dedications, and that in the desire to revive long-disused dedications to the great names of the Catholic Kalendar and to our own national worthies, it was impossible to multiply churches in any one name to the same extent as in the days of the more limited range of choice. We may rejoice in the greater elasticity of our own generation in this matter of the naming of churches, we may feel that it enlarges our horizon, but yet we would not be without a single one of those dedications to the Saviour or to the Holy Trinity, which help to keep ever clearly before our eyes the great fundamental principle of all church-dedications.

CHAPTER IV.

DEDICATIONS CONNECTED WITH THE LIFE OF CHRIST.

PAGE.	NAME.	DAY.	CHURCHES.
28	*S. Advent.* See CH. XXXIV.		
29	The Holy Nativity	December 25 ...	1
29	The Holy Epiphany	January 6 ...	3
29	The Transfiguration	August 6 ...	1
29	The Resurrection	—— ...	2
29	The Ascension	—— ...	10
30	*The Circumcision*	January 1 ...	0
30	*The Name of Jesus*	August 7 ...	0
30	The Holy Name	August 7 ...	1
31	The Invention of the Cross ...	—— ...	1 *dd.*
31	Holy Cross...	September 14 ...	72 *See also dd.*
32	Holy Rood...	September 14 ...	21 *See also dd.*
34	Corpus Christi	—— ...	1 *dd.*
34	The Holy Host...	—— ...	1 *dd.*
35	S. Sepulchre	—— ...	4

WE pass next to a class of dedications differing somewhat from all the rest, namely, those which commemorate some event or sacred object connected with the history of our Blessed Lord. To this class belong the large number of dedications to the sacred symbol of our redemption, the Cross, and the much smaller group in honour of the Holy Sepulchre. With a few very rare exceptions, hereafter to be noticed, all dedications both to the Cross and to the Sepulchre are of very early date; but the tendency to what we may call *impersonal* dedications has shown itself again in a new form in the nineteenth century, in dedications connected with the history of our Lord, such as the "Holy Nativity," the "Resurrection," and the like. This is in truth only a return to a very early practice, for the church built by Constantine on Calvary was known sometimes as "The Church of the Holy Sepulchre," but also as "Anastasis," "The Church of the Resurrection." * It had, however, fallen completely into disuse, in England at least, until it was revived in our own times.

S. Advent. The Cornish church of "S. Advent" looks as if it ought to stand first in this list, but in truth the name refers, not to the Christian season, but to an obscure Cornish saint of the name of Advent (CH. XXXIV.). "The Church of the Advent" is the name that has been

* D. C. B., "Constantine."

bestowed on the so-called "Cathedral of North Dakota" in Western America. This cathedral is neither more nor less than a railway car, fitted up with font, organ, lectern, and all the accessories of a church. In this unique cathedral the Bishop of North Dakota journeys throughout his immense diocese, holding services at the various stopping-places.

Holy Nativity. Dec. 25.

We have first, then, the church of "The Holy Nativity" at Knowle in Somerset, a church consecrated within the last fifty years. This is at present a unique dedication; but the next event in the Lord's earthly life, His manifestation to the Gentiles, is commemorated by no less than three churches of "The Holy Epiphany" —at Lache in Cheshire, and at Austwick and Tockwith, both of them in the West Riding of Yorkshire. When we consider the special significance to ourselves of this holy feast of the welcoming in of the Gentiles, it seems strange that until within the last twelve years it should not have been commemorated by a single church. But now it has come into use as a dedication-name, and we may trust that the churches which claim it may feel themselves stirred up by their very name to their high missionary responsibilities.

Holy Epiphany. Jan. 6.

The Transfiguration. Aug. 6.

Lewisham in Kent is another example of a unique dedication, and a most beautiful one—"The Church of the Transfiguration." Our Prayer-book Kalendar, in common with both the Roman and the Eastern Churches, still notifies August 6 as the day of the Transfiguration; but to our own grievous loss we have been deprived of the beautiful service which might make the anniversary so full of teaching. Is it too much to hope that the 6th of August may one day be again restored to its position in our Prayer-book as a red-letter day, and that we may again listen to the words of the long-forgotten collect,* praying that, as in "the glorious Transfiguration a voice from Heaven showed us" that we are God's "adopted children," so we may be "heirs to the King of Glory, and partakers of His bliss"?

The Resurrection.

Within the last quarter of a century two churches have revived Constantine's old dedication of "The Resurrection." The one is at Eastleigh in Hampshire, the other in Staffordshire, at a place which, by its name of *Dresden*, shows plainly that it is a creation of the Potteries.

The Holy Ascension.

But all these dedications taken together are outnumbered by the dedications in honour of the Ascension. We find at least ten churches, known either as "Ascension," "Holy Ascension," or "The Church of the Ascension." In every case the dedication has been given within the past fifty years; but in two instances out of the ten it has been only in order to replace the lost dedication of earlier times. Thus the corner-stone of the newly rebuilt church of Melton-Ross in Lincolnshire was laid on Ascension Day, and the building re-dedicated as "The Church of the Ascension."† Whixley in Yorkshire, a church which was founded in Norman times, was in a somewhat similar predicament.

* See Roman Catholic Missal.

† *Arch. Journal*, vol. 30.

The old dedication was unknown on the spot, though Chancellor Raine in his researches in old Wills prior to the year 1560, has found it given once as "S. James," and once as "S. Mary." * Possibly the doubt as to which of the two was the true dedication had caused both to be forgotten. In 1862 the church was restored, and the Vicar, the Rev. William Valentine, finding that "it was clear and without any doubt that the Village Feast since 1700 had been held on Ascension Day," thought they might assume the original consecration of the church to have taken place on that Holy Day.† Chancellor Raine's references to the pre-Reformation Wills show that the assumption was an incorrect one, but the parish is not likely now to relinquish its beautiful dedication, or the consecration feast, for which, indeed, it may soon claim the authority of a precedent of two hundred years. It may be added, further, that a dedication to the Ascension is not as new in England as a dedication to the Epiphany or the Transfiguration. There is, indeed, no existing example of such a choice, but in the early years of Edward I. we find one Sir Anketine de Nurtival dedicating a chantry or college at Moseley in Leicestershire to "The Ascension of our Lord,"—conjoined unhappily with "The Assumption of the Blessed Virgin." ‡

The Circumcision, Jan. 1; and *Name of Jesus*, Aug. 7.

It will have been observed that no mention has been made of two days connected with our Lord, both of which are commemorated in our Prayer-book Kalendar—the "Circumcision" on January 1, and the "Name of Jesus" on August 7. Both days have very much the same significance, only the August festival is of purely British origin and observance, while the Feast of the Circumcision is common alike to the Greek, the Roman, and the Anglican Churches. The origin of the August festival is obscure. It is not to be found in Bede's Kalendar, but it is noted in the Aberdeen Breviary, and in the Salisbury and York Kalendars it was marked as a red-letter day. In short, as Mr. Baring-Gould observes, "In the English Church, August 7 was observed as the festival of the Holy Name long before the Reformation." § The office has been disused long since, but the beautiful and suggestive designation remains in our Kalendar. It is interesting to note in the life of Mrs. Monsell, the Mother-superior of Clewer, how the late Archbishop Tait, having occasion to visit her on August 7, wrote her name and his own in a Bible and Prayer-book which he gave her, subscribing the date as follows: "August 7, 1876. Name of Jesus." ‖

The Holy Name.

The Feast of the Circumcision is not represented amongst us by any church dedication, but the Old English festival of the "Name of Jesus" is undoubtedly connected with the "Church of the Holy Name" at Boyton in Cornwall. The church itself is a very old one, but there has been some doubt as to the dedication-name. A local antiquary writes as follows in the *Launceston Weekly News*:

* "Yorkshire Dedications."

† Private letter from the Vicar of Whixley, 1887.

‡ Lewis.

§ August 7.

‖ "Life of Harriet Monsell."

"The Holy Name seems to be the most probable, because the Revel week used to follow immediately after August 7. The Vicar of Boyton * corroborates this, in a private letter, saying, "I never could ascertain anything for certain on this point, but I have been told by some of the old people that Boyton Revel used to be held on or immediately after August 7, which is dedicated to the Holy Name of Jesus. . . . Hence the supposition is that the church is dedicated to the Holy Name." Boyton Revel, or Fair, is no longer kept up, but the church has reassumed its supposed dedication to "The Holy Name."

Invention, or Finding of the Cross. May 3.

There are two days in our English Kalendar designed to commemorate the Cross—May 3, marked as the "Invention of the Cross," and September 14, briefly described as "Holy Cross Day," but known to the Roman and Eastern Churches as "the Exaltation of the Holy Cross." Neither festival is given in the earliest version of Bede's Kalendar, though both of them must have existed in his time. For convenience' sake, we may consider them together. The Spring feast commemorates the supposed discovery of the true Cross at Jerusalem by Helena, the mother of Constantine, in the year 326; and the Autumn festival, the annual display of the relic in the church founded at Jerusalem by the Empress, together with its restoration to the city three hundred years later.

The story of the Finding of the Cross—for our word "Invention" is a mere archaism, discarded by the Church of Rome—is so associated with the history of S. Helena that it is more properly reserved till we come to the life of that saint (CH. XVIII.).

Holy Cross Day, or Exaltation of the Cross. Sept. 14.

The Eastern Church has a commemoration of the Cross peculiar to itself, which furnishes the clue to the true origin of our "Holy Cross Day." It takes no notice of the Invention or Finding of the Cross as it stands in our Western Kalendars, but four days later, on May 7, it commemorates the "Labarum," that is, the sign of the Cross, which appeared to Constantine in the sky (October 23, A.D. 312), and which henceforth he adopted as his symbol, together with the ever-memorable words, "In this conquer." When we consider the momentous effect upon the history both of the Church and of the world at large of this vision of Constantine's, it seems fitting enough that it should have been held in thankful remembrance; but possibly this ought to be regarded as a third festival, distinct from the two days devoted to the honour of the sacred relic discovered by Helena. We have abundant evidence that Constantine was always ready to show reverence to every manifestation of the Cross, and there is considerable reason to think that the September festival, as well as the May festival, date back to the lifetime of the first Christian Emperor. But the event which gave to the already existing feast of the 14th of September its peculiar glory, was neither the commemoration of the Labarum, nor the Finding of the Cross by the Empress Helena, but the triumphant recapture

* Rev. T. Walters, 1890.

of the precious relic by the Christians under the Emperor Heraclius (A.D. 628), and its subsequent solemn restoration to Jerusalem after it had been for fourteen years in the hands of the Persians.

The whole question of these various commemorations of the Holy Cross is highly involved, but we shall probably be right in regarding the day which our Prayer-book Kalendar emphatically calls "Holy Cross Day," as having a triple signification, and being intended as a general thanksgiving:—in the first instance, for the vision vouchsafed to Constantine; then, again, for the wondrous discovery of the Sacred Wood, made by his mother; and, last of all, for the recovery of that relic from the heathen Persians.*

To many of us, our most vivid association with "Holy Cross Day" comes from Browning's poem, in which he tells how the reluctant Jews at Rome were compelled annually to attend church on this day, and to listen to a sermon, and in which he gives the musings of one of their number during the period of enforced silence:—

> ". . . This world has been harsh and strange;
> Something is wrong; there needeth a change.
> But what, or where? at the last or first?
> In one point only we sinned at worst.
> * * * *
> God spoke, and gave us the word to keep,
> Bade never fold the hands nor sleep
> 'Mid a faithless world,—at watch and ward,
> Till Christ at the end relieve our guard.
> By His servant Moses the watch was set;
> Though near upon cock-crow, we keep it yet.
>
> "Thou! if Thou wast He, who at mid-watch came,
> By the starlight, naming a dubious name!
> And if, too heavy with sleep—too rash
> With fear—O Thou, if that martyr-gash
> Fell on Thee coming to take thine own,
> And we gave the Cross, when we owed the Throne—
> Thou art the Judge."

Holy Cross, and Holy Rood.

In England we have over sixty ancient dedications to "Holy Cross," or "S. Cross," and twenty more in the distinctively English form of "Holy Rood." The number is comparatively small, but the dedications are very evenly distributed throughout the whole island, from Northumberland to Cornwall, only five counties being without this dedication in the one form or the other.†

Mr. Baring-Gould says that the September festival was held in special veneration in the Eastern Church, and the May festival in the Western; but the number of parishes that hold their feasts on or about September 14 seems to prove that both days were regarded in England. Certainly the great Essex Abbey of "Holy Cross and S. Laurence" at Waltham, observed

* For a full discussion of the whole complicated subject, see Baillet, "September 14," and Baring-Gould, "May 3 and September 14."

† The five counties are: Bedfordshire, Cumberland, Monmouthshire, Surrey, and Westmoreland.

both festivals, for we find fairs at Waltham on May 14 as well as on September 26—the feasts respectively of the Invention and Exaltation of the Cross, according to the Old Style.* The church of Ampney-Crucis in Gloucestershire, and the chapelry of Rodbourne in Wiltshire, are both of them dedicated to the "Holy Rood," but even had their dedications been changed or lost sight of, they might have been inferred from the names of the parishes. In not a few instances we find churches dedicated to the Cross or Rood bearing one or more alternative names; as at Melling in Lancashire, which is variously known as "Holy Rood," "S. Thomas," or "S. Peter;" † or Bottisham in Cambridgeshire, which is ascribed now to "Holy Cross," now to "Holy Trinity," and now to "S. Mary." The explanation, doubtless, is that the superstitious veneration accorded to the Holy Cross had caused the very name to be discredited. And in some instances—in more, probably, than we can at all estimate—the attempt to change it was successful. Thus Congresbury in Somerset is now known only as St. Andrew's, but in all probability it was originally Holy Cross, for the annual fair, which was first granted in the reign of Henry VIII.,‡ is held on September 14. "A large and lofty cross standing in the centre of the village" § is happily too common a sight in Somerset villages to have any direct bearing upon the question, but it suggests the propriety of inquiring into the original dedication, and of reviving it if possible.

It is not easy to account for the change of dedication at Swindon, which took place in 1302. Up to that time the church was known as Holy Rood, but it was then changed to "S. Mary." In 1850 the old church was destroyed, and replaced by a new one, which was named "Christ Church." The old name of Holy Rood has, however, been revived recently by a Roman Catholic church in the town.

The church of Holy Cross in Bristol is perhaps better known as the "Temple" than by its dedication-name. Like its more celebrated namesake in London, it was founded by the Knights Templars, and takes from them its popular designation.

For the most part the dedications to the Cross and Rood are to be found in country villages, or small provincial towns, such as Crediton, Stratford-upon-Avon, Ilam; but Southampton has its Holy Rood, and Canterbury and Shrewsbury their Holy Cross.

S. Cross at Winchester was a name much brought under discussion some years ago owing to a dispute as to the right disposition of some ancient foundation connected with the church; and another famous S. Cross is the old church at Oxford, in the district known as Holywell (from its celebrated well dedicated to SS. Margaret and Winifred); built, or possibly rebuilt, shortly after the Conquest.‖

Three recent examples of dedications to the Holy Cross remain to be considered. Among them is the new church of Clayton in Lancashire,

* Lewis.
† Baine's "Lancashire."
‡ Lewis.
§ Ibid.
‖ Ibid.

consecrated in 1874, under the name of S. Cross. In this instance there is no apparent reason for the choice of the dedication, but a similar choice at Knutsford in Cheshire has ample historic justification, for the new church is situated in a district of Nether Knutsford, which has been known from time immemorial as "The Cross-Town." Sir Peter Leycester, writing in 1667, observes that "The Cross-Town hath in it an ancient parochial chapel,"* but it does not appear whether the present parish church of S. Cross is an entirely new foundation, dating only from 1860, when it was made parochial, or whether it is the direct successor of the ancient parochial chapel in the Cross-Town.

But of all the thirty dedications in this name not one surpasses in interest the very latest of them all—the church recently built in London as a memorial to the late Commodore Goodenough, who was killed by the natives off Santa Cruz, in the Pacific Ocean. In 1876, the district was formed out of the parish of St. Pancras, and in the close of the year 1887 the foundation-stone of the permanent building was laid by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Right Hon. G. J. Goschen. The *Guardian*, in its account of the ceremony, says :† "Many circumstances combined to make it one of more than usual interest. . . . The first incumbent was the Hon. Algernon Stanley, who had spent some time on board the ship commanded by Commodore Goodenough ; and when that gallant officer was slain by a poisoned arrow at Santa Cruz (or the Island of the Holy Cross), he conceived the idea of naming the district after the Holy Cross, as a memorial of his lamented friend."

More than three hundred years ago, the name of Santa Cruz was carried by Spanish sailors to that far-off island of the Pacific. There the name remained, a silent witness to the Christian faith and to the love of God, when all around spoke of heathenism and of cruel deeds of darkness ; and now the Pacific sends back the name to England, enriched with precious memories of a gallant soldier of the Cross, who died by the hands of heathen natives off this island of Santa Cruz, and who, in his prolonged death-agony, showed "how a Christian can die."‡ And so this London church is linked for ever, by that one strong bond, with a distant island in the New World, and surely it will regard it as a sacred trust laid upon it to fulfil, sooner or later, Commodore Goodenough's dying hope for "those poor natives," in sending forth "some good Christian man to settle among them, and to teach them,"§ making known to them afresh the forgotten story of love and forgiveness which the very name of Santa Cruz was meant to preach.

Corpus Christi and the Holy Host. Thursday after Trinity Sunday.

A festival of late institution (1264), and (in the Anglican branch of the Church) of brief duration, is that of "Corpus Christi," known in France as the "Fête Dieu," and there celebrated on the Thursday after Trinity Sunday. Inasmuch as it had for its object the exaltation of the doctrine of

* Ormerod.
† Dec. 7, 1887.
‡ Havelock's words on his death-bed.
§ "Memoir of Commodore Goodenough, R.N."

Transubstantiation, it naturally fell into disuse in England at the time of the Reformation, but not before it had left its mark upon our dedication-names. Each of our two ancient Universities has its Corpus Christi College; that at Oxford, founded and dedicated in 1513 by Fox, Bishop of Winchester,* and its counterpart at Cambridge, of much earlier date, founded in 1344 by the Brethren of "the Guild of Corpus Christi and S. Mary."† One parish church, and apparently one only, is known to have had and retained this rare dedication, namely, that of Hatherley Down in Gloucestershire, which is ascribed to "S. Mary and Corpus Christi;" but just the same meaning is found in a different form in the Cambridgeshire church of Cheveley, dedicated to "S. Mary and the Holy Host," the word "Host" not standing, as might at first sight be supposed, for the "Angelic Host," but having precisely the same signification as "Corpus Christi." It is almost a matter of surprise that these two dedications should have been allowed to survive, but both are found in obscure country villages where probably in the days when men had ceased to make careful mention in their wills of the exact dedication-name of the church in which they desired to be buried, none save an occasional antiquarian troubled himself to know the full dedication-name of the church in which he worshipped. It is further probable that these churches were usually known merely by their first name of "S. Mary," an ascription to which no offence could be taken.

Holy Sepulchre and S. Sepulchre.

Last on our list stands the little group of churches dedicated to S. Sepulchre, or the Holy Sepulchre. This is a dedication-name that almost always implies the influence of the Knights Templars, whose peculiar charge it was to defend pilgrims worshipping at the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem. Two of these churches, those at Cambridge and at Northampton, are what is popularly termed "round churches," being built something in the form of a sepulchre, upon the model of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem. The Temple Church in London, which is dedicated to the Virgin, is of the same shape, and there is a fourth round church of the same description at Maplestead in Essex, but this is dedicated, not to the Holy Sepulchre, but to S. John of Jerusalem, the patron of the Order of Knights Templars. That the two dedications were regarded as almost synonymous is shown by the dedication of a church in Norwich to "S. John de Sepulchre."

S. Sepulchre's at Cambridge, which appears to have been consecrated in the year 1101,‡ is the oldest of the four existing round churches, but it is probable that all the dedications to the Holy Sepulchre belong to either the twelfth or thirteenth century. There are two other churches in this name, one at Warminghurst in Sussex, and one in the City of London. Thetford in Norfolk had formerly a priory church dedicated to the Holy Sepulchre. It was founded in the reign of King Stephen, and destroyed at the time of the suppression of the monasteries under Henry VIII.§ We

* "Eng. Illus."
† Ibid.
‡ Lewis.
§ "Eng. Illus."

have one single example of this dedication in the North-country. There was a church of the Holy Sepulchre at a place in the neighbourhood of Morpeth, named Sheepwash, but the church has been demolished, and the district or parish taken into the neighbouring parish of Bothal.

With the close of the crusades, the special feeling which had prompted this dedication ceased to exist. Perhaps it is not without significance that whereas our fathers dedicated churches to the Cross and Sepulchre, we dedicate them rather to the glorious Resurrection and Ascension.

CHAPTER V.

THE HOLY ANGELS.

PAGE.	NAME.	DAY.	CHURCHES.		
37	The Holy Angels	——	... 2		
37	S. Michael	September 29	... 634	*See also dd.*	721
37	S. Michael the Archangel ...	„	... 2		
37	S. Michael and All Angels ...	„	... 83		
	S. Michael and All Saints.	See CH. L.			
39	S. Gabriel	March 18	... 15	*See also dd.*	
40	S. Raphael	——	... 1		

ABOUT one in every nineteen of our churches is placed by a happy and poetical instinct under the invocation of the Holy Angels—those blessed ministering spirits, those messengers from God to man, of whom the Scriptures speak so often, yet so mysteriously. Although from Genesis to Revelation, through History and Prophecy, Gospel and Epistle, we meet with continual allusions to the Angelic Host, two only of the number are mentioned by name; and of these two one in particular has been seized upon by the imagination of Christendom as the representative and type of all the rest.

The Holy Angels.

It seems on the face of it that a dedication to the entire Angelic Host would be far more suggestive than a dedication to any one angel standing alone; yet we have but two such all-embracing dedications, and both are of recent date—the one, "The Church of the Holy Angels," at Hoar Cross in Staffordshire; the other a chapel of the same name at Cranford in Middlesex.

S. Michael.

S. Michael is usually, as in our Prayer-book, associated with his fellow-angels, and commemorated together with them; but in a few rare instances we have churches dedicated to him alone under his proper style of "S. Michael the Archangel."

S. Michael the Archangel.

An ancient example of this is to be found at Lyme Regis in Dorsetshire, and a modern one at Markington in Yorkshire. Probably many more churches have had the like dedication; but these additional designations are prone to fall into disuse, and thus, out of a total of over seven hundred churches dedicated in this name, less than a hundred have been careful to preserve strictly their complete dedication-name of "S. Michael and All Angels," and the rest are content to be known simply as "S. Michael."

S. Michael and All Angels. Sept. 29.

S. Michael has come to occupy so large a space in Christian Art and Christian Poetry; the figure presented to our imagination is so clear and impressive, that it is almost startling to remember that his name occurs only five times in both Old and New Testaments combined. Very wonderful and striking, without doubt, are the glimpses here afforded us of "Michael your Prince," of the conquering Captain of the Heavenly Host; but yet it is not from these passages alone that the mediæval conception of S. Michael—the Warrior-Judge—has been built up, nor upon these alone that the intense adoration of the Middle Ages was founded. This is not the place to enter into the consideration how far Jewish tradition, in the first instance, and afterwards the glosses of the theologians, added to and altered the original conception. The whole question is discussed in Mrs. Jameson's "Legends of the Saints," and elsewhere; but it is necessary to refer briefly to two pretended apparitions of the archangel, both of them supposed to have taken place between the sixth and the eighth centuries, which gave an immense impetus to the adoration for S. Michael. One of these led to his very special veneration in Rome; another (which, no doubt, had a yet more immediate effect upon our English practice) led to the foundation of the famous and influential church of Mont Saint Michel on the sea-girt rock off the coast of Normandy. Our English counterpart, the Cornish "S. Michael's Mount," was appropriated by William the Conqueror to the French S. Michel; but even before that time—in the days of Edward the Confessor, at any rate—there was a church upon the rock, dedicated to the archangel.

Dedications to S. Michael are not only very common—witness seven of them in the City of London alone, and three in Norwich—but as a general rule they are said to be of very early date. The late Mr. Kerslake of Bristol, who was well qualified to speak with authority on this point, was of opinion that many of our dedications to S. Michael are "a survival of Celtic Christianity, allowed to pass on unadded to and unaltered;"* but indeed each age has done its part towards increasing the dedications in this name; and, so far as we can judge, they escaped the censure of Henry VIII. Edmund Spenser, in the sixteenth century, was still sufficiently imbued with the spirit of adoration towards the unseen heavenly host to pen the most beautiful praise of the angelic ministry that has ever been set forth by an uninspired writer; but in the eighteenth century for the first time we seem to detect a shrinking from the recognition of these mysterious messengers of God's love to man, and the only clear example we have found of an eighteenth-century dedication to S. Michael is one at Manchester in 1789. Two or three other instances there are of churches to S. Michael, built in the eighteenth century, but in each case they prove to have been on the sites of older chapelries, and most probably the name was simply carried on from the earlier dedication. In the first half of the succeeding century the number rose again to twenty-two, while from 1850 to 1898 we count more than three times that number.

* *Arch. Journal*, vol. 38.

There is an old saying that churches to S. Michael should by rights be situated on the crown of a hill, or at least on rising ground; and Precentor Venables, speaking of the Lincolnshire dedications to S. Michael, observes: "There are examples that tend to show that even here it generally affected the highest ground attainable." * This point must not, however, be pressed too far, for churches in honour of S. Michael are to be found in every county in England without exception, and level Lincolnshire can boast more of them than hilly Cumberland. As regards modern churches in this name, the old custom has commonly been entirely set at nought, and sites high or low have been made use of at the convenience of the builders.

S. Gabriel. March 18.

Second among the archangels stands S. Gabriel, the messenger of the Annunciation. The mentions in Holy Scripture of S. Gabriel are almost equal in number to those of S. Michael, and yet it is unquestionably always S. Michael who rises up before us as the type and representative of the angelic host. No doubt this is primarily to be accounted for by the prominence accorded to him in such psssages as, "Michael, one of the chief princes" (Dan. x. 13); and still more by the famous verse in the Revelation, "Michael and his angels fought against the dragon." Yet the associations with the angel Gabriel are so precious to us that it seems strange indeed that so wide a distinction should have been made by our forefathers in the comparative honour paid to these two angelic beings. S. Gabriel, like S. Michael, comes to Daniel to comfort and strengthen him in the hour of his trouble and abasement, and to make him understand the hidden mysteries. Twice in this Book we have a glimpse of him, and once he appears before us as the winged messenger—"being caused to fly swiftly"—on his mission of consolation and enlightenment (Dan. ix. 21).

But dearer to us by far are the visions of S. Gabriel granted to us in the opening chapters of S. Luke's Gospel; the first where he declares himself to Zacharias in the words: "I am Gabriel that stand in the presence of God;" and the second, in which he makes known to the Blessed Virgin the Will of the Most High.

We should have expected to find not a few churches placed under the special invocation of the Angel of the Annunciation, and it is true that not a few modern ones—thirteen of them—(all belonging to the latter half of the present century) have given expression to this feeling; but in pre-Reformation times this dedication, curiously enough, never attained to any high degree of popularity, and, as compared with the dedications to S. Michael, it does not even rise to the proportion of one in a hundred. The five that can still be traced are all of them, however, of very high antiquity. There is the church of Binbrooke in Lincolnshire, said to be now in ruins; there is the City church of S. Gabriel, consolidated with the church and parish of S. Margaret Patens. The remaining three dedications in this name are all to be sought for in the West-country.

* *Arch. Journal*, vol. 38.

Devonshire still keeps the memory of the archangel Gabriel by a little church at Clyst-Sackville; but here also the building is in ruins. The name is preserved in more lasting form by another Devonshire parish known as Stoke Gabriel; and again by the Dorsetshire chapelry of Stanton (in the mother parish of Whitchurch-Canonicorum), which is distinguished from the innumerable other Stantons by its appellation of Stanton-St. Gabriel. This closes the list, unless we include the church of Harting in Sussex, frequently quoted merely as "S. Mary," but actually bearing a twofold dedication-name, "Our Lady and S. Gabriel." It is well to rescue from oblivion this beautiful association of the Blessed Mother with the messenger of glad tidings.

S. Raphael.

S. Michael and S. Gabriel are the only two among the archangels whose names appear in the Canonical Books; but the Apocryphal Writings give us two more—S. Raphael and S. Uriel; while the names of the remaining three (tradition has always placed the number of the archangels at seven, no doubt from the frequently recorded mention in the Book of the Revelation of "the seven angels which stood before God") have been supplied from other Jewish sources. Uriel is indeed a familiar sound in our ears from Milton's conception of him in "Paradise Lost;" but, in spite of the prominence accorded to him in the Book of Esdras, he never became so favourite a subject for the painter * as his brother archangel, S. Raphael, and there is not a single English church bearing his name. S. Raphael, on the other hand, was exceedingly popular in the Middle Ages, by virtue of his connexion with the much-loved story of Tobias in the Book of Tobit. The "affable archangel"—it is impossible now to think of him without Milton's epithet—with his youthful charge, was represented in many a work of art, more especially by his great namesake, Raphael.† Taking all this into account, we might reasonably have looked to find S. Raphael commemorated in one or more of our ancient churches, though we should be somewhat surprised to find any post-Reformation dedications in his honour. But in dealing with English church dedications we must always be prepared for the unexpected. The late Mr. Kerslake observes: "S. Gabriel is very uncommon, and S. Raphael almost absent in the old dedications of England and Wales." ‡ So far as our lists go, he is altogether absent, and our only existing dedication in this name is a modern church in Bristol, consecrated in 1893. The present church is the outcome of an effort set on foot in 1859 to benefit the seafaring population of the city. With this object in view, the little chapel attached to the so-called "Sailors' College" was placed under the patronage of S. Raphael, who, from his faithful guardianship of the young Tobias, has always been regarded as the patron of travellers.

* See "Sacred and Legendary Art."

† Ibid.

‡ "Dorset Antiq.," 1879.

CHAPTER VI.

THE BLESSED VIRGIN AND HER FESTIVALS.

PAGE.	NAME.	DAY.	CHURCHES.	
41	S. Mary "The Blessed Virgin" ...	March 25, etc. ...	2162	*See also dd.*
42	The Mother of God	„ ...	1	
44	Christ and S. Mary	„ ...	—	*See dd.*
44	The Blessed Virgin and Child ...	„ ...	—	*See dd.*
45	Our Lady	„ ...	3	*See also dd.*
45	Our Lady of Pity	„ ...	2	
45	Our Lady of Sorrows	„ ...	1	
45	S. Mary of Charity	„ ...	1	
45	*S. Mary de Grace.* See S. Mary.			
45	Lady S. Mary	„ ...	1	
45	*S. Mary the Less.* See S. Mary.			

FESTIVALS OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

46	The Annunciation	March 25	4	
47	*The Visitation or Salutation* ...	July 2	—	
47	The Assumption	August 15 ...	13	
48	The Nativity	September 8 ...	12	
48	The Conception	December 8 ...	1	
49	The Purification	February 2 ...	1	

EVERY one knows how common it is to find churches dedicated to the Blessed Virgin. Everywhere we find them, from the stately cathedrals of Lincoln and Salisbury down to the humblest chapelry. A careful analysis of Appendix I. shows that one in every six is ascribed to S. Mary; but if, instead of taking the entire mass of dedications, we take only those of pre-Reformation times, we find the proportion higher still—one in every five. On the other hand, there is a far more striking change in the proportion when we consider the post-Reformation dedications by themselves, for here the ascriptions to the Blessed Virgin only amount to one-eighteenth of the whole number.

We find churches dedicated in this name very early in Anglo-Saxon history—as, for example, the monastery church to the Virgin at Lyminge in Kent, built about 633 by King Eadbald of Kent for his sister Eadburga, now known to us by the double dedication of "SS. Mary and Eadburgh;" and in like manner the church of "SS. Mary and Sexburga" at Minster-in-Sheppey, founded by the Kentish queen Sexburga, about the year 675, in honour of the Virgin. Many more such instances might be brought

forward, but yet we are very much inclined to doubt whether at this early period S. Mary had attained to anything like the popularity as a patron saint that distinguished her in the Middle Ages. The church which claims the honour of being "the oldest church in England" is S. Martin's at Canterbury (which was already existing when Augustine came into Kent), while the cathedral church of Canterbury was dedicated to no one of the saints, not even to the Blessed Mother of our Lord, but to the Saviour Himself; and while all our other cathedrals * are dedicated to some one or other of the saints, the oldest and greatest of them all keeps unchanged its rare and honourable title of "Christ Church." The sister cathedral of York took the name of S. Peter, while Rochester and London were dedicated, the first to S. Andrew, the second to the "Blessed Apostle of the Gentiles."

If we examine the dedications specifically mentioned by Bede,† we shall find that ascriptions to SS. Peter and Paul—either separately or combined—outnumber all the rest put together. We find in the small total no less than ten churches bearing the name either of S. Peter or S. Paul; then we have "Holy Saviour," S. Martin, S. Andrew twice over, and a dedication now unknown in England to "The Four Crowned Martyrs" (CH. LI.), four obscure Roman saints who perished in the Diocletian persecution. Turning next to the dedications to S. Mary, we find mention of the monastery church of "The Blessed Mother of God" at Lastingham, and two other churches under the same designation, both of them attached to monasteries dedicated to "The Most Holy Prince of the Apostles." In later times, this same dedication to "The Mother of God" reappears at Postling in Kent, where it is still in use, though the church has an alternative ascription to "SS. Mary and Radegund."

The Mother of God.

It is, of course, to be borne in mind that Bede's list is but a short and imperfect one, and that he often omits the name of the church of which he is speaking; but many of these omissions we are able to supply from other sources, and having done so we find Bede's proportion in no wise altered. And if we further take account of the dedications of porches and graveyards we shall again meet with the names of S. Peter and S. Paul, together with those of S. Gregory and "S. Michael the Archangel."

But from the time of the Norman Conquest we notice a great change, and dedications to the Virgin, either by herself or conjoined with some other saint, meet us on all sides. Between the eleventh and the fifteenth centuries the different festivals of the Virgin were brought into greater prominence in the English Church, and as we shall see later, this was not without its influence on our dedications.

We should naturally have expected that this particular dedication would have been among the first to fall into disfavour in Henry VIII.'s time; but this was not the case, and the reaction against it did not

* Christ Church Cathedral, Oxford, may be quoted as an exception, but this was originally dedicated to S. Frideswide (CH. XL.).

† E. H.

set in until a later period. Henry VIII. had no scruple in associating the name of the Virgin Mother with that of her Blessed Son, and it is to him that we owe the actual dedications of so many of our cathedrals—as Chester, Rochester, and Durham—to "Christ and the Blessed Virgin Mary."

The sixteenth and seventeenth centuries were not times of extensive church building, and the favourite dedications of this period were to the Saviour or the Holy Spirit, or to the Apostles (S. Paul, for example, was just beginning to become popular); but even in the height of the Puritan supremacy we find one or two dedications to S. Mary, as at Limehouse in Middlesex, in 1654, and at West Cowes in the Isle of Wight, just after the Restoration.

But perhaps it is in the eighteenth century that the reaction against dedications in honour of the Virgin is to be most clearly traced. There are dedications to her undoubtedly, but instead of occupying, as they would have done in earlier days, the first place, they stand in the fourth place, as shown in the following list:—

S. George	21
S. John	18
S. Paul	16
S. Mary	15

In the first fifty years of the present century the lists show great changes, but the dedications to S. Mary occupy a still lower place, the figures standing thus—

Holy Trinity	237
S. John	171
Christ Church	165
S. Paul	105
S. Mary	81

In the second half of this century the list is different again—

S. John	219
Christ Church	191
All Saints	142
Holy Trinity	129
S. Mary	116

It will be observed that the dedications to S. Mary in the latter half of this century outnumber those in the former half and those of the eighteenth century both taken together; but, curiously enough, the proportion they bear to the total number of churches built during the last forty years is no greater than in either of the preceding periods.

There is little to be said as regards the local distribution of dedications in this name. They are to be found, as we might have expected, in every county of England—from Northumberland to Cornwall—though they are rare, not only in Celtic Cornwall, but also in Westmoreland; and for the same cause, because in both these counties National saints are strong, and leave less space than usual for Scriptural saints.

We find the name of the Blessed Virgin linked with names of saints of every kind and class—scriptural, foreign, and English. In some of these instances the dedication appears to have been a double one from the first, as in the case of the church of "SS. Mary and Leonard," at Wombridge in Shropshire, founded under that name as a Dominican Priory in the early years of the twelfth century. Then, again, we find a church originally dedicated, as it would seem, to the Virgin alone, assuming in course of time the name of the founder in addition, as in Lichfield Cathedral, where the name of the holy bishop Chad has been superadded to that of S. Mary. Occasionally, too, we find the reverse process, as in the case of Crowland Abbey, known originally as "S. Guthlac's," from the saint whose humble cell first caused the spot to be looked upon as sacred, but afterwards distinguished by the triple ascription, "SS. Mary, Bartholomew, and Guthlac."

Undoubtedly there was, from the tenth or eleventh century up to the period of the Reformation, a strong tendency to couple the name of the Virgin with that of the other saints, and even with that of the Saviour Himself; witness the church of "Christ and S. Mary," at Armathwaite in Cumberland, which inherits its name from the Benedictine monastery of the time of William Rufus; or that other church at Beaulieu in Hampshire, dedicated to "The Blessed Virgin and Child."* Most common of all, is the joint ascription to "S. Mary and All Saints;" our lists furnish us with twenty-seven examples of this, but probably there are many more churches so dedicated which are now known only as "S. Mary." "SS. Mary and Michael" is also of frequent occurrence, though less frequent than "SS. Mary and Peter," a very popular combination. Of other Apostolic saints associated with the Virgin we find S. John Evangelist and S. John Baptist, S. Andrew and S. Bartholomew, S. Thomas, and in one rare instance, "SS. Mary and Paul" (at Bardwell in Sussex); but it must be added that this last has an alternative, and more probable dedication to SS. Peter and Paul.

Christ and S. Mary.

The Blessed Virgin and Child.

We find two dedications to S. Mary and the Holy Cross or Rood, and two very remarkable combinations, "S. Mary and Corpus Christi," and "S. Mary and the Holy Host;" but these will be discussed more fully elsewhere (CH. L.).

Of the saints of the Roman Kalendar we find a large selection. "SS. Mary and Nicholas" occurs eleven times; "SS. Mary and Laurence" three times; while each of the following saints—Blaise, Benedict, Christopher, Clement, Leonard—is to be found at least once in conjunction with the Blessed Virgin. Turning next to our national saints, we find S. Mary linked with Chad, David, Eadburgh, Eanswith, Hardulph, Oswin, Patrick, and others.

As a rule the churches dedicated to the Blessed Virgin are known nowadays simply as "S. Mary," but in some few instances the older and more

* Otherwise S. Bartholomew.

exact style can still be traced. Thus at Littlehampton in Sussex, and also at Barrow-on-Humber in Lincolnshire, we find "Our Lady" (with, at the latter place, an alternative dedication to the Holy Trinity). Another Sussex dedication, that of Petworth, gives us "Our Lady of Pity," which is repeated at Dover, though the church there is more commonly known by its designation of "S. Mary-in-the-Castle," or "S. Mary de Castro." We have the same dedication in a somewhat altered form at New Shoreham in the same county—"Our Lady of Sorrows." At Faversham in Kent we have "S. Mary of Charity." The church at Gloucester distinguished as "S. Mary de Grace" no longer exists, but the designation is kept in memory by the consolidated parishes of "S. Michael with S. Mary de Grace."

Our Lady.

Our Lady of Pity.

Our Lady of Sorrows.

S. Mary of Charity.

S. Mary de Grace.

Wareham in Dorset has the very unusual ascription "Lady S. Mary," which sounds like an accidental corruption of some older form; but, curiously enough, one of the pieces of communion plate of pre-Reformation date is inscribed with the legend "Lady S. Mary."

Lady S. Mary.

With a dedication-name that occurs more than two thousand times, and which has been so multiplied in our great cities, the need for some distinguishing appellation was obvious enough. In Ipswich alone we find four churches dedicated to S. Mary—S. Mary-at-Elms, S. Mary-le-Tower, S. Mary-at-the-Quay, and S. Mary Stoke. The City of London has no less than thirteen churches of S. Mary, distinguished by their various local names—S. Mary-at-Hill, S. Mary Woolchurch, S. Mary-le-Bow, etc.

The same reason accounts for the curious appellation of "S. Mary the Less" at Durham, at Cambridge, and at Thetford in Norfolk; a designation which is not intended to refer to any less known Mary, but simply to distinguish the one church from its older neighbour. We find the like distinction made in modern times at Lambeth by the nineteenth-century church of "S. Mary the Less," a daughter church to the old parish of S. Mary. "S. Mary the Less" at Wallingford in Berkshire came to an end in the fourteenth century, but, oddly enough, its existence is still borne witness to by the name of another church in the town, "S. Mary the More," or "le More," as it is sometimes written in old documents. "It is curious," observes a local archæologist, "that the name should have survived after no distinction has been needed for five centuries. The distinction appears to have applied merely to the size or importance of the parish, as I believe both parishes were dedicated to 'S. Mary the Virgin.'"* This curious antithesis of "Less" to "More" seems to be peculiar to Wallingford; but at York the distinction is made in a still quainter form, and the two churches are known as "S. Mary Senior" and "S. Mary Junior."

S. Mary the Less.

* Private letter from the Rev. J. E. Field, Vicar of Benson, Wallingford.

Festivals of the Blessed Virgin.

Churches dedicated to S. Mary keep their feast days at widely differing times of year, according to the particular festival of the Virgin of which they have made choice. Our Prayer-book Kalendar retains five such festivals—the Annunciation, March 25; the Visitation, July 2; the Nativity, September 8; the Conception, December 8, and the Purification, February 2; while it has very rightly rejected the most unscriptural feast of the Assumption, August 15.

The Annunciation. March 25.

We give the first place to the festival of the Annunciation, that feast of the Virgin which, according to English usage, has become pre-eminently honoured with the title "Lady Day." The festival itself is of very ancient institution, and its observance can be traced back as far as the fifth century. In the end of the seventh century one of the Councils ordained that whereas all other feasts should be in abeyance during Lent, Sundays and the Annunciation should continue to be duly celebrated. Between the twelfth and thirteenth centuries the day was still further honoured in England by being adopted as the beginning of the New Year instead of Christmas Day, which had formerly been accounted as such. For four centuries and more March 25 continued to be regarded as the legal and ecclesiastical New Year's Day, and this, even long after our present New Year's Day, January 1, had come into use for all ordinary purposes. So long was this inconvenient distinction maintained that even as late as 1604 the Prayer-book rubric reiterated "that the year of our Lord in the Church of England beginneth the XXV day of March, the same day supposed to be the first day upon which the world was created, and the day when Christ was conceived in the womb of the Virgin Mary,"* and this in the face of its own Kalendar of Daily Lessons which then, as now, began its yearly round with the opening days of January. The double reckoning, with its manifold inconveniences and inconsistencies, was maintained in England until 1751, when an Act of Parliament was passed for "regulating the commencement of the year, and bringing it into agreement with the common usage throughout the kingdom."

When we take into account the great importance in both a civil and an ecclesiastical point of view of this feast of the Annunciation, and when we consider how directly and beautifully it is connected with the Gospel narrative of S. Luke, it strikes us as not a little remarkable that we find so few churches keeping their yearly festival on this day. We have, it is true, four churches dedicated to "The Annunciation," but three of them belong to the latter half of the present century. There must undoubtedly be many old churches in England that keep their dedication feast upon this famous holy-day, but it so happens that though instances abound of festivals held on the feasts of the Nativity or on the so-called Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary, the only example of an old parish feast celebrated on

* Quoted from Keeling's "Liturgicæ Britannicæ."

March 25 that has come to the notice of the writer is that of S. Mary's at Truro, now Truro Cathedral.

The Visitation or Salutation. July 2.

The next festival of S. Mary, according to our Prayer-book Kalendar, is the "Visitation of the Blessed Virgin Mary" on July 2, intended to commemorate the visit of the Virgin to her cousin Elisabeth recorded in the Gospel of S. Luke, that joyful meeting which has given us the *Magnificat*. Many travellers will recollect the beautiful representation of this scene in the Uffizi Gallery at Florence by Albertinelli, known as "The Salutation." This festival of the Visitation is of very late origin; we hear of its being celebrated for the first time in 1316 (at Liège), some seventy years or more passed before it was formally instituted by the Pope, and it was not universally observed until the middle of the fifteenth century. There is no feast of the Virgin more based upon the Gospel story than this, but it was instituted too late to take any hold in England, and there do not appear to be any existing churches, either ancient or modern, which count the Visitation of S. Mary as their patronal festival. The old Carthusian Priory, however, now known as the Charterhouse, was originally, in the reign of Edward III. (1370), founded "in honour of God and the Virgin Mary," by the appellation of "The Salutation of the Mother of God."* The present chapel of the Charterhouse is no longer S. Mary, but S. Thomas, a dedication probably of seventeenth-century origin.

The Assumption. Aug. 15.

Far otherwise is it with the famous August feast of the Assumption, a feast which, as we have before remarked, has been happily expunged from our Anglican Kalendar. Every one who has ever lived in Roman Catholic countries knows how enthusiastically this greatest of holidays—"Our Lady in Harvest," as it is sometimes popularly called—is there observed. This festival rests upon the tradition that the Blessed Virgin, instead of dying a natural death, ascended into heaven like her Divine Son, or rather that she was "assumed," i.e. *taken up* by Him. It was celebrated under the Emperor Constantine in the fourth century, but possibly in those times the supernatural element may not yet have been introduced, and the day may have been held in pious memory just as it is still observed in the Greek Church, simply as the yearly remembrance of "the falling asleep of the Blessed Virgin Mary." At first it was observed on January 18, but in the sixth century it was transferred to its present date. It was not until the ninth century that it was appointed by the Council of Maintz to be kept as one of the great festivals; but this Council was merely giving formal sanction to a custom which already prevailed, for litanies had already been drawn up for use in the day's services, and even in the somewhat meagre Kalendar of our English Bede we find August 15 assigned to "the Assumption of S. Mary."

The dedication festivals of our English churches reflect very unmistakably the honour paid to this day. It is difficult to determine how far churches were actually dedicated to the Assumption, because it is a form

* Nightingale.

of dedication that has fallen into disuse; but it is quite certain that it was a most favourite day for Dedication Festivals and their accompanying fairs. As a rule the churches that keep their feast on August 15—and not a few of these can be traced—are now known merely as "S. Mary," but occasionally the more exact invocation comes to light; as at Pulborough in Sussex, "Our Lady of Assumption;" * or at Shareshill in Staffordshire, where we have "The Assumption of the Virgin Mary." Harlton in Cambridgeshire, built in the fourteenth century, is another example of the same, and so is Alne in the North Riding of Yorkshire, where we have notice of a fair granted in 1256 on the "vigil, day and morrow of the Assumption." † But by far the most startling example of the honour paid to this festival is to be found in the dedication of a chantry or college founded at Noseley in Leicestershire about the year 1274 under the two-fold invocation of "The Ascension of our Lord and the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin." ‡ The modern representative of this chantry is a nineteenth-century church dedicated simply to "S. Mary."

The Nativity. Sept. 8.

The next festival of the Virgin recognized by our Anglican Kalendar is her Nativity, a feast which, though apparently of later institution than some other of her festivals, is yet to be found in the Kalendar of Bede, no less than in the modern Kalendars of both the Greek and Roman Churches. There is extant a sermon preached at Constantinople on this subject in the first half of the fifth century, and it is clear that the day was informally observed long before its regular institution as a great festival. For example, we are told by the eleventh-century historian Ingulphus § that the English observance of it was decreed by a Synod of London in 948, but it is obvious that this Synod was merely giving the weight of its authority to a practice already general.

The frequency with which September 8 occurs as a village feast is a good proof of the popularity of this festival. Thus we have Beaminster in Dorsetshire, Bowdon in Cheshire, Madeley in Herefordshire, and not a few others. Most of these keep their feast on the proper day, September 8, but in some parishes the change of style has made a confusion, and the feast now falls upon the Sunday nearest to September 18.

The Conception. Dec. 8.

The feast of the Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary, December 8, is far later in its origin than all the other festivals of S. Mary. It is said to have been instituted by S. Anselm in the eleventh century, as a thankoffering for the safety of William the Conqueror and his fleet in a violent storm; ‖ but however this may be, it is certain that the observance of this feast was optional, both in England and on the Continent, until the thirteenth century, and that it was not observed at Rome itself until the close of the fourteenth. From this time onwards the Church of Rome was continually bringing it into more and

* Lower's "Sussex."
† Lawton.
‡ Lewis.
§ Baring-Gould, September 8.
‖ Daniel.

more prominence, until under the late Pope, Pio Nono, the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin was promulgated as an article of faith. It is not common among us as a dedication festival, and the only dedication in honour of the "Conception of the Virgin Mary" that the writer has met with is in Dorsetshire, that county of rare dedications, in the parish of Wraxall.

The Purification. Feb. 2.

The last feast on our list is that which is described in our Prayer-book as "the Presentation of Christ in the Temple, commonly called the Purification of S. Mary the Virgin," and which still retains with us its old position of a red-letter holy-day. This festival was in the first instance counted among those in honour of our Lord Himself, and is still so counted in the Greek Church, where it is designated "Hypapante," * or "The Meeting," in reference to the meeting between Simeon and the Infant Saviour. The popular name for this day—"Candlemas"—and the mediæval practice of carrying lighted candles and torches on this day has been explained by the allusion to Simeon's prophecy that the Babe should be "a light to lighten the Gentiles;" but it is more generally held to be a Christian adaptation of some old heathen festival in honour of Proserpine.

The second title, "The Purification of S. Mary the Virgin," which has now so much overshadowed the earlier title, and has caused this day—notwithstanding the unmistakable language of the beautiful collect for the day, a collect as old as the days of Gregory the Great—to be regarded as belonging to the Virgin rather than to her Son, is said to date from the ninth century; † but yet in the so-called Kalendar of Bede, bearing date 735, February 2 is assigned to "the Purification," from which it would seem probable that the Roman pontiffs in the ninth century merely gave currency to a name that was already in use.

Curiously enough, neither the Annunciation nor the Purification—neither, that is to say, of the two festivals of the Virgin that are fully recognized in our Prayer-book—appear to have found great acceptance as dedication festivals, possibly from the very simple explanation that when there were both summer and winter feasts to choose from the summer ones generally obtained the preference. Blidworth in Nottinghamshire is the only example we have found of a church dedicated to "S. Mary of the Purification."

No doubt a careful study of the days of different parish feasts would enable us to assign many of the churches of S. Mary to their proper days.

It only remains to be said, as another proof of the immense popularity of this saint, that besides the two thousand and odd dedications that are counted to her, and besides the large number of double dedications in which her name is conjoined with that of some other saint, our lists show over one hundred and fifty churches which have an alternative dedication to the Virgin—such as Widford in Oxfordshire, which is variously attributed

* From the Greek ὑπαπαντη. † See Baring-Gould; Daniel, etc.

to S. Oswald or S. Mary; Upton, in Buckinghamshire, which is either S. Lawrence or S. Mary, and so on.

But it is needless to bring forward more examples of the honour and reverence which have been, and which surely must ever be accorded to her whom the angel Gabriel pronounced to be "highly favoured of the Lord," and to be "blessed among women."

CHAPTER VII.

S. PETER AND S. PAUL. S. JOHN BAPTIST AND S. JOHN EVANGELIST.

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SECTION I.—S. PETER AND S. PAUL.

THE grouping together of these four saints, though somewhat unusual, is in truth an arrangement that suggests itself naturally and easily. S. Peter and S. Paul are of course indissolubly connected; S. John must needs rank with the chief of the Apostles, and S. John the Baptist must of necessity be considered together with his great namesake, since their dedications are frequently inextricably confounded.

Perhaps no chapter in the history of English dedications exemplifies so markedly as the present the curious fluctuations of feeling towards the various saints. For example, the pre-Reformation churches dedicated to S. Peter outnumber all those to S. John Baptist, S. Paul, and S. John the Evangelist put together; whereas if we reckon the nineteenth-century dedications only, we find S. Peter occupying the third place, after S. John and after S. Paul, and we feel at once that the change is not purely accidental.

Bishop Westcott has said, in writing of these three Apostles: "Those who have studied the life of the Church have often remarked that the history of the apostolic age has been reproduced on a large scale in the

history of Christendom. St. Peter, St. Paul and St. John occupy in succession the principal place in the first century, each carrying forward in due measure the work to which he ministered. So, it is said, we may see the likeness of St. Peter in the Church of the Middle Ages, and the likeness of St. Paul in the Churches of the Reformation. There remains then, such is the conclusion, yet one more type of the Christian society to be realized in the world, which shall bear the likeness of St. John."* To some such threefold division of Church History our English dedications do undoubtedly correspond; only it must appear by the frequent dedications to S. John that have marked the last forty years that we are already seeking to anticipate that last "type of the Christian society" to which Bishop Westcott looks forward as yet remaining to be realized in the world.

S. Peter. June 29 and Aug. 1.

The dedications to S. Peter, as they are by far the most numerous of the four, so are they—speaking generally—the earliest, and the name when once given has been seldom altered. There are cases, no doubt, of such alteration made in honour of some local saint—as, for example, when Augustine's monastery of SS. Peter and Paul at Canterbury was changed to "S. Augustine" in honour of the founder; or when, as at Norham, the church of "S. Peter, S. Cuthbert and S. Ceowulf" gradually dropped all its names except that of its great local patron, S. Cuthbert.† But on the whole the changes have been few, and it is easier to find examples of churches of S. Swithun, S. Michael, even of S. Mary, being re-dedicated in honour of S. Peter, than to find changes in the contrary direction.‡ The wooden church of "S. Peter the Apostle," built at York by King Edwin of Northumbria, in the first half of the seventh century, has preserved its dedication unchanged through successive rebuildings, though the name of "S. Peter's Cathedral Church" is often lost sight of in the familiar designation of "York Minster." Thirty years later we have another royal founder, Wulphere of Mercia, dedicating a church "to the glory of Christ and S. Peter," at the place which then bore the name of Medeshamstede, but is known to us now only as Peterborough, or Peter's city, from the name of its great patron.

No less than five of our cathedrals are dedicated to S. Peter—Exeter, Gloucester, Liverpool [the pro-cathedral], Peterborough, and York. Ripon is dedicated to him conjointly with the local patron S. Wilfred, and Winchester conjointly with SS. Paul and Swithun. At Ely he was for a while conjoined with the favourite local saint, Queen Etheldreda, but both dedications were swept away by Henry VIII. In the country towns and villages throughout England, the pre-Reformation churches dedicated to S. Peter are to be counted by the hundred. They abound in every county, with the single exception of Cornwall, which has so many local saints to

* "Revelation of the Risen Lord," ch. viii.

† *Arch. Journal*, vol. 42.

‡ At Stanley near Wakefield, Hargrave in Cheshire, and Treyford in Sussex respectively. Probably all three changes were made either at some rebuilding, or when a chapelry was made into a distinct parish.

commemorate that it has scant room left for even the most famous of the scriptural saints.

S. Peter has further given his name to two parishes, the one in the Isle of Thanet, the other in Monmouthshire. This last is known as "St. Pierre," the very form of the name witnessing to its antiquity.

But by far the most famous of the English churches bearing this dedication is no one of our cathedrals properly so called, but the "Collegiate Church of S. Peter at Westminster," commonly known as Westminster Abbey. The foundation of S. Peter's church on Thorney Isle takes us back to the opening years of the seventh century, to the days when Sebert of Essex was reigning as a lesser king under the famous Ethelbert of Kent, and to the days of Bishop Mellitus, the first in the long unbroken line of the Bishops of London. In later days, when the Minster Church had already become famous, many a legend gathered about the story of its foundation. Sebert the King had been bidden, it was said, by S. Peter to build a church to his honour on Thorney Isle; nay, it was even said that the Apostle had himself come to consecrate the new-built church. The legend is one full of poetry,* and it has a peculiar interest for Englishmen from the minuteness of its local touches. Other and more famous legends of S. Peter have Rome for their background. This is localized no less exactly, but the scene is our own Thames at Lambeth. The beautiful story is faithfully rendered in Mr. Matthew Arnold's poem on Dean Stanley and Westminster Abbey, from which the following stanzas are quoted:—

"Rough was the winter eve;
Their craft the fishers leave,
And down over the Thames the darkness drew.
One still lags last, and turns and eyes the Pile
Huge in the gloom, across in Thorney Isle,
King Sebert's work, the wondrous Minster new.
'Tis Lambeth now, where then
They moor'd their boats among the bulrush stems;
And that new Minster in the matted fen
The world-famed Abbey by the westering Thames.

"His mates are gone, and he
For mist can scarcely see
A strange wayfarer coming to his side—
Who bade him loose his boat, and fix his oar,
And row him straightway to the further shore,
And wait while he did there a space abide.
The fisher awed obeys,
That voice had note so clear of sweet command;
Through pouring tide he pulls, and drizzling haze,
And sets his freight ashore on Thorney strand.

* It appears first in one of the many early lives of Edward the Confessor, who may himself be regarded as the second founder of Westminster Abbey. It is given at some length in Stanley's "Westminster."

"The Minster's outlined mass
Rose dim from the morass,
And thitherward the stranger took his way.
Lo, on a sudden all the Pile is bright!
Nave, choir and transept glorified with light,
While tongues of fire on coign and carving play!
And heavenly odours fair
Come streaming with the floods of glory in,
And carols float along the happy air,
As if the reign of joy did now begin.

"Then all again is dark;
And by the fisher's bark
The unknown passenger returning stands.
O Saxon fisher! thou hast had with thee
The fisher from the Lake of Galilee—
So saith he, blessing him with outspread hands;
Then fades, but speaks the while:
At dawn thou to King Sebert shalt relate
How his St. Peter's Church in Thorney Isle
Peter, his friend, with light did consecrate."

One of the most striking of all the legends connected with S. Peter is that which tells how on the eve of his martyrdom he escaped from prison, and was hasting along the Appian Way when the Saviour met him. "Lord, whither goest Thou?" was the question of the Apostle. "I go to be crucified again," was the answer of his Lord. Peter turned back straightway to prison and to death, but the lesson of that sacred meeting was preserved for after ages by the church which was built upon that spot, and which in memory of Peter's words has always been known as the church of "Domine, quo vadis."

S. Peter ad Vincula, or Lammas Day.* Aug. 1.

This is a dedication which stands by itself; it can have no counterpart in England or elsewhere, but there are several of our English churches whose dedication-name carries us back to S. Peter's first imprisonment at Jerusalem. The 1st of August, marked in our Prayer-book Kalendar as "Lammas Day," is kept in the Roman Church as a festival in honour of the Apostle's miraculous release. "The story runs," says Canon Daniel, "that Eudoxia," (cir. 44 A.D.) "the wife of Theodosius, having been presented at Jerusalem with the fetters S. Peter had worn, sent them to the Pope, who laid them up in a church built by the Emperor to the Apostle's honour." Eudoxia obtained a decree from Theodosius that August 1 should henceforth be observed in honour of S. Peter, instead of Augustus Cæsar as formerly. This festival is known in the Roman Kalendar as "S. Peter ad Vincula,"

* "In the Romish Church this day is known as S. Peter ad Vincula. . . . Lammas is a corruption of *hlaf-masse* (further corrupted into *hlam-masse*), i.e. the loaf-mass. In the Early English Church it was customary on this day to offer an oblation of loaves made of new wheat, as the first-fruits of the harvest. In the Sarum Manual it is called *Benedictio novorum fructuum*. The derivation from lamb-mass grew out of the belief, based upon our Lord's words to S. Peter, *Feed my lambs*, that the apostle was the patron of lambs. The Promptorium Parvulorum shews that this belief was the accepted one in the fifteenth century. It gives: Lammesse; festum agnorum, vel festum ad vincula Sancti Petri."—Daniel.

or S. Peter's Chains, and the Collect for the Day runs as follows: "O God Who deliveredst blessed Peter the Apostle from his chains, and set him, untouched, at liberty; deliver us, we beseech Thee, from the bonds of our sins, and mercifully protect us from all evil."

Nine at least of our English churches commemorate by their dedication-name the festival of S. Peter ad Vincula. The most famous of them all is the well-known church within the precincts of the Tower of London. Then there is the important church of Stoke-upon-Trent, and some country churches, as Colemore, Hampshire; Tollard-Royal, Wiltshire; Wisborough, Sussex; and Coggeshall in Essex,* etc. But it can hardly be doubted that these are merely the survivors of a far larger number of churches bearing the same dedication. The general tendency to shorten an unusually long dedication-name would be strengthened in this case by the unfamiliar sound of the words. When the services ceased to be in Latin the designation "ad Vincula" would have no meaning in the ears of the people, and would naturally fall into disuse. In such cases the surest guide is the village fair. Runham in Norfolk, for example, had "a fair and market" granted to it by King John on "the vigil and feast of S. Peter ad Vincula;" and yet, oddly enough, this church is popularly known as "SS. Peter and Paul." The last half of this twofold dedication is so apt to be lost where it really exists that one is not prepared to find it in a church that seems properly to belong to S. Peter alone. More than twenty years ago the church was restored, and an anniversary of the re-opening was kept up for a few years on S. Peter's Day, June 29. Historic continuity would have been better satisfied had the day chosen been August 1, the festival of S. Peter *ad Vincula*. Ashwater, in the county of Devon, is probably another instance of a forgotten dedication to S. Peter ad Vincula, for it had a fair of its own on "the first Monday after August 1," † but this has been overshadowed by the more important fair held in the neighbouring parish of SS. Peter and Paul, Holsworthy. Holsworthy Fair usually begins on July 11—SS. Peter and Paul's Day, O.S.—and is still locally known as "Peter's Fair." According to some authorities ‡ Ashwater is dedicated to S. Paul, but this is clearly a mistake, and on the spot the church is known only as "S. Peter's."

SS. Peter and Paul. June 29.

In addition to the nine hundred and odd churches dedicated to S. Peter by himself, there are over 270 in which his name is associated with that of the great Apostle of the Gentiles. This linking together of S. Peter and S. Paul is as old as the days of S. Clement of Rome, the immediate successor of the Apostles, who, in the noble and often-quoted passage in his Epistle to the Corinthians, joins them together as twin examples of patient suffering: "But not to

* This last is popularly known only as S. Peter's; but a certain inhabitant of Coggeshall in his will, dated 1515, desires to be buried "in the quire of S. Peter ad Vincula." Moreover, Henry III. granted a yearly fair of eight days' duration beginning from the vigil of S. Peter ad Vincula. A local antiquarian adds that "the Feast of Dedication is held on August 1st, and not on S. Peter's Day, June 29."—Beaumont's "Hist. of Coggeshall."

† Lewis.

‡ Clergy List, 1896.

insist," writes he, "upon ancient examples let us come to those athletes [ἄθλητοι] that have been nearest us, and take the brave examples of our own age. Through zeal and envy the most faithful and righteous pillars of the Church have been persecuted, even to the most grievous deaths. Let us set before our eyes the good Apostles: *Peter* by unjust envy underwent not one or two but many sufferings, till at last being martyred he went to the place of glory that was due unto him. For the same cause did *Paul* in like manner receive the reward of his patience. Seven times he was in bonds; he was whipped, was stoned; he preached both in the east and in the west; leaving behind him a glorious report of his faith; and so having taught the whole world righteousness, and for that end travelled to the utmost bounds of the west, he at last suffered martyrdom by the command of the governors and departed out of the world, and went unto his holy place." *

Eusebius has preserved for us a tradition which was current in his time, that both Apostles suffered on the same day, and the Church of Rome still commemorates them jointly on June 29. The Feast of the Conversion of S. Paul was of comparatively late origin,† and was not brought into prominence in our own Church until after the Reformation, when the festival was borrowed from the Kalendar of the Scottish Episcopal Church. It was natural therefore that the two names so closely associated the one with the other should be reproduced together in the dedication of many a parish church. The Clergy List gives considerably over two hundred examples, but the list may be largely added to, for several of the churches that are now returned as "S. Peter's" alone, are shown by the evidence of mediæval wills to have been originally dedicated to SS. Peter and Paul. This form of dedication is, with hardly an exception, of pre-Reformation date. We may perhaps regret the disuse of a dedication which was in itself a symbol of the true unity between the two great Apostles, and a silent rebuke to those who would make factions in Christ's Church, saying, "I am of Paul, and I of Cephas."

S. Paul. Jan. 25 and June 29.

In the whole history of church dedications nothing is more curious than the change of feeling regarding S. Paul. We must of course not forget that there are the 277 churches dedicated to him in conjunction with S. Peter, but except in this conjunction "S. Paul" is in truth a surprisingly rare dedication. Somewhat over 320 churches in all bear this name, and of these seven-eighths have been built since the Reformation. There remain some 30 pre-Reformation churches bearing the name of S. Paul; but several of these either belong to some other saint, or have a doubt of some kind or another attaching to the antiquity of their dedication, so that the number of unquestioned ancient dedications given in honour of S. Paul the Apostle is reduced to little more than a dozen.

The first of these in order of time is also the most famous, namely,

* Clement to the Corinthians, cap. v.

† "There is no trace of a Festival commemorating S. Paul's conversion till the twelfth century."—Daniel.

S. Paul's Cathedral in London, founded in A.D. 604. In his history of the evangelization of the East Saxons, Bede says: "When this province also received the word of truth, by the preaching of Mellitus, King Ethelbert built the church of S. Paul, in the City of London, where he [Mellitus] and his successors should have their episcopal see." We feel instinctively that the choice was a singularly happy one, and that no saint could so fitly represent the varied needs and aspirations of our busy London as S. Paul, the scholar, handicraftsman, thinker, traveller; himself the "citizen of no mean city."

It was not until twelve years later that Sebert founded S. Peter's at Westminster—a most unusual reversal of the common order of precedence. Thus, S. Paul's at Jarrow-upon-Tyne was so named by its monastic founder, Benedict Biscop (CH. XXVIII.), as the complement to the church of S. Peter's which he had previously founded at Monkwearmouth. It is just possible that some explanation of the same sort may apply to S. Paul's church at Irton in Cumberland. The next parish, two miles distant, is Drigg, dedicated to S. Peter, and it may be that the two churches have a common origin, and so divide between them the two great names that were so often borne by a single church.

Both Canterbury and Bedford have their S. Paul, as also their S. Peter; and Norwich with its three dedications to S. Peter has likewise its dedication to S. Paul; indeed, Norfolk has no less than four dedications to S. Paul, a larger proportion than any other county can show. A church at Bristol may be added to the list, unless, indeed, it should prove that the name was only given at the close of the last century, when the church was converted from a chapelry into a separate parish. Malmesbury in Wiltshire* and four or five other country churches also claim this rare dedication, and so does Wooburn in Buckinghamshire; but it is noticeable that the fair granted to the parish of Wooburn by Henry VI. was on the Feast of the "Translation of King Edward," † the so-called "Edward the Martyr." Most probably the change was made at the Reformation, and no one can dispute that it was a change for the better.

S. Paul's Church at Culham, near Oxford, is very old, and appears at first sight to be a notable exception to the general rule, but in a charter of Henry I., bearing date A.D. 1111, it appears as "*S. Andrew's* Church, Culham." ‡ There is apparently no record of any change of name, but it may very probably date from 1638, when certain alterations were made both in the exterior and interior, under the auspices, it is supposed, of Sir Edmund Cary, son of Elizabeth's famous chamberlain, Lord Hunsdon. It is not unlikely that some similar re-naming may have taken place at the oddly named Somersetshire church of "Walton-in-Gordano," which was

* This church was the eleventh-century successor of an earlier building dedicated to the Saviour, SS. Peter and Paul. As that church was commonly known as S. Peter, so this was known as S. Paul. S. Paul's parish still exists, though of the church itself nothing remains but the tower and spire. See Walcott's "Malmesbury."

† Lewis.

‡ Parker's "Neighbourhood of Oxford."

re-built early in the present century; as also at Shurdington in Gloucestershire, which is known to have been "re-consecrated" at some period of its history, and may well have passed through more than one change of name.

Headon in Nottinghamshire, which is now known as "S. Paul's," appears by the evidence of pre-Reformation Wills to be "SS. Peter and Paul," and so too does Oulton in Norfolk. S. Paul's at Exeter is claimed by a great authority on dedications * as belonging properly to the Celtic S. Paul, known as S. Paul of Léon (CH. XXXVII.); and it is highly probable that nearly all churches of S. Paul in Cornwall, Devonshire, and Somerset, have either been re-dedicated, or else were originally intended for one of the two Celtic S. Pauls. The Parish of Kewstoke in Somerset contains in itself the name of a Celtic saint, "S. Kew" (CH. XXXVI.), but the church (now S. Paul's) may very possibly have been re-dedicated in honour of the Apostle. The village feasts if still kept up would decide many vexed questions, for the Celtic S. Paul would be commemorated in March; the Apostle in June or early July, or possibly on January 25—as at Ludgvan in Cornwall, where the dedication appears to have been changed from the local "S. Advent" (CH. XXXIV.) to S. Paul the Apostle.

Walden in Hertfordshire and Wickham in Essex have both of them been erroneously supposed to be dedicated to S. Paul, because they are popularly spoken of as Walden St. Paul's and Wickham St. Paul's, but the church in both cases is dedicated to All Saints, and the additional designation comes only from their being in the patronage of the Dean and Chapter of S. Paul's Cathedral.†

Last on our list of pre-Reformation churches in this name come the two venerable churches of Branxton in Northumberland, and S. Paul's-in-the-Bail at Lincoln, together with St. Paul's parish in Cornwall, all of which are attributed on good grounds to S. Paulinus, the great Apostle of Northumbria (CH. XXII.).

But in the centuries since the Reformation the feeling of reverent admiration for S. Paul has been steadily increasing. "What wonder is it," says Dean Stanley, "that in the gradual rising of a freer spirit, the gradual opening of a wider sphere, theologians and statesmen, nations and individuals, were enkindled with new life by the words of Paul?" ‡

The seventeenth century was not a period of much church-building, but even in it we have indications of the set of the tide; as in S. Paul's, Covent Garden, and in S. Paul's, Shadwell, a chapel built in 1656, and separated from the mother-parish of Stepney in 1669. The patronage was given to the Dean and Chapter of S. Paul's, from which circumstance doubtless the church took its dedication-name. It ought rather to have been S. Chad's, as it is a well dedicated to this northern saint that gave the district its name of Chadwelle.§ To these two we may add the re-naming of the church at Culham, and the dedication of the chapel of

* Kerslake, *Arch. Journal*, vol. 30.
† Morant.
‡ "Apostolical Age."
§ Nightingale: the patronage has since been transferred to the Bishop.

Witherslack in Westmoreland. This last instance, however, is hardly to be reckoned a case in point, for here, as in so many cases, the name was chosen from purely personal reasons. There had been a chapel in the place from very early times, whose dedication cannot now be traced. In 1664, a new chapel was erected by Dr. Barwick, Dean of S. Paul's, who was a native of the little Westmoreland village ;* seven years later it was consecrated under the name of S. Paul's Chapel. In the interval the Fire of London had occurred, and we may well believe that as the Dean looked upon the ruins of his world-famous cathedral, his thoughts would often turn to its humble namesake which he had founded in a quiet Westmoreland village. The association between the two S. Pauls is still further shown by the east window of Witherslack church, which contains side by side with the arms of the Earl of Derby [the Lord of the Manor] the arms of the Deanery of S. Paul's Cathedral.

In the eighteenth century there was a marked increase of church-building, and accordingly we note at least sixteen new dedications to S. Paul; more than double the number dedicated in that century to S. Peter. To this period we may assign the churches of S. Paul, that are to be found in many of our leading towns, as in Birmingham, Leeds, Liverpool, Sheffield. In the first half of the present century we find over one hundred dedications in this name; and most notable among them are the two dedications at Oxford and Cambridge respectively. When we consider how fitly S. Paul represents the consecration of the highest culture to the service of God, one feels how strange it is that until 1830 he should not have been specially commemorated at either of our great Universities.

In the succeeding years, from 1850 to 1896, the number is largely increased. In Northumberland and Durham it has been observed that: "S. Paul is, next to S. John, the most frequent name for modern churches."† No doubt the gradual revival of interest in missionary work has inspired many of these dedications in honour of the greatest of missionaries; but in whatever aspect we consider S. Paul, our chief wonder must be, not that there are in our times so many dedications in his honour, but rather that there are not far more.

SECTION II.—S. JOHN BAPTIST AND S. JOHN EVANGELIST.

Eleven hundred of our English churches bear the name of S. John, but there is often a great difficulty in deciding whether the John in question is intended for the Baptist or for the Apostle. The distinguishing appellation of "Evangelist" or "Baptist" is continually dropped, and in many cases this results in a hopeless confusion between the two saints.

Only a few years ago a new church was about to be consecrated under the invocation of S. John the Evangelist. The ceremony was duly gone through, and a hymn specially composed for the occasion sung. In this hymn full recognition was made of the son of Zebedee as the saint

* Nicolson and Burn. † *Arch. Journal*, vol. 42.

specially before the minds of the worshippers that day, but this was the sole indication which of the two S. Johns was intended. Throughout the rest of the service, and in all the legal documents, mention was made simply of "this Church of S. John." The omission was discovered only at the conclusion of the ceremony, when the distinctive appellation "S. John *the Evangelist*" was carefully inserted in all the documents.

It may be said, that all churches that appear simply as "S. John" ought to be assigned of right to the Apostle; but experience shows that there is a strong tendency to shorten all extra designations, and many an old church habitually spoken of merely as "S. John" will prove, on closer investigation, to belong to the Baptist. We say advisedly "many an *old* church," for, speaking very generally, it may be said that pre-Reformation churches of "S. John," without distinguishing appellation, are usually intended for the Baptist, while the very reverse may be still more safely assumed of any modern church bearing the same designation. In our own day there is no dedication so common as "S. John the Evangelist;" it outnumbers, as we have already seen, even the dedications to "Christ Church" and "All Saints," and far exceeds those to the Blessed Virgin. Again, the nineteenth-century dedications to S. John Evangelist, are as three to one compared with those to the Baptist, and yet so immense was the ancient love and reverence for the Baptist, that the total number of churches in his honour is larger than of those dedicated to his great namesake.

Undoubtedly, S. John the Evangelist is in a very marked sense the chosen saint of our Age, and it is perplexing to us that in the affections of our forefathers so many of the Apostolic band—not S. Peter alone, but S. James, and even the little-known Bartholomew—should have been preferred before him. We would not be understood to imply that there are not a goodly number of ancient churches dedicated in honour of the "disciple whom Jesus loved;"—only that the proportion is far smaller than according to our present standard we should be inclined to expect.

S. John Baptist. June 24 and Aug. 29.

"Verily I say unto you, among them that are born of women there hath not risen a greater than John the Baptist;" and again—"He was a burning and a shining light." We may well believe that it was these words of our Blessed Lord that caused the Baptist to be such an object of special veneration to our forefathers, that in the churches dedicated in his honour he ranks with the very chief of the Apostles; outnumbering all of them, indeed, save the brothers Peter and Andrew. Many a patron saint—even from among the Apostolic company—has been made choice of by mediæval church-builders on the strength rather of some wild legend of a supposed apparition than for the sake of his real claims to veneration. But obviously in a life-history like the Baptist's, of which both the rise and close are so fully reported in the Gospel narrative, there is little place for tradition to enter in, and thus the Baptist stands before us singularly untouched by legend.

S. John Baptist is honoured with two feast-days—the commemoration of his nativity on June 24, and the commemoration of his death on

August 29. As a rule, it is the day of a saint's death that is held in special remembrance of him, but in this instance the festival of the birth has entirely eclipsed the festival of the martyrdom. Both days still hold their place in our Anglican Kalendar, but "S. John's Day" and "S. John's Eve" always refer to the midsummer festival of the Baptist. No doubt it is partly this very circumstance of its being celebrated just in the height of summer that has added to its popularity. Folk-lore shows us how, just as the old May-day sports sprang out of a desire to substitute some innocent amusement for the Pagan revels observed on that day, so the various ceremonies connected with the June feast of the Nativity of the Baptist were but a Christianized form of the ceremonies anciently observed at this period of the year in honour of the summer solstice; this is a subject that lies outside our province, only it was necessary just to allude to it as one of the contributing causes of the extreme popularity of this festival. The August festival, which stands in our Prayer-books as "the Beheading of S. John Baptist," is of less universal observation, but some old churches in honour of the Baptist—Coln St. Aldwyn, in Gloucestershire, is a case in point—doubtless keep their dedication-festival on or near August 29. The parish of S. John Baptist at Pinner, near London, had fairs on both the days connected with its patron saint, and in 1414 we find the church of Tadcaster solemnly dispensed from keeping its dedication-feast as heretofore on August 28, the eve of "the Decollation of S. John Baptist," * and allowed to transfer the same to the Sunday next after the said feast, in order that the yearly holiday might no longer interfere with the harvesting operations.† In the presence of this evidence as to the dedication-name of Tadcaster church in the fifteenth century, it is somewhat surprising to find it nowadays always ascribed to the Blessed Virgin.

As we should expect, there is no county in England without its dedication to the Baptist, unless, indeed, the doubtful parish of "St. John's" in Cornwall ought to be assigned to the Evangelist rather than to the Baptist. Roughly speaking, the ancient churches dedicated to the Baptist average eleven in each of the forty counties, outnumbering those in honour of the Evangelist in the proportion of four to one. In Worcestershire the difference in popularity between the two saints is even more manifest, for there the proportion is as twenty to one.

Dedications to S. John Baptist have been less liable to alterations than dedications in almost any other name, and where an old chapelry is found bearing the name of the Baptist, the presumption is strongly in favour that such was the original dedication. In a few cases, however, we shall find it more newly given as a substitute for some unscriptural name that had fallen into disfavour. Thus the old chapel of Colaton-Raleigh, in Devonshire, was originally "S. Theobald;" and the parish church of Royston, in Cambridgeshire, was "S. Thomas-à-Becket" until 1541 (the

* The old word "Decollation" is still used by the Roman Church in the English version of the Missal.

† Lawton.

Fair is still kept on his Day); while the College of S. John Baptist at Cambridge was known as "S. Bernard" until renamed in 1557. But when S. John the Baptist was once established as the patron of a church, there was seldom any desire to displace him in favour of any other saint. There are, indeed, churches to S. John the Baptist with alternative dedications to S. Mary or to some one of the Apostles, but they are not numerous, and more than half of them are to be accounted for by the difficulty of distinguishing between the two S. Johns.

Besides those many churches dedicated to the Forerunner of Christ under his proper style and title of "S. John the Baptist," we find him under four other designations, of which the oddest is "S. John Zachary," or "Zachary's S. John." The City church of this name does not commemorate any new S. John, nor does it point—though this suggests itself as a reasonable explanation—to the relationship of the Baptist to the aged Zachary, or Zacharias; but the explanation of the name is given in Maitland's "History of London," as simply this:—"In 1181 it was denominated John Baptist, but it was 'conveyed' by the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's to one Zachary, whose name it probably received to distinguish it from one of the same name on Walbrook, and was known as 'Zachary's St. John.'"

S. John Zachary.

S. John of Jerusalem commemorates the Baptist under his aspect of patron of the famous Military Order of the Knights Hospitallers, or Knights of S. John, an Order instituted in the eleventh century for the safe keeping of the Holy Places, and for the protection of pilgrims to the Holy Sepulchre. A branch of the Order very early spread into England, and in its corporate capacity owned land and churches in various parts of the country. We have traces of its presence in four or five of our churches, if not in more. London gives us two dedications to S. John of Jerusalem: the one at South Hackney, the other at Clerkenwell. The Clerkenwell church, which was made parochial only in the eighteenth century, was formed "out of the choir of a church anciently belonging to the Priory of the Knights Hospitallers," on land that was formerly denominated "the manor of S. John of Jerusalem."* In the year 1723 there was not much care to preserve the existing dedication-name, and in some lists the church appears only as "S. John the Baptist," but there can be no doubt that it is a direct successor of the old church of S. John of Jerusalem. It seems strange to be reading records of the doings of "the Grand Priory of the Order of S. John of Jerusalem" in a newspaper of 1889, but the old Order has lately been revived, not only in name, but in very practical form, by the energetic founders of the Ambulance Society for giving aid to the sick and wounded, who, by the good work they have done, have earned their right to the old title. The paper before mentioned tells how, on S. John the Baptist's Day, the associates of the Order met for their commemorative services in the Chapel Royal, Savoy, and afterwards held their "annual general assembly at the

S. John of Jerusalem.

* Lewis.

Chancery of the Order," and it furnishes a striking illustration of the continuity of English life and history that the chosen meeting-place was "S. John's Gate," Clerkenwell, a spot that must have witnessed many such gatherings of the Knights Hospitallers in bygone centuries.

The peaceful village of Dinmore in Herefordshire, that now numbers only some 35 inhabitants, by its dedication-name of "S. John of Jerusalem" carries back our thoughts seven hundred years, to the time when Dinmore Hill was crowned by a commandery of the Order, placed there in the reign of Henry II., and when the setting forth of the Knights on their hazardous journeys to the Holy Land, and their return to the shelter of Dinmore, must have been the absorbing interest of the neighbourhood. Another church in the possession of the Knights of S. John was Sompting in Sussex. Of this the dedication-name is unfortunately lost, but it is not improbable that it too may have been "S. John of Jerusalem." Sompting church did not, however, come into the hands of the Knights Hospitallers until 1306. For the hundred and fifty years previously it had belonged to the "Brethren of the Temple of Solomon," * better known as "the Knights Templars." From this circumstance the ecclesiastical property became known as "the Temple," and probably the church —like Holy Cross church at Bristol, or the yet more famous example in London—merged its distinctive dedication-name in the designation of "the Temple Church." However this may be, there is no doubt as to the name of the ancient and interesting church of Little Maplestead in Essex. This parish was given to the Knights of S. John in very early days, in the reign of Henry I. It is interesting, as being one of the rare "round churches" built after the model of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem. We have the same style of building at Cambridge and Northampton; in both these cases the dedication-name is "the Holy Sepulchre" (CH. IV.), but here at Little Maplestead the Knights returned to their usual practice, and named the church after their patron, S. John of Jerusalem.

S. John de Sepulchre.

A Norwich church combines, as it were, the two ideas in its unique dedication—"S. John de Sepulchre"—which is plainly intended for S. John Baptist, viewed in his special capacity as guardian of the Holy Sepulchre.

S. John in the Wilderness.

"S. John in the Wilderness" is the typical and appropriate name given under very remarkable circumstances to a Yorkshire church of comparatively recent date, now included in the wide-spreading parish of Halifax. Whitaker, the well-known local historian of West Yorkshire, who wrote in the opening years of the present century, thus describes the situation of the church and the character of the people among whom it was placed. "In this chapelry" [of Luddenham] "is a remote and obscure valley, not devoid of romantic beauty, called Turvin, in which has lately and very seasonably been erected a chapel, entitled The Chapel of S. John in the Wilderness, and consecrated by the present Archbishop of York,† October, 1815. The native

* Lower. † Archbishop Vernon.

propensity of the inhabitants, and the almost inaccessible nature of the place, about half a century ago, rendered this valley and the adjoining wilds unhappily notorious; for here the current gold coin of England and Portugal was clipped and defaced, while the clippings and filings during several years were melted down and re-struck in rude dies. At length the atrocious murder of a poor exciseman, who had boldly done his duty in attempting to bring some of the parties to justice, produced a general alarm; two of the murderers were convicted and executed, and the gold coin was thenceforward ordered to pass by weight and not by tale." *

So in this lawless valley a church was planted whose mission should be to preach repentance and amendment; and fitly did it symbolize this duty in its very name, by pointing the worshippers back to the faithful Witness on the banks of Jordan, who came to show how the crooked might be made straight, and the rough ways smooth, through the power of One greater than himself. There is a little church in Devonshire, near Exmouth, which from its lonely situation is sometimes called "S. John in the Wilderness;" but this seems to be a mere fancy appellation, not a true dedication-name.

In double dedications the name of the Baptist is of frequent occurrence, and, as we shall have occasion to notice elsewhere (CH. L.), it is once happily conjoined with that of his great namesake, S. John Evangelist.

S. John Evangelist. May 6 and Dec. 27.

S. John Evangelist, like each one of the saints considered in this chapter, has his two festivals; but in this case it is the winter festival—the commemoration of the saint's death—that is of almost universal observance. The other day, which still lingers in our Prayer-book Kalendar in its quaintly abbreviated form of "S. John ante Port. Lat.," that is to say, "S. John before the Latin Gate," recalls the tradition found in Tertullian and Jerome, but not in Eusebius or any earlier authority, that the Apostle when at Rome was thrown into a cauldron of boiling oil, by command of the Emperor Domitian, and emerged unharmed. The day is still observed in the Roman Church, but the references in the appointed services for the day might apply to almost any Martyr or Confessor, and make no mention whatever of the peculiar sufferings of the Apostle. In England this feast has fallen into complete disuse, but at one time unquestionably it was observed here also, and therefore it is probable that some ancient Dedication-feasts are kept on that day. Examples are rare, but one notable instance is furnished by the famous S. John's College, Cambridge, which still observes its College feast—its annual commemoration of benefactors—on May 6, the festival of "S. John before the Latin Gate." It appears that there is in some quarters a desire to restore the observance of this long-forgotten feast, for in a newspaper of January, 1893,† we find it stated that "the Bishop of Oxford will lay the foundation-stone of the new church for the Cowley Fathers on the feast of 'S. John before the Latin Gate.'"

S. John ante Portam Latinam. May 6.

But though the red-letter Feast of S. John has completely and

* "Loidis and Elmete." † *Family Churchman.*

deservedly eclipsed the glory of the black-letter day, it is not easy to find instances of old parish churches keeping their dedication-feasts on December 27 either. S. John Evangelist's Day falls too near to Christmas Day to stand forth prominently as a landmark; it is to a certain extent lost sight of in the greater Feast, and is not a date of such frequent occurrence as S. John Baptist's Day, for example. It often happens that a church attributed merely to "S. John" proves its true patron to be the Baptist by the fact that the yearly fair is held on or near June 24, but winter fairs or wakes are much less common than summer ones, so we are unfortunately deprived of one half of the valuable aid we might otherwise have looked for in determining the true dedication-name. The great difference in popularity between the two S. Johns has already been adverted to: the Baptist, as we have seen, is to be found in every county save Cornwall; there are three or four counties from which the Evangelist is wholly missing. Kent and Worcestershire can show their eighteen and twenty churches respectively in honour of the Baptist, and only one apiece in honour of the Evangelist. So great a disproportion as this is not often found, but everywhere (Celtic Cornwall apart) the balance is largely in favour of the Baptist, except in the one case of the county of Hampshire. Here the order is strikingly reversed: we find nine ancient churches in honour of the Apostle, and instead of the thirty-six which according to the general rule would be the portion due to the Baptist, we count but four. This exception is in itself not one of the least puzzling of the many puzzling questions that arise in connexion with dedications in this name.

All that has been said hitherto of the difference in popularity between the two S. Johns refers solely to pre-Reformation dedications. The disparity between the number of their respective dedications is no longer so striking as it once was, because the nineteenth century has done much to redress the balance; but of modern dedications to S. John Evangelist we shall have occasion to speak later. For the moment, however, we have to deal merely with pre-Reformation dedications, and, whatever may be the cause, there can be no doubt that early dedications in honour of the Apostle and Evangelist are rare in comparison with those in honour of the Baptist. The fact is recognized by all who have studied the subject, but the explanation of it is hard to find. Most curious is it to notice how many a dedication, seemingly in honour of the Apostle, proves on closer investigation to belong of right to his famous namesake. Either some old document brings to light the forgotten affix of "the Baptist," or a chapelry claiming to be "S. John Evangelist" holds its fair on S. John Baptist's Day, Old Style (as at Ulpha in Cumberland); or, again, the church, though now ascribed to the Apostle, is found to have had in early days some national saint for its patron, as S. Wilfred at Preston in Lancashire. So, again, the church of S. John Evangelist at Wall in Northumberland is the successor of a very ancient chapel, but the old dedication was to Oswald the King. Newton-Arlosh in Cumberland, on the other hand, can prove its right to be called "S. John" by referring to its old fourteenth-

century designation of "Kirkeby Johan," but according to good authority the "John" in question is S. John Baptist.*

But there is always danger lest a theory should be pressed too hard, and, in order to guard against this, great care has been taken in the subjoined lists in all doubtful cases to give the benefit of the doubt to S. John the Evangelist. Where there is not clear evidence to the contrary, all churches returned as "S. John" without any distinguishing appellation have been counted to the Apostle.

If the Apostle John were known to us only through the pages of the Bible we might be prepared to find that he did not receive his full meed of veneration from the Middle Ages. We have seen already, in the case of S. Michael and S. Gabriel, how large a share a popular legend may have in exalting one saint above another (see CH. V.); but in the history of S. John Evangelist the legendary and traditional element is by no means wanting. Let us consider for a moment how completely some of the stories and sayings of S. John, handed down to us by the early Christian writers, have entered into our conception of the Apostle. How could we give up now the picture of the aged Apostle repeating over and over to the hearers who hung upon his words the charge, "Little children, love one another"? † how surrender the story of his seeking out and winning back the young robber captain? ‡ But while we cling to these traditions and a few others as consistent with what we already know of the character of the Apostle, and as coming to us through trustworthy channels, there are a multitude of other legends of the type dear to the mediæval mind, which later criticism has unhesitatingly rejected.

Seeing, then, that S. John the Evangelist stands forth so prominently, not in the Gospel story alone, but in countless legends of varying degrees of authenticity, we should have expected to find him occupying a foremost place among our English patron saints. And for the first six centuries of English Christianity he did hold in our Church the high place that seemed his of right. There are not a few Saxon dedications in this name; there is the very ancient church of Escombe in Durham, and Mount Bures in Essex. More famous than either of these is Beverley Minster in Yorkshire. Long before the town of Beverley itself came into existence—before the minster church had risen up in stately beauty—the spot was already hallowed by a tiny church dedicated by some unknown founder to S. John the Evangelist. When in the end of the seventh century Bishop John of Hexham, better known as S. John of Beverley (CH. XXII.), planted his monastery in those parts, he rebuilt the little church on grander lines, but did not change its name.§

And this English reverence for S. John Evangelist was deepened by a popular legend of purely national growth, which associates the Apostle with the last and best-loved of our Saxon kings, that gentle Edward the

* Transactions of Westmoreland Arch. Soc.

† S. Jerome.

‡ Clement of Alexandria.

§ The existing double-dedication of "SS. John Evangelist and Martin" is generally traced back to the union of two separate portions of the monastery.

Confessor, whose actual virtues were so fondly idealized by his people's love. The story is found in slightly varying forms in many histories of the king, and is interesting to us as accounting for two at least of our dedications to S. John Evangelist. The version here given is to be found in the Chronicles of John of Brompton.*

"King Edward the Confessor had, after Christ and the Virgin Mary, a special veneration for St. John the Evangelist. One day, returning from his church at Westminster, where he had been hearing mass in honour of the evangelist, he was accosted by a pilgrim, who asked an alms of him for the love of God and St. John. The king, who was ever merciful to the poor, immediately drew from his finger a ring, and, unknown to any one, delivered it to the beggar. When the king had reigned twenty-four years, it came to pass that two Englishmen, pilgrims, returning from the Holy Land to their own country, were met by one in the habit of a pilgrim, who asked of them concerning their country; and being told they were of England, he said to them, 'When ye shall have arrived in your own country, go to King Edward, and salute him in my name; say to him, that I thank him for the alms which he bestowed on me in a certain street in Westminster; for there, on a certain day, as I begged of him an alms, he bestowed on me this ring, which till now I have preserved, and ye shall carry it back to him, saying that in six months from this time he shall quit the world, and come and remain with me for ever.' And the pilgrims, being astounded, said, 'Who art thou, and where is thy dwelling-place?' And he answered, saying, 'I am John the Evangelist. Edward, your king, is my friend, and for the sanctity of his life I hold him dear. Go now, therefore, deliver to him this message and this ring, and I will pray to God that ye may arrive safely in your own country.' When St. John had spoken thus he delivered to them the ring, and vanished out of their sight. The pilgrims, praising and thanking the Lord for this glorious vision, went on their journey; and being arrived in England, they repaired to King Edward, and saluted him, and delivered the ring and the message, relating all truly. And the king received the news joyfully, and feasted the messengers royally. Then he set himself to prepare for his departure from this world." This story is represented, adds Mrs. Jameson, in rude sculpture on the screen of Edward the Confessor's Chapel in the Abbey. The figures are supposed to be about the date of Henry VI. A few other particulars, some of them very important for our special purpose, may be gathered from other lives of the king.† The ring was "large, royal and beautiful." The pilgrims were from the town of Ludlow; the Apostle appeared to them in the form of "an old man white and hoary," "joyously like unto a clerk." When the pilgrims returned home to deliver their message, they found the king at his palace in Essex, "said to be called from this incident Havering-atte-Bower." The received etymology is thus expounded in pleasing fashion by Camden, the Elizabethan historian: "Havering, an ancient retiring place of the

* Quoted in Mrs. Jameson. † Stanley's "Westminster."

Kings, called so from a ring given there by a certain stranger to Edward the Confessor, as a present from S. John." * Whatever we may think of the "Have a ring" derivation, it is an undoubted fact that the existing church of Havering has from time immemorial been dedicated to S. John the Evangelist. Ludlow also keeps the twofold memorial of its connexion with this most popular legend, first, in its "College of S. John the Evangelist," founded in the reign of Edward the Confessor,† of which the existing church of S. John the Evangelist [a chapel of ease in the parish of S. Lawrence] is the direct representative; and secondly, in "a representation of the story in the painted window of S. Lawrence's church." ‡ This legend naturally had great influence in increasing the honours paid to S. John, and not a few of the churches in this name may be assigned to some period within the next hundred and fifty years. The now vanished Yorkshire chapelry of Cowdon appears to have already in the reign of Edward the Confessor claimed the Apostle for its patron; probably in this case the dedication-name came through the connexion of the chapelry with the church of S. John Evangelist at Beverley; § but Cross Canonby in Cumberland, and Cirencester in Gloucestershire, were both of them founded within the interval specified. Again, S. John's College, Cambridge, inherited not only the site of the lands but also the name of a certain Hospital of S. John Evangelist, dedicated in the time of Henry II. The church of East Farndon in Northamptonshire was appropriated to S. John's College, and therefore there is ground for attributing it to the Evangelist, though it is sometimes assigned to the Baptist.

Exact dates apart, there are further not a few churches dedicated to S. John the Evangelist, which by their Norman architecture proclaim themselves as belonging to this early period. Such are West Meon in Hampshire, Merrington in Durham, Pauntley in Gloucestershire, and many more. But from the thirteenth century onwards the proportion of dedications in this name, for some inexplicable reason, gradually lessens, and has not yet entirely recovered itself at the end of six centuries; not even though it has been the chosen dedication-name of this most church-building nineteenth century.

Just as about this period the hitherto favourite Christian name of *John* fell from its leading position among English Christian names and gave place to the *William*,‖ which has ever since been the commonest masculine name among us, so too from about this time the popularity of S. John as a patron saint visibly declined. In the one case the cause is surmised to have been the discredit brought upon the name by the hated King John, first and only English king of that name; but if we can suppose that the same prejudice had extended itself to the name of the Apostle, why should not S. John Baptist likewise have been affected by it? That there was some such gradual change of feeling is undeniable, but the cause of it

* "Britannia."
† Lewis.
‡ Stanley's "Westminster."
§ Lewis.
‖ *Cornhill Magazine*, March, 1871.

remains a mystery. Henceforward the dedications in honour of S. John Evangelist fell markedly below their proper proportion, but it must not for a moment be supposed that they suddenly and entirely ceased. There are plenty of instances to the contrary; amongst others there is Little Leighs in Essex, founded in 1230, and placed under the invocation of "the Blessed Virgin Mary and S. John Evangelist," but now retaining only the first half of its name, and Whitchurch in Buckinghamshire, sometimes wrongly assigned to S. John Baptist, but with a record of a fair granted in the reign of Henry III., to be held yearly on the festival of S. John Evangelist.* Certainly it sometimes happens, as in the foregoing instance, that the Evangelist is deprived of the dedications that are legitimately his; witness Baildon in Yorkshire, an ancient chapelry, which in both the standard books on the subject of dedications † appears as "S. Giles," but in a will dated 1548 is mentioned as "the Chapel of S. John Evangelist in Baildon." ‡ The existing church (made parochial in 1869) has therefore good ground for calling itself as it does "S. John the Evangelist." How and at what period S. Giles came to be regarded as the patron does not appear. Possibly he was the real patron until the sixteenth century, and Baildon may have been placed under the special patronage of S. John Evangelist about the same time as another Yorkshire chapelry, Coley near Halifax, founded soon after 1500. Already in the sixteenth century we seem to see that the tide has turned again, and that S. John the Evangelist is beginning to regain his old position. In the churches of the seventeenth century, comparatively few in number though they are, we find his name; as at Leeds, Oxburgh in Norfolk, and Wapping in Middlesex. Wapping, by the way, is curious, because it exhibits the perpetual tendency to confound the two S. Johns. Though founded as lately as 1694 it is in doubt between the Apostle and the Baptist, but there is this to be said in support of the theory that its true patron is the Apostle, that according to tradition the present church stands on or near the site of an ancient shrine dedicated to S. John the Evangelist, which was much frequented by sailors.§

A hundred years later and S. John Evangelist stands first of all, narrowly followed, however, by S. Paul; but in the succeeding century he stands forth without a rival, the chosen saint of our day. His churches are counted by hundreds, and each year sees fresh additions to their number.

S. John the Apostle.

By far the commonest form of ascription amongst us is "S. John the Evangelist." Two modern churches give us "S. John the Apostle," but we have no example of the beautiful American dedication (at Philadelphia) to "The Beloved Disciple."

S. John the Divine.

About a dozen of our churches—all of them modern—have made choice of the designation prefixed to the Book of Revelation, "S. John the Divine." So it is that we English

* Lewis.
† Ecton and Bacon.
‡ Lawton.
§ Mackeson.

translate the Greek term "Theologos," while the French, Italians, and Germans render it more correctly "the Theologian." *

"What wonder," so it has been said, "that in these our latter days, all thoughtful minds, whether in search of evidence from Christian history, of comfort from Christian truth, of instruction from Christian holiness, are turning by a natural instinct to the writings of the last Apostle, who left the historical record in his Gospel of the things which he saw and heard, and taught us that God is Spirit, and that God is Love?" †

It is nearly half a century since these words were written, and each succeeding year lends new force to them, as church after church rises up around us, dedicated to the blessed memory of "the disciple whom Jesus loved."

* "'Theologos' or the 'Divine,' as applied to S. John, is not used in its ordinary modern sense, but, as is well known, in the peculiar sense which it bore in the fourth century, 'one who spoke of the Divinity of our Lord.'"—Stanley's "Apostolical Age."

† Ibid.

CHAPTER VIII.

APOSTLES AND EVANGELISTS.

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71	The Holy Apostles ...	——	1		
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73	SS. Simon and Jude	„ ...	9		
73	S. James the Less ...	May 1 ...	9	*See also dd.*	78
74	S. Philip	„ ...	45	*See also dd.*	
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75	S. Matthias	February 24	20		
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83	S. Nathanael ...	„ ...	2		
83	S. Barnabas	June 11 ...	71		
84	S. Andrew	November 30	690	*See also dd.*	
86	S. James the Great...	July 25 ...	551		
		Total	2203	(*See also* CH. VII.)	

NEARLY five thousand of our churches, or about a third of the entire number, are dedicated as might be expected to the Apostles and Evangelists. Such dedications have at all times been general in England, and yet even within the narrow limits of these sixteen or seventeen names the special characteristics of the various periods of our Church History find expression.

The Holy Apostles.

The Apostolic dedications of the Middle Ages differ from those of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries; while these in their turn differ somewhat from those of our own time. Hooker observes that churches take their names in memory, "many of one Apostle, Saint or Martyr; many of all." This practice of building a church to the honour, not of any one individual of the twelve, but to all "the glorious company of the apostles," was of early origin, but not seemingly of long continuance. Constantine, shortly before his death,

founded "in that city which bore his own name" a church which he dedicated to "the memory of our Saviour's Apostles." * We have, however, no ancient English church so dedicated, and the single example of the kind is a modern church at Charlton-Kings in Gloucestershire to the "Holy Apostles."

The Holy Evangelists.

There are two churches dedicated to the "Holy Evangelists," one at Normacott in Staffordshire, and the other at Skipton in Yorkshire, but both of these are modern.

In the vast and ever-increasing parish of Bethnal Green the entire Apostolic band is commemorated by fourteen distinct churches. Up to the year 1743 Bethnal Green was included in the parish of Stepney; three years later it had built for itself the church of S. Matthew. For eighty years S. Matthew's was the only church, then S. John's was added. Within twenty years from this time there rose up churches to S. Matthias, S. James the Less, S. Philip, S. Simon Zelotes, S. Jude; but still the need was not overtaken, and now Bethnal Green counts its fourteen churches, thus commemorating each of the twelve Apostles, with S. Paul and S. Barnabas. Clearly the next two churches in the parish ought to bear the names of S. Mark and S. Luke, so as to complete the commemoration of the Evangelists. It happened about ten or eleven years ago that the rapid increase of population in Barrow-in-Furness, consequent upon the development of the iron works, necessitated a special effort in the direction of Church extension. It was resolved that four churches should be built and consecrated simultaneously. This was done, and by way of marking the connexion between the four it was determined to dedicate them respectively to the four Evangelists.

The modern tendency has been to commemorate Apostles as such, the less famous as well as the greater. Partly, no doubt, this has been done for convenience' sake; for as a rule it is in large towns or suburban districts that we find churches to "S. Simon" or "S. Jude," "S. James the Less" or "S. Philip." In such cases there is an obvious advantage in having a distinctive name; but probably the ruling motive has been the desire to do honour to even the most obscure among the Apostles.

S. Simon Zelotes. Oct. 28.

Perhaps it is by way of emphasizing the individuality of each of the twelve that we find those of the Apostles whom the Kalendars commemorate on one day more often separated than united. Thus we find ten churches to S. Simon—"S. Simon Zelotes," as he is carefully distinguished at Chelsea and at Bethnal Green—and thirty-five to S. Jude, whereas to the two combined there are only nine. The church at Simonburn in Northumberland was for a time ascribed to S. Simon, but archæological authorities are of opinion that *Simon* in this instance is only a corruption of *Sigmund*,† an Anglo-Saxon warrior, and that the true dedication of the church is preserved in a well hard by, popularly known as "Mugger's Well," that is, S. Mungo. The probabilities are so strongly in favour of this famous local missionary, S. Mungo,

* Eusebius.

† *Arch. Journal*, vol. 42.

better known in Cumberland as S. Kentigern (CH. XXXIII.), that the church has now reverted to its old name of S. Mungo.

S. Jude. Oct. 28.

It is not hard to understand why churches to S. Jude should outnumber those to S. Simon. Notwithstanding the desire to do honour to all the Apostles impartially, there is a strong natural instinct to give the preference to those of whom most is known, and of these two Apostles S. Simon is to us a mere name, whereas S. Jude is known to us as the writer of one of the Epistles and as the disciple to whose question we owe one of the precious revelations of the Father granted us in S. John's Gospel. There is not a single ancient church dedicated to S. Jude.

SS. Simon and Jude. Oct. 28.

There are two if not three ancient churches dedicated to SS. Simon and Jude conjointly; one is at Norwich, one at Bramdean in Hampshire, and one at East Dean in Sussex. It is possible that the East Dean dedication has only been conferred lately. No dedication-name is given in either Bacon or Ecton, and it may be that in this parish, as in so very many Sussex parishes, the original dedication-name had been entirely lost sight of and a new one was bestowed. Castle-thorpe in Buckinghamshire is seemingly an instance of modern changes; it is now "SS. Simon and Jude," but in 1831 * it was dedicated to the Virgin. There is, however, no doubt attaching to the Norwich church, or to the little village church at Bramdean, both of which are entered as dedicated to SS. Simon and Jude, as well in the "Liber Regis" as in Ecton's "Thesaurus."

S. James the Less. May 1.

SS. Philip and James are found both separately and together, but S. Philip is by far the more common of the two dedications, both in ancient and modern times. It is not easy to see why this should be, unless it is that a degree of uncertainty has always rested upon the personality of S. James the Less. If "the brother of the Lord" could be unhesitatingly identified with James the Just, the first bishop of Jerusalem, the writer of the Epistle, the man of prayer,† surely we should have more churches dedicated to him! There is an old chapelry of S. James the Less at Midhope in Yorkshire, but there is no proof that the name is old. The church of S. James at Clerkenwell ought by rights to be S. James the Less, for the present structure (rebuilt about 1623) succeeded to an earlier one which formed part of a priory dedicated to S. James the Less.‡ In this instance the historic connexion would be fitly marked by the resumption of the earlier name. Of modern churches of this name we find but few instances—one in Bethnal Green, one in Westminster, and some others in Durham, Liverpool, Plymouth, and elsewhere.

* Lewis.

† See Hegesippus's famous account of him, quoted by Eusebius: "He went into the Temple alone, where he was found upon his knees, making supplication for the forgiveness of the people: in so much that his knees were become hard and brawny, like those of a camel, by reason of his continual kneeling to worship God, and to make supplication for the remission of the people."—Eusebius, Book II. 33; cf. S. James v. 16.

‡ "Eng. Illus."

S. Philip. May 1.

When we turn to S. Philip we find about forty-five churches in all bearing his name. One belongs to the eighteenth century, four are of pre-Reformation date, the rest modern. Our knowledge of this saint is definite though slight, and perhaps it is for this reason that he has been more frequently chosen in modern times than his fellow-Apostle, S. James the Less. Bishop Lightfoot has said that "when we turn to S. John's Gospel we can hardly resist the impression that incidents relating to Andrew and Philip had a special interest not only for the writer of the Gospel but also for his hearers."* It is to the Fourth Gospel that we owe all our certain knowledge of S. Philip. But even when we come to the less sure ground of tradition, the notices of "Philip the Apostle" are exceptionally trustworthy. We have good evidence for believing that he followed S. John to Hierapolis and there ended his days. We are further told that he was the father of three daughters, two of whom remained unmarried and lived on at Hierapolis after their father's death. Papias, the second-century writer, had himself talked with these daughters of S. Philip's, and heard from them "several stories of the first preacher of the Gospel which he transmitted to posterity in his work."† Another second-century writer, Clement of Alexandria, incidentally identifies S. Philip with the disciple mentioned in S. Luke who asked to be allowed to first go and bury his father before he followed Christ.‡ Legend has been very busy about the name of S. Philip, and it may have been the story of his triumph over the serpent that caused him to be held in honour in old times. According to the legend he found the people of Hierapolis in superstitious bondage to a great serpent. He openly rebuked their idolatry, and by his prayers brought about the death of their so-called god. His boldness was his own undoing; the angry multitude laid hold on him and crucified him.§

Of the four ancient churches dedicated to S. Philip one is at Brinkhill in Lincolnshire, one at Little Rollright in Oxfordshire, and one at Ratby in Leicestershire. The fourth is at Norton in Somerset, and is diversely given as dedicated to S. Philip alone, or to "S. Philip and All Saints." In old county maps Norton is marked under the name of "Norton-Philip," a good proof of the antiquity of the church dedication.

SS. Philip and James. May 1.

We find over twenty churches dedicated to SS. Philip and James jointly. The anonymous writer of a paper on Northumbrian church dedications,‖ remarks that SS. Philip and James was "a likely day for church dedications from its falling on May-day which was also a popular holiday in olden times;" and he goes on to say: "We have four ancient churches so dedicated in Northumberland, and one in Durham." If we look to other counties, however, we shall find that the dedication is a rare one. The only other examples are one at Bristol and one at Whittington in Worcestershire. The northern examples are at Witton-le-Wear in Durham, and at Rock, Whittonstall, and Heddon-

* Colossians.
† Lightfoot on the Colossians.
‡ Miscellanies, iii. 4.
§ Baring-Gould.
‖ *Arch. Journal*, vol. 42.

on-the-Wall in Northumberland. The fourth dedication is not known to the present writer. There is no apparent reason for the unusual popularity of these two saints in Northumbria; only it is to be borne in mind that it not uncommon to find the same dedication repeated several times in any given district, as though one church had taken its name from another.

SS. Philip and Jacob.

The church at Bristol, which bears date of the twelfth century, is interesting from retaining the name in its earlier form, "SS. Philip and Jacob."

The sixteen nineteenth-century churches to SS. Philip and James are scattered throughout England. It is not easy to say why these two Apostles should be commemorated together. There is a more evident bond of union between S. Philip and S. Andrew, fellow-townsmen, and as it would appear close companions, and this natural union finds recognition in the modern church of "SS. Andrew and Philip," at Westbourne Park in London (CH. L.).

S. Matthias. Feb. 24.

S. Matthias is another of the saints who has been honoured in later times for the sake of his office. We find twenty churches dedicated to him within the present century, but there is only a single instance, and that a doubtful one, of any ancient church bearing his name. This is natural enough, for the one mention of this Apostle in the Book of the Acts has been but scantily supplemented by tradition. S. Matthias rarely figures either in legend or picture, and beyond the yearly recurrence of his festival there was nothing to keep him before men's minds. The one ancient church dedicated to him is Thorpe-next-Haddiscoe in Norfolk. Both Bacon and Ecton give it as S. Matthias, but Blomefield, the Norfolk historian of the last century, ascribes it with more probability to S. Matthew.

We find fewer ancient churches dedicated to the Evangelists than might have been expected. Those dedicated to S. John are more than double the number to all the other Evangelists combined; but these have been already considered in the previous chapter.

S. Matthew. Sept. 21.

S. Matthew and S. Luke rank almost equally in the number of their churches. Up to the Reformation there was a slight preponderance in favour of S. Matthew, but it has been more than balanced within the last fifty years by the increasing popularity of S. Luke. The legends of S. Matthew add little to our conception of him, and it is probably only in virtue of his position as Apostle and Evangelist that there are any old churches dedicated to him. There are twenty-five ancient churches bearing his name, but in several cases there is an alternative dedication—usually to the Blessed Virgin. Thus Cheadle in Cheshire, Langford in Nottinghamshire, Milton in Oxfordshire, and Rowde in Wiltshire, are all four variously ascribed to S. Matthew or S. Mary. Eye in Suffolk is elsewhere given as "SS. Peter and Paul;" Boughton in Nottinghamshire is of doubtful authority. Wolsingham in Durham has for its alternative dedication "SS. Mary and Stephen," but in this case S. Matthew is more likely to have been the original dedication, for the fair-day is on September 21.

There is no doubt about the dedication at Charmouth in Dorset, for in 1279, in the reign of Edward I., license was granted to hold an annual fair here on the "eve, day and morrow of S. Matthew." * At Hutton Buscel in Yorkshire the evidence is less direct but scarcely less convincing. The rectory of Hutton originally belonged to the Buscel family, but in 1453 it was transferred to the Abbey of Whitby. The transaction was formally completed on October 2, 1453.† This, it will be noted, is S. Matthew's Day, O.S., and the question suggests itself whether the appropriation was purposely concluded on the feast-day of the church, or whether, on the other hand, Whitby Abbey then conferred upon its new property the name of the saint upon whose festival it entered into full possession. Among other ancient churches dedicated to S. Matthew are those at Walsall, Normanton-on-Trent, Ipswich, and one in the City of London. There are a certain number of old chapelries, now separate parishes, bearing the name of S. Matthew, but these are for the most part to be mistrusted; for wherever the pre-Reformation name can be traced it proves to have been something other than S. Matthew. S. Matthew's, Holbeck, for example, consecrated in 1832, may be regarded as the successor of the church which stood in Holbeck a hundred years before the Norman Conquest, but then this chapel was dedicated, not to S. Matthew, but to the favourite Yorkshire saint, S. Helen. So, too, Naburn in the same county was formerly S. Nicholas, and Midgham in Berkshire, and Meerbrook in Staffordshire, were S. Margaret and S. Mary respectively.

In all probability the great period of change was the first half of the present century. Bethnal Green and Upper Clapton belong to the eighteenth century, but we have at least thirty-eight dedications to S. Matthew in the years between 1800 and 1850, more than in the whole pre-Reformation period. Since 1850 more than sixty have been added to the number, giving a total of one hundred since the beginning of the century.

Is it fanciful to imagine that a business age like our own should have felt a special sympathy with S. Matthew, the consecrated type of a wealthy man, called not like his fellow-disciples from the simple life of a fisherman, but from the midst of a worldly business abounding with temptations peculiar to itself? It is quite possible that some of the modern churches to S. Matthew have been so dedicated for love of Keble's beautiful S. Matthew's Day hymn. The choice of dedications has often rested upon causes slighter than a favourite hymn; and there must be many gentle hearts in this busy crowded world who have found comfort and inspiration in the lines suggested by the call of him who rose at once, "and left his gold; his treasure and his heart transferr'd."

"There are in this loud stunning tide
Of human care and crime,
With whom the melodies abide
Of th' everlasting chime;

* Lewis. † Lawton.

Who carry music in their heart
Through dusky lane and wrangling mart,
Plying their daily task with busier feet,
Because their secret souls a holy strain repeat."

S. Mark. April 25.

Ancient dedications to S. Mark are very rare; and this is surprising when we consider his wide-spread fame on the Continent, first as the reputed founder of the Alexandrian Church, and then as the patron saint of Venice. There do not appear to be more than five genuine pre-Reformation dedications to S. Mark—namely, Bristol, Lincoln, Bilton in Warwickshire, Englefield in Berkshire, and Farnborough in Hampshire. Lyncombe in Somersetshire and Frodesley in Shropshire are both of them old parishes, but their several churches were rebuilt in the first half of the present century, and it is probable that the dedications to S. Mark may have been bestowed at that time. This has undoubtedly been the history of Marske-by-the-Sea in Yorkshire, which has allowed its most venerable and historic dedication-name of "S. German" (CH. XXIV.) to lapse, and has named its existing church S. Mark. Markby in Lincolnshire is sometimes ascribed to S. Mark, sometimes to S. Peter. In all probability the last is the true patron, and "S. Mark" has only been suggested by the name of the parish, *Markby*.

Coming down to the eighteenth century, we find churches to S. Mark at Hastings, Manchester, and in one or two other places. The first half of the nineteenth century gives us thirty-seven dedications in this name, and its latter half more than double that number. Probably a large proportion of the modern dedications to S. Mark have been chosen upon the assumption that the second Evangelist is identical with the "John Mark" whose character and history are so plainly written for us in a few passing scriptural allusions: the widow's son who once withdrew from the work, yet who afterwards became necessary to the very Apostle whom at the outset he had disappointed. There has been to many minds a special pleasure in connecting Mark the Evangelist with the Mark whom S. Paul names when he speaks of his "fellow-workers unto the kingdom of God, men that have been a comfort unto me." The Collect for S. Mark's Day, with its prayer for the grace of steadfastness, seems to sanction this connexion, but modern commentators tell us that the two are not to be confounded, and therefore we must fall back upon the traditional notices of the Evangelist. Eusebius has gathered together from earlier writers various scattered notices of S. Mark, all of which agree in making him the companion and disciple of S. Peter.* Eusebius quotes the following passage from Clement of Alexandria concerning the origin of S. Mark's Gospel: "When Peter preached the word publicly in Rome, and declared the Gospel by the Spirit, many who were there present entreated Mark [who had been his follower a long time, and remembered what he had said] that he would write down the things which had been spoken. When he had

* Cf. 1 Peter v. 14.

composed the Gospel, he imparted it to those who had entreated it of him. Peter, having understood this, used no persuasives either to hinder him or to incite him to it." Eusebius himself goes rather beyond this account when he says that the Apostle Peter "was much delighted with the ardent desire of the men, and confirmed that writing by his authority, that so henceforward it should be read in the Churches." Irenæus, indeed, affirms that it was not till after S. Peter's death that Mark "delivered to us in writing what Peter had preached." Papias, the earliest authority of the four, does not enter into this disputed point, but only says: "Mark, being the interpreter of Peter, accurately wrote whatever he remembered; but yet not in that order wherein Christ either spake or did them; for he was neither an hearer of the Lord's, nor yet his follower; but as I said, he was afterwards conversant with Peter. . . . For Mark made this one thing his chiefest aim, [to wit] to omit none of those things he had heard, nor yet to deliver anything that was false therein." Eusebius further mentions the report that S. Mark went into Egypt "and settled Churches in the very city of Alexandria," but he makes no mention of all those legendary circumstances of his preaching and death which figure in later histories.

S. Luke. Oct. 18.

Pre-Reformation dedications to S. Luke are not common; neither indeed are they very rare. If the existing names are to be trusted, there are about twenty ancient churches and chapelries in his honour, but it is noticeable that, as in the case of S. Matthew, an alternative dedication is occasionally given. Thus the old church of Hodnet in Shropshire—Bishop Heber's parish—is variously given as "S. Luke," or "SS. Peter and Paul;" and Thatcham in Berkshire and Duston in Northamptonshire are also known as "S. Mary."

The local distribution of churches to S. Luke is somewhat curious. They predominate in the Midland counties, or, roughly speaking, in the ancient dioceses of Lincoln, and Coventry and Lichfield. There is a cluster of them round about Northampton—at Cold Higham, Duston, Great Doddington, Kislingbury, and Spratton. Wellingborough should, perhaps, be added to the list; for though S. Luke's church has only been dedicated within modern times it is noticeable that the fair-day is on October 29, S. Luke's O.S.* The old parish church is known as "All Saints," but it is quite possible that in the sixteenth-century passion for doing away with dedications to individual saints "All Saints" may have been substituted. So, too, at Derby: the parish church is "All Saints," but by ancient custom "the inferior officers" of the municipality are "elected annually on the first Monday after S. Luke's Day." † Probably both here and at Wellingborough the modern church has revived the true dedication. Leicestershire ranks next to Northamptonshire, with three dedications to S. Luke—at Gaddesby, Laughton, and Thurnby; there is further, in the same county, S. Luke's chapel at Newton-Harcourt.

The dedications of old chapelries are very frequently of far later date than the buildings themselves, but probably we may trust the dedications

* Lewis. † Ibid.

at Heage in Derbyshire and Goostrey in Cheshire, seeing that they bear the name of a saint already familiar in those counties. Other dedications to S. Luke are found in Lincolnshire, Nottinghamshire, Staffordshire, Shropshire, and Herefordshire. Coming further south, we find two in Somerset, both of them close to Bath; one in Devonshire at Newton-Poppleford, founded by Edward III. as a chantry chapel about 1330, and one at Charlton in Kent with its fair held on S. Luke's Day. To these must be added S. Luke's (otherwise S. Mary's) at Thatcham in Berkshire, and the famous Old Chelsea Church.

To find other dedications to S. Luke we must go north to the diocese of Carlisle; here there are but two churches bearing his name—one at Ousby in Cumberland, and one at Soulby in Westmoreland; but in Westmoreland at least he seems to have been held in special honour. Kirkby Stephen bears in its very name its dedication to S. Stephen, yet by charter from Edward III. it held its fair on S. Luke's Day. It was perhaps in consequence of this that the neighbouring chapelry of Soulby was dedicated to S. Luke. The present building appears to date from 1663, but this is not necessarily the date of its foundation. The little village of Staveley near Kendal had also its yearly fair granted in 1329 to one William de Thweng, "on the eve, day and morrow of S. Luke." The existing church of S. James dates only from 1845, and county historians * are of opinion that the old church was dedicated to S. Margaret. They, however, go only upon the authority of the name inscribed upon one of the bells, the least trustworthy of witnesses. We may with quite as good ground believe it to belong to S. Luke.

Lastly, we have the same perplexity as regards Ambleside. The so-called "old church" on the hill in this little town is dedicated to S. Anne. It was built in 1813 on the site of an older chapel, supposed—but without certain proof—to have been also S. Anne's. It is noticeable, however, that in the Commonwealth "the keepers of the liberty of England" granted to the "vill of Ambleside" two fairs, one to be holden on the Wednesday in Whitsun-week, and one on October 18, or, as it is expressed in a charter of King James II., renewing the grant, "upon S. Luke's Day and the day next following." † The "keepers of the liberty of England" were not likely to have made special choice of any given saint's day, unless there was something in the previous circumstances of the town to guide their choice. We are forced to the conclusion that "S. Luke's fair," as King James's charter calls it, was already an institution in Ambleside, and S. Luke's Day possibly the dedication festival of the little chapel.‡

At the very outside, however, ancient dedications to S. Luke do not exceed thirty in number; the eighteenth century gives us three, but in

* Nicolson and Burn.

† Bulmer's "Westmoreland," and Nicolson and Burn.

‡ It is, of course, possible that the fair-days at two or three places in the same county may have been assimilated for convenience' sake, irrespective of the church dedication festival; but it is difficult to see why places so far apart from one another as Ambleside and Kirkby Stephen should have been influenced by any common rule.

the last ninety-six years we have more than a hundred churches thus dedicated, causing S. Luke to stand first among the three earlier Evangelists.

Traditional notices of S. Luke are scanty, and add but little to our knowledge of him. The tradition that he was a painter is late and worthless; yet it has been repeated so often in legend and picture that it has helped to mould and fix the popular conception of him as the patron of Art and Culture. But it is above all as "the beloved physician" that modern churches are now dedicated to his memory. It was a tender and beautiful instinct that caused the founders of the great London lunatic asylum more than a century ago (1753) to link their pitiful institution with the name of "Luke the physician and evangelist, whose praise is in the Gospels." Again, a modern guild of medical men gives evidence of its Christian aims by the name that it has chosen for itself, "S. Luke's Guild."

S. Thomas. Dec. 21.

Few apostolic dedications are more characteristic of modern times than S. Thomas; few were regarded with so little favour in pre-Reformation days. There are about thirty ancient churches bearing his name, but the strong probability is that most of these were originally dedicated not to the Apostle, but to "S. Thomas the Martyr," otherwise Thomas Becket (CH. XXI.).

There are close upon seventy ancient churches dedicated to Thomas Becket; it would be difficult to find seven unmistakably dedicated to his greater namesake. There are indeed about thirty more which are known simply as "S. Thomas," and at first sight it would seem natural to assign these to the Apostle, but experience shows that "S. Thomas" is usually only a shortened form for "S. Thomas of Canterbury," the last half of the name having been at some time or other tacitly dropped, and probably nearly the whole thirty ought to be added to the account of Becket.

In 1537 the name of Thomas Becket was blotted out of all church service books. Like other of Henry VIII.'s arbitrary changes of the same nature, it was but partially successful; many churches clung to their old dedication, but a certain number obeyed the proclamation and dropped the proscribed portion of their names. It was at this time that the church at Exeter became "S. Thomas the Apostle" instead of "S. Thomas of Canterbury." From this example it will be seen that the word "Apostle" is often an addition or alteration, later than the date of the original dedication. The old churches that have it are not many in number. Bradwell-juxta-Mare in Essex has a good claim to be one of them, for early in the fourteenth century we find one Robert de Cheddeworth granting lands in Bradwell to a certain chaplain in order that he might "celebrate masses for the sake of the King" (presumably Edward II.) "in the church of S. Thomas the Apostle in Bradwell." * The S. Thomas at Stanhope in Durham is probably another genuine dedication to the Apostle, for its fair is held on December 21, but the S. Thomas at Stockton-on-Tees in the same county is (like similar dedications at Lewes and elsewhere) merely an abbreviation for S. Thomas the Martyr.

* Morant.

The fair-days or other circumstances may enable those who live in the various localities to judge which of the two saints is the patron of their church. The late Mr. Kerslake was inclined to rank very low the churches dedicated to the Apostle. "I would not venture to say," writes he,* "that *all* S. Thomases were S. Thomas of Canterbury, but most English ones were, and possibly all." †

Blakeney in Norfolk has a curious triple dedication to "SS. Nicholas, Mary and Thomas the Apostle." The church of S. Thomas in Southwark was founded by King Edward VI. for the use of the patients in S. Thomas's Hospital. Edward undoubtedly intended to commemorate the Apostle, not the Archbishop; but in truth he was only renewing an earlier dedication, for the hospital itself had been dedicated three centuries before (1215) by its founder, Peter de Rupibus, Bishop of Winchester, to "S. Thomas the Apostle." ‡

Already in Edward VI.'s time the tide was beginning to turn, and now the number of churches dedicated to the Apostle far exceeds those dedicated to Becket. The chapel of S. Thomas in the Charterhouse, built in 1621 on the site of the old Carthusian Priory of S. Mary, is no doubt in one sense intended for S. Thomas the Apostle, but possibly the choice was determined on out of compliment to its founder, Sir Thomas Sutton.§

The eighteenth century gives us nine churches to S. Thomas, and ever since then the number has been steadily increasing. Older dedications, such as S. Nicholas at Simpson in Buckinghamshire, S. Giles at Wednesfield in Staffordshire, and S. Thomas-à-Becket at Heptonstall in Yorkshire, have been displaced to make room for S. Thomas the Apostle. Selside in Westmoreland is given in the Clergy List for 1896 as "S. Thomas;" but Lewis, writing in 1831, says: "The chapel *dedicated to Christ*, was built about 1720 by the inhabitants on a site given by the Roman Catholic proprietor of Selside Hall, on condition of his being allowed to keep the original chapel." Unless this "original chapel" was dedicated to S. Thomas (it may very possibly have been to S. Thomas of Canterbury), and the original dedication has been resumed on historical grounds, it is difficult to account for the present name.

There are about a hundred nineteenth-century churches to S. Thomas. The old mistrust of S. Thomas as being a sceptic has given place in our own day to a feeling of gratitude to him who "for the more confirmation of the faith" was suffered for awhile to doubt. Canon Bright in his lines on S. Thomas's Day has given expression to the changed feeling regarding this Apostle—

* Private letter.

† "S. Thomas (of Canterbury)," says the same writer, "was blotted out of all church service books by proclamation to churchwardens in 1537, and probably the same caused the change in dedications. I doubt if S. Thomas would otherwise have been a favourite being a sceptic, but acceptable at the revulsion against Popery."

‡ "Eng. Illus."

§ Nightingale.

"How oft, O Lord, Thy Face hath shone
On doubting souls whose wills were true!
Thou Christ of Cephas and of John,
Thou art the Christ of Thomas too."

S. Thomas's usual symbol of a carpenter's rule is sometimes taken as a reference to his natural disposition to prove all things; but the true explanation of it is to be found in the famous mediæval legend of his being sold into India to work as a carpenter, a story which is given at length in the pages of Mrs. Jameson and Baring-Gould.

S. Bartholomew. Aug. 24.

It is difficult to account for the special popularity in old times of S. Bartholomew. There are but four, or at the most five, English counties which have not a church named in his honour. From Northumberland to Cornwall we find ancient churches dedicated to this Apostle; some one hundred and fifty in all. In the number of his churches S. Bartholomew ranks fourth among the twelve Apostles, being exceeded only by S. Peter, S. Andrew, and S. James. The obscure Bartholomew, who is to us a mere name, is preferred even to the "blessed Apostle and Evangelist" S. John. Nor is his great popularity to be accounted for by any specially striking legend concerning him. He is variously stated to have preached in India and in Arabia, and, according to one legend, he was associated with S. Philip in the triumph over the serpent at Hierapolis; but the traditionary notices of this saint are scanty and untrustworthy, both as regards his life and the scene and method of his martyrdom. Many strange tales were told of the miraculous preservation of S. Bartholomew's remains, and in the Middle Ages half the leading cities of the Continent appear to have boasted some bodily relic of this Apostle. Nor was England neglected in the general distribution. "An arm was taken to Canterbury by Anselm," * and it is quite possible that this relic may have influenced the dedication-name of many other English churches.

Crowland Abbey in Lincolnshire was, in the eighth century, formally dedicated to S. Guthlac, its hermit-founder; but in after-times when the tide was setting in favour of Catholic as against local saints, the old dedication was expanded into its present form—"SS. Mary, Bartholomew and Guthlac." The famous priory church of S. Bartholomew's at Smithfield, founded in the beginning of the twelfth century, is supposed to owe its name to the direct choice of the Apostle himself. Rahere, the founder, determined to atone for the sins of his youth by a penitential visit to Rome, and there doubtless he saw and revered the reputed body of S. Bartholomew. Sick in mind and body he lay weeping, with none to raise him out of his bitter despair, when he saw in a vision a man of kingly form, who stood beside him, and whose very presence brought with it comfort and strength. And the stranger said, "I am Bartholomew, the Apostle of Jesus Christ, that come to succour thee in thine anguish, and to open to thee the sweet mysteries of Heaven. Know me truly, by the will and commandment of

* Baring-Gould, August 24.

the Holy Trinity . . . to have chosen a place in the suburbs of London, at Smithfield, where in my name thou shalt build a church." So Rahere returned with a good courage to London, and forthwith set himself to fulfil the commands of his heavenly visitant and to build him a church." *

The nineteenth-century dedications to S. Bartholomew do not exceed forty in number; there has been no special inducement to connect a church with a saint of whom so very little is known. Recent criticism, however, has thrown a flood of new light upon this unknown Apostle, by suggesting his identity with Nathanael of Cana in Galilee, "the Israelite in whom was no guile." We have two modern churches to S. Nathanael, one at Bristol, and another at West Derby in Lancashire.

S. Nathanael.

In the Kalendar of the Eastern Church, S. Bartholomew is commemorated on June 11, in conjunction with S. Barnabas, of whom we have now to speak.

S. Barnabas. June 11.

The dedications in honour of S. Barnabas have a history the very reverse of those in honour of S. Bartholomew—very rare in the Middle Ages, they are now steadily on the increase. We have but seven old churches in this name; the first half of the present century gives nearly the same number, but in the last forty-six years we have over fifty such dedications. No doubt he has been chosen partly as a type of missionary zeal, partly for his name's sake, and partly for love of his own tender, generous nature. Eusebius mentions a tradition that S. Barnabas was one of the seventy disciples, and legend emphasizes his connexion with his native island Cyprus, and places the scene of his martyrdom there, but our real knowledge of his life and character does not go beyond the Acts of the Apostles.

The seven old churches bearing his name are as follows: Stokenham in Devon, Queen-Camel in Somerset, Brampton-Bryan on the borders of Herefordshire and Radnorshire, Peasemore in Berkshire, and Bromborough in Cheshire, which last place can point to its charter granted by Edward I. entitling it to "a yearly fair of three days on the feast of S. Barnabas, the vigil, and the day following." † The two remaining dedications to S. Barnabas are both of them in Essex—the one at Mayland and the other at Great Tey. A curious piece of indirect evidence of the antiquity of the dedication at Great Tey is furnished by the fair-day in the adjoining district of Pontesbright, which is kept on the first Tuesday after June 11. Pontesbright, now a separate parish, was formerly an outlying hamlet of Great Tey, where for the convenience of the inhabitants a chapel was built about the year 1360. This chapel was either never formally dedicated, or else the saint's name was completely merged in the common designation of "the White Chapel," which the Lord Chancellor Audeley (temp. Henry VIII.) in a legal document renders "Alba Capella." ‡ Meantime, in the matter of its feast-day, the chapel-of-ease doubtless followed the

* Knight's "Old England."
† Ormerod.
‡ Morant.

practice of the mother-church. Gradually the chapel which was the distinguishing feature of the hamlet gave a new name to the entire district, which at the present day is better known as *Chappel* than by its more ancient and correct designation of Pontesbright. A dedication-name appears still to be wanting to the "white chapel," and, if so, it might fitly adopt as its patron S. Barnabas the Apostle.

S. Andrew. Nov. 30.

The two Apostles who have been most steadily and continuously honoured in England are S. Andrew and S. James. From the time when Augustine of Canterbury dedicated S. Andrew's Cathedral at Rochester in memory of his own monastery of S. Andrew's on the Cœlian Hill at Rome, this dedication has always been a favourite one. S. Andrew is one of the six or seven saints common to all the forty counties of England, and, as a rule, dedications in his name have been but little interfered with or altered. Where there is an alternative dedication the presumption is that S. Andrew is the earlier of the two, as in the case of Culham, Oxfordshire, now S. Paul's, but in the twelfth century "S. Andrew's." So, too, in the case of Ombersley in Worcestershire—the one and only ancient church that claims S. Ambrose for its patron—the evidence tends to show that the original dedication was to S. Andrew, and that S. Ambrose is merely a later corruption, suggested by the place-name, like S. Acca from Aycliffe in Durham (CH. XXIII.), which in the same way rightfully belongs to S. Andrew. Kirk-Andrews-on-Eden in Cumberland, and Kirk-Andrews-on-Esk in the same county, proclaim plainly enough both their dedication saint and their own antiquity.*

The early traditions concerning S. Andrew are very scanty, and the later ones very untrustworthy. Eusebius says merely that he preached in Scythia; various regions are named by later writers, but two or three accounts associate him with Greece, and lay the scene of his martyrdom at Patras in Achaia. Can it have been the mention in S. John's Gospel of the Greeks coming to seek Andrew's intervention that suggested the introduction of Greece into the later legends? Of the legends concerning him one series reads much like a Christianized fairy-tale; there is, however, an account of his crucifixion which may very possibly contain a basis of truth, notwithstanding the suspicious elaboration of details. It tells of his wonderful influence over the multitudes, his dauntless bearing towards the heathen pro-consul, and of his two days' sermon as he hung tied with cords upon his cross, witnessing for his Lord up to the very end.†

Scotland, as we all know, claims S. Andrew for her patron, and has ntroduced his peculiar form of cross into our Union Jack; but her

* S. Andrew's, Wingfield, in the county of Suffolk, appears to have been dedicated at its foundation in 1362 to "S. Mary, S. John Baptist and S. Andrew" ("Eng. Illus."), but in course of time the first two names fell into disuse, and now the church is known only as S. Andrew's.

† Baring-Gould, November 30

connexion with the saint only began in the eighth century, when, according to a most misty legend, certain of his bones were secretly stolen away from Patras and brought to St. Andrews. It has been suggested * that Scottish influence may have extended across the border and have accounted for some of the churches to S. Andrew in the north of England. It may be so, but the truth is that the great patron of Scotland is not specially popular in the northern counties ; in Northumberland and Durham, at least, his dedications are fifty per cent. below the average of the rest of England.

One North-country dedication there is which certainly takes its origin from Rome, not from Scotland. S. Andrew's, Hexham, was so named by its seventh-century founder, S. Wilfrid. Trained up by the monks of Lindisfarne according to the usages of the Celtic branch of the Church, he in early manhood renounced the traditions of Iona and Lindisfarne, and identified himself with the Roman party with all the proverbial zeal of a convert. He went on pilgrimage to Rome, and on his arrival he straightway visited S. Andrew's oratory, and there solemnly consecrated himself to the evangelizing work that lay before him in his native land. This S. Andrew's oratory is supposed to have been a part of the famous S. Andrew's monastery on the Cœlian Hill which a century earlier had sent forth Augustine ; and thus S. Andrew's at Rome and S. Andrew's at Hexham join hands.

The place accorded in the Gospels to "Andrew, Simon Peter's brother," in no way accounts for the great honour that has since been paid him. Old Thomas Fuller, the Church historian of the seventeenth century, takes upon himself to resent in his quaint fashion the seeming slight put upon this Apostle, saying, "I read at the transfiguration that Peter, James and John were admitted to behold Christ, but Andrew was excluded. So again at the reviving of the daughter of the ruler of the synagogue these three were let in and Andrew shut out. Lastly in the agony, the aforesaid three were called to be witnesses thereof, and still Andrew left behind. Yet he was Peter's brother, and a good man, and an apostle ; why did not Christ take the two pair of brothers ? was it not pity to part them ? But methinks I seem more offended thereat than Andrew himself was, whom I find to express no discontent, being pleased to be accounted a loyal subject for the general, though he was no favourite in these particulars." †

Would it not have pleased old Fuller to know of the 600 or 700 English churches built in honour of S. Andrew ? There are about 570 ancient ones (including the two cathedrals of Wells and Rochester ‡) and over 90 consecrated in the present century. The first-called of the Apostles has been almost as great a favourite in modern as in ancient times, and we have at least one example of an earlier dedication being

* *Arch. Journal*, vol. 42.

† Fuller's "Scripture Observations."

‡ Changed by Henry VIII. to "Christ and the Blessed Virgin."

displaced in his honour, notably S. Leonard's at Toddington in Gloucestershire, now changed to S. Andrew's. Nor is it only in the Western Church that S. Andrew is brought into such special prominence. The Kalendar of the Eastern Church commemorates "The Twelve Apostles" all together on July 30; SS. Peter and Paul, and SS. Barnabas and Bartholomew, she commemorates in pairs, but the only two out of the twelve to whom she assigns each a separate day are "S. John the Divine" and "S. Andrew the Protoclete," *i.e.* "The *First-called*." *

S. James the Great. July 25.

"S. James the brother of John," as he is described in Bede's Kalendar, has fewer ancient churches (about 330) than S. Andrew, but more modern ones. In the first half of the present century alone we find more than 80 churches dedicated to him, and in the last five and thirty years we have nearly 100—about as many as have been dedicated during the same period to S. Peter. Probably one reason for his great popularity fifty or sixty years ago was that owing to his death being recorded in the Bible there could be less room for legend in his history than in that of other saints. "S. James the Great" at Milton Abbas in Dorsetshire is a nineteenth-century substitution for the curious mediæval dedication to "SS. Mary and Samson," S. Samson being, as we shall hereafter see, a British saint who became the patron of Dôl in Brittany (CH. XXXII.). "S. James the Greater" at Derby is also apparently a modern church, but in any case it has an historical right to its dedication, for in the twelfth century there was a church of S. James in this town, subordinated to the Abbey of Bermondsey.

Though not one of the commonest of our ancient dedications, S. James is to be found in every county of England, unless with the single exception of Rutland. Altogether he has over 550 churches, of which about 330 are ancient. As a rule he is designated as "S. James" and nothing more, but in two or three instances a more specific designation is given, as "S. James the Greater," at the old chapelry of Eastbury in Berkshire; "S. James the Apostle," at Bury St. Edmunds; and "S. James the Elder," at Llanvetherine in Monmouthshire.

It might have been supposed, as has been already said, that the express statements in the Acts of the death of this Apostle would have left no room in his history for legend. But this has not been the case. Spain could not be content without legends tending to magnify both herself and her Apostle patron, whom she transformed from a simple fisherman into a wealthy hidalgo.† Not only did she claim to have been evangelized by his direct agency, but, further, in one of her battles against the Moors, eight centuries later, she asserted the supernatural intervention of her mighty champion, "Sant' Iago," and assigned to him very much the part of the Great Twin Brethren in the Battle of Lake Regillus. These fantastic

* S. Jude, indeed, is commemorated separately on June 19, but in all probability he is not reckoned among the twelve, his place being filled by S. Lebbæus or Thaddæus, and the writer of the Epistle being regarded as a distinct personage.

† Mrs. Jameson.

Spanish legends were doubtless not without influence upon the veneration paid to S. James in England as in other European countries. It is a relief, however, to turn from them to the one early tradition connected with S. James, handed down to us by Eusebius from writings * a century before his own day. Whether true or not, there is nothing in it incompatible with the Bible account of his death. The following is the story as given by Eusebius :—

"Concerning this James, Clement relates a memorable history, speaking as he had heard from his predecessors. For he says that he that accused him before the judgment-seat, seeing him openly and willingly testify and declare the faith of Christ, was moved thereat, and professed that he also was a Christian. And so, says he, they were both together led away to suffer. And, as they were going, he beseeched James to pardon him; who, after a short deliberation said : 'Peace be to thee,' and kissed him ; and so they were both beheaded together."

* "Clementine Recognitions."

CHAPTER IX.

OTHER SCRIPTURAL SAINTS.

PAGE.	NAME.	DAY.	YEAR.	CHURCHES.	
	The Holy Innocents.	See CH. XVI.			
89	S. Elisabeth	... November 5	... First cent.	... 3	
89	S. Susanna	... ——	... „	... 1	
90	S. Mary Magdalene	... July 22 ...	... „	... 202	*See also dd.*
93	S. Mary of Bethany	... January 19	... „	... 1	
	S. Joseph of Arimathea.	See CH. LI.			
93	S. Cleopas	... September 25	... „	... 1	
94	S. Stephen	... December 26	... „	... 124	*See also dd.*
96	S. Silas	... July 13	... „	... 10	
96	S. Timothy	... January 24	... „	... 1	
96	S. Titus	... January 4	... „	... 1	
96	S. Philemon ...	... November 22	... „	... 1	
			Total	... 345	

We have already seen that the custom of placing churches under the invocation of some departed saint had its origin in the memorial churches built over the graves of the martyrs, and so for ever associated with their names; but we have also seen that the practice soon expanded, and that churches were named in honour of one or another saint without there being of necessity any local connexion between the particular church and the saint thus commemorated. And so in very early days it became customary to place churches under the special patronage of the most famous of the scriptural saints—the Blessed Virgin Mary, for example, and the leading Apostles.

But while some of the scriptural saints were made choice of again and again, others were almost entirely ignored. It is true that no member of the Apostolic fellowship is entirely wanting in our roll of pre-Reformation dedications; but while S. Peter and S. Paul and S. Bartholomew are to be found in every part of England, S. Simon and S. Jude and S. Matthias are only to be found here and there.

And when, setting aside the Virgin and the Apostles, we come to the consideration of the remaining Bible saints, we shall find in like manner that one or two have been singled out for special veneration, while others, who none the less hold their place in the Kalendars of the Church, have remained wholly uncommemorated until our own day.

We have already considered the dedications to the Holy Angels, the Virgin Mary, the Apostles, and the Baptist. The Babes of Bethlehem—the Holy Innocents—will be spoken of in another place, together with the rest of the innocent child saints of other ages and other kindreds and tongues (CH. XVI.). We have now, therefore, only to do with the less famous men and women of the New Testament; for our Western Church lacks the noble boldness of the Eastern branch that counts among its saints the holy men of the old dispensation. We have, in fact, only some ten or eleven names, beginning with S. Elisabeth, the mother of the Baptist, and ending with S. Philemon.

The Holy Innocents. See CH. XVI.

S. Elisabeth. Nov. 5. All the three churches in this name are of recent date, the earliest of them being that at Aspull in Lancashire, built in the first half of the present century. To us it seems somewhat strange that the mother of so great a son, she of whom the inspired writer bore witness that, like her husband, she was "righteous before God, walking in all the commandments and ordinances of the Lord blameless;" she to whom belongs the honour of having been the first to recognize in her cousin Mary the mother of her Lord, should have been thus passed over by successive generations; but so it has been, and though her name has become one of the commonest of our English Christian names, it would seem to owe its popularity primarily to the mediæval S. Elizabeth of Hungary, the subject of Kingsley's drama, "The Saint's Tragedy," and through her to our own Queen Elizabeth! Strange though it may seem, good Queen Bess has not been wholly without influence on our dedications, for when in 1887 there was a meeting at the Mansion House* to consider the question of dividing the parish of S. Mary's Chadwell and building a new church at *Tilbury*, one of the speakers "alluded to the historical associations connected with Tilbury, and suggested 'S. Elizabeth' as the name of the new district," a suggestion which has since been duly acted upon. In the case of a Lancashire church, S. Elizabeth's at Reddish Green, there is some doubt as to the particular Elizabeth in question. The name is believed to have been chosen chiefly from personal reasons. The then incumbent† was of opinion that it was originally intended to include in the dedication S. Elizabeth of Hungary. But as the church banners and the tablet over the west door both of them bear representations of the Salutation—the meeting of the Virgin and S. Elisabeth—we may fairly assume that it is the S. Elisabeth of Scripture who is the true patron of the church.

S. Susanna. The name of S. Susanna sounds strangely in our ears, and there is but a single church that bears it; that, namely, of Horsley-Woodhouse in Derbyshire, a new district church in the Southwell diocese, consecrated in May, 1882. Here again the name was chosen from personal associations with one who before her death had

* *Guardian*, November 2, 1887. † Rev. A. Crofton, 1888.

contributed largely to the building of the church whose completion she did not live to witness. "There is, I believe," writes the curate in charge, the Rev. A. G. Waldy, "a S. Susannah, a virgin and martyr in the third or fourth century, but I have always taken it as referring to the Susanna who ministered of her substance,* which in this instance is very appropriate." †

S. Mary Magdalene. July 22.

Foremost in this company of loving ministering women stands Mary Magdalene, she "out of whom went seven devils;" but she also to whom it was granted to be the first to behold her risen Lord, to be the first to do His bidding after that He was risen from the dead. And twice besides we catch a glimpse of her; standing at the foot of the cross with those other Maries, and sharing in the solemn watching without the sepulchre. These are all the Gospel notices that speak of Mary Magdalene by name; but it is not on these alone that the mediæval conception of her has been built up. The Western Church — though not the Eastern — has variously identified her with Mary of Bethany on the one hand, and with the nameless "woman that was a sinner" (Luke vii. 36–50) on the other; while the Church of the Middle Ages, not content with weaving into one all that the Scripture says of these three women, added a tissue of the wildest legend. According to these legends S. Mary Magdalene, and her brother Lazarus and her sister Martha, travelled to France and settled themselves near Marseilles, where the Magdalen expiated the sins of her youth by a lifelong penitence, and at length died in the desert, far from all earthly succour, but ministered to by angels. In the thirteenth century one of the usual discoveries of relics was announced to have taken place in these parts—relics of S. Mary Magdalene and of Lazarus—and in order to do honour to them the Count of Provence, a brother of S. Louis, built a church not very far from Toulon. A few years later this prince happened to be taken prisoner. He ascribed his release from captivity to the intercessions of S. Mary Magdalene, who became his special patroness,‡ and from this time dates the widespread increase of her popularity. It is necessary to refer briefly to these apocryphal tales, because it was doubtless on account of the French feeling concerning S. Mary Magdalene that she came to be so largely reverenced in England. Undoubtedly several of our churches in this name—those, for example, at Barnstaple in North Devon, and at Oxford, both of them assigned to about the time of the Norman Conquest—can be traced back far earlier than the thirteenth century, but it was at this period that the veneration for her received a new and strong impulse.

Her threefold personality, so to speak, had been unquestioningly accepted in the English Church; yet it was chiefly as the "sinner, forgiven much because she loved much," that our ancestors liked best to conceive

* "And Joanna, . . . and Susanna, and many others, which ministered unto Him of their substance."—Luke viii. 3.

† Private letter, 1887.

‡ Mrs. Jameson.

of S. Mary Magdalene, whose very name became to them a symbol of penitence. S. Mary of Bethany was not ignored. The ancient Collect—still in use in the Roman Missal—has a distinct reference to her in the words, "Blessed Mary Magdalene, at whose request Thou wast pleased to raise Lazarus from the dead." The Gospel for the day was a narrative of the anointing of the Lord's feet in the house of Simon the Pharisee (Luke vii.), and it may fairly be said that the real omission in the service of this day is of any allusion to the true S. Mary Magdalene, such as she is presented to us in the Gospel history.

In England her immense popularity is witnessed to by some 170 ancient churches; so evenly distributed throughout the country that there are but three counties (Cheshire, Staffordshire, and Westmoreland) in which they are wanting. In one case our saint has impressed her name upon the whole village, "Stocklynch-Magdalen" in Somersetshire, so called to distinguish it from the adjacent Stocklinch-Ottersey.

In both Germany and France the name of Magdalen or Madeleine is a great favourite; it does not hold quite the same place with us, though no doubt it was at one time commoner than it is now. It was probably felt to be, as it stood, too long and formal for familiar use; our forefathers shortened it to the ear—if not to the eye—by pronouncing it "Maudlin," while they continued to write it "Magdalen," and this abbreviation might have served the purpose if the adjective "maudlin"—a word originally suggested by the tear-stained aspect of the penitent Magdalen*—had not fallen into such bad repute. For a time, however, it was an accepted abbreviation, and the old pronunciation is still preserved in constant use among us by the two colleges of S. Mary Magdalene at Oxford and Cambridge respectively. The Oxford college was founded in the middle of the fifteenth century, on the site of an old hospital dedicated to S. John, and, characteristically enough, S. John was displaced to make room for the more popular saint. The sister college at Cambridge was founded almost a century later (1542) by Baron Audley, the then Lord Chancellor. "It has been remarked," says an eighteenth-century work on English topography,† "that the founder's name is contained in the word M-audely-n, which is the orthography according to the vulgar pronunciation." Many a dedication-name has been made choice of on grounds more slender than this, and it is quite likely that some such personal reason may have influenced Lord Chancellor Audley. Otherwise perhaps he would have selected some different saint, for already at this period the fame of S. Mary Magdalene was beginning to wane. Doubts concerning her actual personality were beginning to arise, and though in the First Prayer-book of Edward VI. (1549) the office for her day was still retained, the Collect that identified her with Mary the sister of Lazarus was dropped out, and a new one substituted which referred to the penitence of the forgiven sinner: "Merciful Father, give us grace . . . if it shall chance us at any time to offend Thy Divine Majesty, that we may truly

* Johnson's Dictionary. † "Eng. Illus."

repent, and lament the same, after the example of Mary Magdalene." But while the Collect was changed the Gospel remained the same as heretofore, namely, the seventh chapter of S. Luke. There was more and more a general inclination to return to the opinion of Origen, that Mary Magdalene was no more to be identified with "the woman that was a sinner" than she was with Mary of Bethany. The English Church, however, halted between two opinions, and compromised matters very oddly by striking out all mention of S. Mary Magdalene—even to her very name in the Kalendar—from the Prayer-book of 1552, while the Authorized Version of the Bible (1611) went out of its way to maintain the old belief by the wording of the argument to the seventh chapter of S. Luke: "Christ sheweth by occasion of Mary Magdalene, how he is a friend to sinners, not to maintain them in their sins, but to forgive them their sins, upon their faith and repentance." At the subsequent revision of the Kalendar the name of the Magdalen was restored, but no attempt was made to bring back the ancient services of her day. This middle course satisfied no one, and, as time went on, the feeling against the identification of the two women only strengthened. Nathaniel Lardner, a dissenting theologian of considerable note in the eighteenth century, wrote a letter showing the wrong done to S. Mary Magdalene by giving to penitentiaries the designation of "Magdalen Houses," * and a certain Huguenot divine published a most vigorous attack on the English Authorized Version for "the false witness" that it bore in attaching the name of the Magdalen to the nameless sinner of S. Luke's narrative. "Which of the Evangelists," he argues, "has taught us the proper name of the woman? . . . Where do we find that Mary Magdalene had been a woman of evil life? The Gospel tells us that she had been tormented with seven devils or evil spirits, an affliction which might happen to the holiest person in the world; but we do not see even the shadow of a word which marks her with infamy." † It was left for the Revised Version of the New Testament to sweep away the very unjustifiable gloss of the Authorized Version; but meantime the effects of that assumption were seen in the growing reluctance to dedicate churches in honour of S. Mary Magdalene. Purity, not penitence, was the type of sainthood that now appealed to the reverence of the age, and in so far as S. Mary Magdalene was identified with the penitent sinner she sank below the required ideal.

From the time of the Reformation down to the nineteenth century dedications to the Magdalen are of very rare occurrence, and Willen in Buckinghamshire (built, it would appear, in 1680) stands forth as an exception to the general rule. There seems a possibility that the feeling against the Magdalen was even carried to the extent of leading some old churches to change their dedication-name. Barton-Stacey in Hampshire, for example, is now known as All Saints, but the village fair is held on S. Mary Magdalene's Day, O.S. The evidence is not, however, conclusive, for the parish church of All Saints at Otley in Yorkshire likewise

* Notes to Southey's "Roderick." † Ibid.

observes its feast on S. Mary Magdalene's Day, O.S., and in this case the name of "All Hallows" can be traced back to pre-Reformation days. Possibly, therefore, the choice of the day in both instances was dictated merely by motives of convenience, the long days of July being a more favourable time of year for holiday-making than the beginning of dark November. But if S. Mary Magdalene has lost a few of her churches by design, she has probably lost a yet larger number by pure accident. Barnard Castle in Durham, though holding its fair on S. Mary Magdalene's Day, is popularly known only as "S. Mary's." Here, and no doubt elsewhere, the distinguishing appellation of "Magdalene" has fallen into disuse, with the natural result that the church is supposed to be dedicated to the Virgin Mary.

With the first half of the present century came a slight revival of the long-disused dedication to S. Mary Magdalene; seven churches at least can be counted, and in the succeeding forty years we find three times that number. It would be going too far to say that all these nineteenth-century dedications are intended solely for the S. Mary Magdalene of the Gospel narrative. Rightly or wrongly, the image of her whose many sins were forgiven for the sake of her great love, has now become so much a part of our conception of the Magdalen, that it is well-nigh impossible for us to separate the two; our critical judgment may condemn the identification, but nevertheless the memory of it remains indelibly impressed upon our forms of speech, our art, our whole tone of thought. Yet, granting all this, we may still feel confident that the generation which has commemorated so many of the less famous saints of Scripture would never have ignored S. Mary Magdalene, the faithful follower of the Lord, the privileged bearer of good tidings on the Resurrection morning.

S. Mary of Bethany. Jan. 19.*

Whatever doubts may exist as to the precise identity of S. Mary Magdalene, there can be no doubt as to the founders' intention in dedicating a modern church at New Wortley, near Leeds, to "S. Mary of Bethany." It will be remembered that the Collect of the Roman Missal assumes the Magdalen to be the sister of Lazarus, but that such an identification was deliberately repudiated by the compilers of the First Prayer-book of Edward VI. We may be glad to have the name restored to us in a form that at once calls up before the mind the sweet image of the home at Bethany.

S. Joseph of Arimathea.

See CH. LI.

S. Cleopas. Sept. 25.

On September 25 the Roman Kalendar commemorates S. Cleopas, the disciple who is known to us only through S. Luke's precious narrative of the walk to Emmaus on the first Easter Day. We know of no instance of any pre-Reformation church in his honour; but of late years the city of Liverpool has wisely enlarged her roll of saints by dedicating one of her many churches to

* According to the Use of Paris; March 18 in the Greek Church; see Harris Nicolas.

this S. Cleopas, whose name must always bring with it thoughts of the Risen Lord.

S. Stephen. Dec. 26.

S. Stephen, like S. John Baptist, has been singularly untouched by legend, and probably for the same reason—that the deaths of both are recorded in Holy Scripture. Possibly this very absence of legendary surroundings may have tended to make him less popular than many less well-known saints—S. Bartholemew, for example. From the time of the Conquest until the present day dedications to the proto-martyr have never been wanting, but they have never until lately been at all numerous. The total number of existing churches in honour of S. Stephen is about one hundred and twenty, and of these less than forty can be traced back to pre-Reformation days. What there are, however, have the advantage that they have never been denounced as superstitious, and consequently have never been altered or interfered with.

We have failed to find any dedications to S. Stephen during the Saxon period, but with the accession of the Normans our saint is brought into prominence. William the Conqueror dedicated the beautiful church at Caen, which he had himself built, and in which he was buried, to S. Stephen; and the Conqueror's grandson, Stephen, gave more than one proof of his devotion to his patron saint. He arranged that his coronation should take place in the Abbey upon S. Stephen's Day, and he further gave the name of S. Stephen to the chapel which he built adjoining Westminster. Little could its founder foresee "the interest which through his great work was to attach to those walls for centuries to come."* It was destined to pass through many vicissitudes. Edward III. rebuilt it "on a yet more splendid scale than S. George's at Windsor;"† Edward VI. "allotted it as a place of consultation to his faithful Commons,"‡ and there for close upon three hundred years "the faithful Commons have consulted," and from it has come the well-known designation "the Parliament at S. Stephen's." Sixty years ago the historic chapel was destroyed by fire, but "though the walls and roof were hopelessly gone, the site was preserved with jealous care, and a chamber, new yet old, the exact verisimilitude in length and breadth and height, occupies the very same space—and we may say in all but the identity of the bricks and mortar, is the very same building. . . . It was well to preserve a chamber so rich in associations; and though no longer a Commons House it serves appropriately as an entrance corridor." §

But it is probable that S. Stephen's Chapel at Westminster does not exhaust the connexion of the Plantagenet kings with their favourite saint. Four dedications to S. Stephen in Celtic Cornwall is so surprising a proportion as to make it certain that some outside influence must have been at work. Was it the influence of the Plantagenet kings, who as

* "The Palace at Westminster," W. D. Arnold.
† Stanley's "Westminster."
‡ "Palace at Westminster."
§ Ibid.

earls, and afterwards as dukes, of Cornwall had large territorial rights in that corner of England? In one case—that of Mawnan, near Falmouth—S. Stephen has been joined to the native saint, and the church is known as "SS. Maunanus and Stephen." In the three remaining instances S. Stephen is in undisputed possession, and has stamped his name upon the entire parish: thus, St. Stephen-by-Saltash, St. Stephen-by-Launceston, and St. Stephen-in-Brannel. It is noteworthy that the two first of these, if not all the three, are built on lands belonging to the Duchy. It is somewhat curious that another dedication to S. Stephen is to be found in the city of Exeter, where also the Dukes of Cornwall had certain rights. S. Stephen's, Walbrook, in the City of London, was founded by a courtier of Henry I., who may have considered his choice of a name as a compliment to the known predilections of the Conqueror's family. The other City church of the same name—S. Stephen's, Coleman Street—belongs to the same century, as does the interesting old church of S. Stephen in Canterbury (more strictly speaking, at Hackington, close by), which was founded in 1187 by the then Archbishop of Canterbury, in honour of SS. Stephen and Thomas of Canterbury. Here the latter saint has been dropped out, but S. Stephen still remains. Once again we may trace the indirect influence of William the Conqueror in the dedication of the ancient Westmoreland church of Kirkby-Stephen. The first recorded mention of the church is in connexion with its Norman proprietor, Ivo de Taillebois, one of the great Norman barons, to whom William granted "so much of the county of Westmoreland as is now called the barony of Kendal." * There is no record of a church here previous to this time; but in 1088 we find Ivo de Taillebois granting the church of Kirkby-Stephen to S. Mary's Abbey at York. Possibly the Norman baron was guided in his choice of a dedication by a desire to imitate, and thereby to gratify, his royal master.

After the eleventh and twelfth centuries there is no very rapid increase in dedications to S. Stephen, though examples are to be found in several important provincial towns—as at Bristol, Norwich, and Ipswich. The seventeenth century—a period by no means conspicuous for activity in church-building—gives us three more, all three of them in country villages in the North of England. The *personal* element that prompted the choice is plainly apparent in one case—S. Stephen's, East Hardwicke, in the West Riding of Yorkshire—where *Stephen* Cawood, in 1653, left money for the purpose of "erecting and maintaining a chapel and free school." † The eighteenth century also contributes one or two churches in this name. In the first half of the nineteenth the number rises with a bound to close upon twenty; and in the succeeding half-century the ever-growing feeling of reverence for the proto-martyr declared itself by dedications equal in number to all that had gone before.

S. Stephen is dear to us, not merely for his own sake, but as the type and representative of all who should hereafter follow in his glorious

* Nicolson and Burn. † Lewis.

footsteps; and this thought has been happily expressed by the dedication-name of two modern Lancashire churches to "S. Stephen and All Martyrs."

S. Silas. July 13.

It is one of the characteristics of nineteenth-century church dedications that they bring forward the names of not a few scriptural saints that were never so distinguished in earlier days. S. Silas cannot be said to have been an unknown saint to our ancestors, for he was duly commemorated in the Kalendar on July 13; but it is only in our own day that any church has been built in his honour. S. Silas, the faithful companion of S. Paul, the sharer in his sufferings and imprisonment at Philippi, has been an object of special regard within the last fifty years. We reckon no less than ten churches in this name. S. Paul, S. Barnabas, S. Silas—these three saints are being more and more brought into prominence by our nineteenth-century dedications, and each one of the three serves to typify the true missionary spirit of the Church of Christ.

S. Timothy. Jan. 24.

Liverpool—more strictly speaking, Everton—which has displayed a good deal of originality in the matter of dedications, gives us S. Timothy, a most suggestive choice.

S. Titus. Jan. 4.

A companion dedication to this last is furnished by another Liverpool church that bears the name of S. Titus—a dedication rare in England, but quite in its right place in Crete, where it is still to be found, attached to the old Latin cathedral of S. Titus in Candia.

S. Philemon. Nov. 22.

Another district of Liverpool, the same which has already given us S. Silas, furnishes us with yet another of the companions of S. Paul—namely, S. Philemon.

There is surely no small gain in this modern practice of bringing into greater prominence the less famous of the scriptural characters. May we not believe that many a worshipper to whom the names of S. Timothy or S. Philemon are dear, primarily for the sake of the church that has made them familiar, will afterwards turn with quickened insight and sympathy to those Epistles of S. Paul that make known to us the character of Timothy, his "dearly beloved son," or of Philemon, the friend in whose loyal obedience to his wishes he trusted so implicitly?

CHAPTER X.

TRADITIONAL SAINTS.

PAGE.	NAME.	DAY.	YEAR.	CHURCHES.	
97	S. Anne	... July 26 ...	First cent. ...	77	*See also dd.*
100	S. Petronilla . .	... May 31 ...	Second cent.	1	

S. Anne. July 26. First cent.

"IN the head of that Sea of Galilee, towards the north, is a strong and lofty castle called Saphor: and close by it is Capernaum. . . . In that castle St. Anne, our Lady's mother, was born." With such an air of intimate knowledge does the old fifteenth-century traveller, Sir John Mandeville, write of a saint concerning whom Scripture is utterly silent, and who is known to us only through the apocryphal Gospels, and more especially through the so-called "Gospel of James"—the book "which has invented the names Joachim and Anne for the parents of Mary." * No one can read the story of the childless couple and their joy in the announcement of their promised child without being struck with many obvious resemblances to the Old Testament story of Elkanah and Hannah, and to several other Scripture narratives. "The object of this Gospel," says Dr. Salmon, "is clearly supplementary to our Gospels, and it is intended to satisfy the curiosity of Christians with regard to the things which took place before the birth of our Lord. If we are to ascribe to the book any 'tendency' beyond the simple desire to gratify curiosity, the doctrine which the inventor seems most solicitous to establish is that of the perpetual virginity of the Virgin Mary." As the dogma of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin increased in favour, so there was a natural tendency to bring into greater prominence S. Anne, the supposed mother of the Virgin. The scanty notices of the apocryphal Gospels no longer sufficed; ampler lives of her were furnished, and received as matter of history—witness Sir John Mandeville's positive statement as to her birthplace.

The number of natural objects bearing the name of this saint, such as S. Anne's Hill, S. Anne's Well, and the like, mark the greatness of her popularity in the Middle Ages; but it is noticeable that, in the reverence done to her, popular feeling had somewhat outrun authority. Although the Emperor Justinian in the middle of the sixth century is known to have

* Salmon.

dedicated a church at Constantinople in honour of S. Anne,* it was not until some time after the date of the Council of Trent that the observance of her festival "was imposed by authority on the Western Churches." †

The dedications to S. Anne in this country may be roughly divided into three periods: those belonging to late mediæval times, dating from the thirteenth century to the time of Henry VIII.; those belonging to the eighteenth century; and those of our own day.

It must be premised that there are more than ordinary difficulties attending the investigation of dedications in this name, because an unwontedly large proportion of them belong to chapelries, and the particulars concerning chapelries are often very hard to trace with exactness. The dedication-name is not brought into such prominence as in the case of a parish church, and very often it is scarcely heard until the chapelry gains a new importance by being made parochial. Local knowledge would probably show that a considerable proportion of the seemingly modern churches dedicated to S. Anne are in truth old foundations, carrying on the name of the older chapelry; but this point cannot always be established by the usual authorities, such as the Liber Regis and Ecton, which are too often silent as to the names of chapelries, and therefore all the statistics here given as to the number and dates of churches dedicated to S. Anne must be received with extreme caution. Sometimes, however, where direct evidence fails, the date of the local feast-day comes to our help, and conclusively shows the dedication-name to be of high antiquity. Take, for example, the so-called "Old Church" of S. Anne's at Ambleside. Until quite recently the town of Ambleside was a chapelry divided between the two neighbouring parishes of S. Oswald's, Grasmere, and S. Martin's, Bowness. The church itself is an ugly structure, rebuilt at the beginning of the present century, and the traditional name of "S. Anne's" is not mentioned in any of the local histories; but curiously enough, Ambleside is one of the five places in England which still retain the ancient custom of "the rushbearing"—the yearly memorial of the days when the strewing of fresh rushes in the church was an accustomed part of the economy of every church. "Rushbearing Sunday" at Ambleside is always "the Sunday following the last Thursday in July," a date which can by no possibility be made to correspond with the date of the similar festival at the mother-church of S. Oswald's, Grasmere, always kept on the Sunday following S. Oswald's Day, or, in other words, on the Sunday after August 5. By what festival, then, is the Ambleside feast governed? In all reasonable probability, as the very name of the church suggests, by the feast of S. Anne, which falls in the last week of July.

Again, the parish church of All Cannings in Wiltshire proves the antiquity of its dedication-name by keeping its feast on August 6—S. Anne's Day, O.S. So, too, the like evidence of the feast-day helps us with regard to one of the most generally known of the early dedications to S. Anne, namely, the old chapel of S. Anne's at Buxton. "We have little doubt,"

* Daniel. † D. C. B.

says an authority on the subject of Derbyshire churches,* "that there was a Christian chapel here in 1280. Probably the chapel of S. Anne's was one of the Well chapels." Of even earlier date is the Lancashire chapelry of S. Anne's at Wood-Plumpton, which was existing in the time of Henry III.—perhaps the earliest example of an English dedication in this name. Lancashire, for some unexplained reason, appears to have had a peculiar devotion to S. Anne, for of the total number of dedications to this saint—between seventy and eighty all told—more than one-fourth are to be found in the County-Palatine. It would seem further that S. Anne is regarded as in some special sort the patron of wells; note, for example, the wells called by her name at Buxton, Malvern, and Nottingham.

Separated by some three centuries from the period assigned to the Wood-Plumpton chapelry is the Yorkshire chapelry of Southowram, near Halifax, variously known as "St. Anne's-in-the-Grove," and "St. Anne's-in-the-Briars," which was founded in the time of Henry VIII. (about 1530), and is probably the latest of our pre-Reformation dedications in this name.† After this, as might be expected, there follows a long interval —more than a hundred and fifty years—without any dedications at all to S. Anne; and when at length the name is revived it is with little thought of the supposed mother of the Blessed Virgin, and merely as a compliment to the Princess Anne, then newly married to Prince George of Denmark. Such is said to have been the history of the dedication of St. Anne's, Soho, consecrated in 1685.‡

As a Christian name Anne had become too firmly rooted in England ever to lose its popularity, and the precedent set in Soho found many imitations, especially in the succeeding century, when many founders of churches seem to have taken advantage of the opportunity of doing honour to a name endeared by so many associations, and at the same time of marking their respect for the sovereign who, whatever her shortcomings, undoubtedly entertained a very sincere zeal for the welfare of the Church and kingdom, and who in return earned from her subjects the epithet of "Good Queen Anne." It is to this period and to this state of feeling that we must attribute many of the S. Anne churches to be found in our great cities, such as Manchester, Liverpool, Newcastle.

The more modern churches dedicated to S. Anne cannot be accounted for so satisfactorily. It must be repeated that in all probability a large proportion of the thirty churches marked in Appendix III. as belonging to the nineteenth century are not new foundations, but have only carried on the name of some older chapelry. In some cases, however, no doubt the name has been deliberately conferred; partly because S. Anne still continues to hold her place in our Prayer-book Kalendar, partly from a desire to revive mediæval practices, partly from a love of the early tradition of the joy of the childless mother in her unlooked-for blessing. Last of all, in the not infrequent juxtaposition of churches dedicated,

* Cox.

† 'Loidis and Elmete.'

‡ Mackeson.

the one to the Blessed Virgin, the other to her supposed mother, we see the desire to associate the mythical S. Anne with that highly favoured one, from whom S. Anne herself derived all her honour.

S. Petronilla. May 31. Second cent.

"Earl Waltheof was beheaded at Winchester on the Mass-day of St. Petronilla." So runs the entry in the English Chronicle for the year 1076, concerning the death of the popular national hero Waltheof, the husband, by the way, of one of our saints, or, to speak more correctly, one of those "saints that are no saints" (see "Judith," CH. LI.). "S. Petronilla's Mass-day" would not nowadays be a very widely recognized landmark, but at the time when this entry was made S. Petronilla had been for more than three centuries highly honoured in England; and we cannot doubt that when her name was bestowed upon a certain church in East Anglia—of which we shall have to speak later—it was so bestowed with the fullest and most untroubled acceptance of the popular tradition that made S. Petronilla no less a personage than the daughter of S. Peter himself.

The legend of S. Petronilla, in the form in which it has been handed down to us from the fifth century, sets forth how this saint was bedridden from paralysis, and how S. Peter was rebuked by one of his disciples—or, as some versions of the story say, by Simon Magus—for not healing his own daughter. "He replied"—we quote Bishop Lightfoot's summary of the legend *—"that her sickness was for her good, but that as an evidence of his power she should be cured temporarily and should wait upon them. This was done; she rose and ministered to them, and then retired again to her bed. After her discipline was completed she was fully healed. Her beauty attracted Flaccus the Count who came with armed men to carry her away and marry her by force. She asked a respite of three days. It was granted. On the third day she died. Then Flaccus sought her foster sister, Felicula, in marriage. Felicula declined, declaring herself to be a 'virgin of Christ.' For this she was tortured and put to death." The body of S. Felicula was thrown into the common sewer, but was afterwards rescued, at the cost of his own life, by Nicomede, the otherwise wholly unknown priest, who is commemorated in our Prayer-book Kalendar on June 1, the day following the feast of S. Petronilla (see "Nicomede," CH. XXVI.). S. Felicula's body was afterwards buried by Nicomede in the cemetery on the Ardeatine Way—that cemetery which is the one spot in the world most closely associated with the real story of Felicula's famous sister, S. Petronilla. We shall have much more to say hereafter concerning this most memorable sleeping-place, which is indeed the true centre of the whole history; but for the moment we must return to the legend.

The least critical of readers will at once see in the incident of

* For a full discussion of the story of S. Petronilla and its historical value, see Lightfoot's "Clement of Rome," vol. i., to which this account of the saint is indebted, though several additional details have been taken from the article "Petronilla" in D. C. B., and from other sources.

S. Petronilla's rising from her sick-bed to minister to the wants of others a recollection of the Gospel narrative of the healing of Peter's wife's mother; he will have no hesitation in further declaring that the greater part of the story of Petronilla as here presented is obviously purely fictitious. But in truth we have no reason to suppose that it was ever intended to be taken as historic fact; it seems rather to have belonged to the class of what we may call "religious romances." Writings of this kind, in which fact and fancy were intermingled with a bold freedom most annoying to the modern historical student, were much in vogue in the religious reading world from the second to the fifth century. We shall have occasion to speak elsewhere at more length of these historical romances when we come to one of the most famous of them all, the so-called "Clementine Recognitions," which professes to tell the life-story of Clement of Rome (CH. XX.). Without pausing now to enunciate the points at which the supposed histories of both Clement the bishop and Petronilla the virgin are intertwined, we may note here that the respective romances have much the same character. Both contain grains of fact, inextricably blended with a large proportion of pure fiction; in both there are distinct touches of local colour plainly taken from the life; in both scriptural celebrities are freely introduced; and in both Simon Magus appears in his worst light. Lastly, scholars can detect in both the heretical bias of the earliest versions of the story, and trace the subsequent "editing" which was intended to fit them for Catholic readers.

The full-blown Acts of S. Petronilla, as we have them, are but a single episode in a whole cycle of other narratives known as the "Acts of the martyrs Nereus and Achilleus." It is, in fact, a story within a story, of which the cemetery in the Ardeatine Way may be said to form the central and historic link. The Acts in their final form are not supposed to be of earlier date than the fifth century, but the episode of S. Petronilla was found before this in the apocryphal books of the Manichæans, and was known to S. Augustine. The utter childishness of many of the accessories of the story, the unworthy picture which it draws of S. Peter—his selfish display of his own power, his petty triumph over Simon Magus—none of this seems to have troubled mediæval readers; but in course of time the *fatherhood* of S. Peter did present itself to some minds as a grievous stumbling-block, and an attempt was made to explain it away as a merely spiritual relationship. To Protestant writers, however, the first was the graver difficulty of the two; they began to doubt the details of the legend, and gradually the entire legend itself; and so it came about that after the Reformation S. Petronilla was wholly repudiated in England.

But in our own day interest has been reawakened in S. Petronilla, and scientific criticism has taken a new direction, or perhaps we might more justly say, has flowed back into old and long neglected channels. The key of the problem has been found by means of diligent research in the catacomb or cemetery of S. Domitilla—that very cemetery on the Ardeatine Way of which such frequent mention is made in the various

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Acts. The name of Flavia Domitilla is so intimately associated with that of S. Clement of Rome that we shall have occasion to speak more of her elsewhere (see "Clement," CH. XX.). For the moment it is sufficient to say that she was a noble Roman lady, belonging to the imperial family of the Flavians, who lived in the closing years of the first century of our era; that she was a devoted adherent of the new faith, and placed both her house and her lands at the disposal of the infant Church in Rome. "We can hardly doubt," says the late Bishop Lightfoot, speaking of the so-called Catacomb of Domitilla, "that it stands on ground which once belonged to Flavia Domitilla; and that it was probably granted by her to her dependants and co-religionists for a cemetery." Here tradition affirms that the great Bishop Clement himself was laid to rest; here beyond doubt many less distinguished Christians of the second century, who were in some degree "under the shelter" of the Flavian family, found their last resting-place—a fact which is abundantly testified by the tombs and inscriptions that yet remain to verify the unbroken tradition of centuries. There were the tombs of the martyrs Achilleus and Nereus; and there, among the rest, lay a sarcophagus noticeable for the touching simplicity of its brief inscription: "To the darling daughter, Aurelia Petronilla." In days of turmoil and persecution it may easily have lain there unobserved; but in the season of quiet that succeeded the "Peace of the Church," when there was leisure to take account of the treasured records of the saints of old that had been long stored up in the silent refuge of the catacombs, attention was attracted by the name "Petronilla." It must be, men argued, a diminutive of *Peter*, and from thence it was easy to go a step further and to assert it to be S. Peter's own daughter; while a crowning touch of interest was given to the discovery by the declaration that the inscription was "engraved by the Apostle's own hand."

Naturally enough no honour was accounted too great for so illustrious a saint; and in the last decade of the fourth century the then Pope built up over the tomb a splendid subterranean basilica with three aisles, and the walls are adorned with a fresco which represents "S. Petronilla *the Martyr*, as she is there designated, conducting one of her votaries to Paradise." * Side by side with these material honours paid to the supposed saint there was an increasing tendency to make her the heroine of legendary stories. There was, in fact, as it has been said, "a combination of two elements;" the Gospel narrative of the miraculous healing of S. Peter's kinswoman—a story which in distorted form had already passed into the popular writings of the time—and then the discovery of the sarcophagus bearing a name somewhat resembling that of the Apostle. Nothing more was needed. "Even the simple fact"—to quote Bishop Lightfoot—"of a conspicuous tomb bearing the name Petronilla, and the dedication to a 'darling daughter,' would have been a sufficient starting point for the legend of her relationship to S. Peter, when the glorification of that apostle had become a dominant idea."

* D. C. B.

It was not to be expected that the relics of a reputed daughter of S. Peter should long be allowed to remain in the obscurity of a subterranean basilica. S. Petronilla's fame was spread abroad among the Franks, and the Carlovingian kings adopted her as their special patron—their "auxiliatrix," to use the phrase of the day—and in the eighth century King Pepin prevailed upon the then Pope, as part of the price of his alliance with the Papacy against the Lombards, to translate S. Petronilla's relics from their earliest resting-place to the imperial mausoleum at the Vatican. Eight hundred years later, when S. Peter's was rebuilt, they were once more translated to a separate side chapel specially designed for their reception, and there they remain to this day beneath a mosaic reproduction of Guercino's picture of the saint's entombment in S. Peter's. But through all the vicissitudes of restoration and translation S. Petronilla had never ceased to be regarded as peculiarly belonging to the kings of France; and such is the strength of this unbroken tradition that even at the present day the ambassador of the French Republic, "after presenting his credentials to the Pope, visits the Chapel of S. Petronilla.*

And what, it may be asked, was the fate of the rich sarcophagus? Its contents were carefully preserved, and are doubtless where they claim to be, beneath the altar in the chapel in S. Peter's; but the sarcophagus with its pathetic inscription, "perished in the ruthless and wholesale vandalism which swept away . . . other priceless memorials of early Christendom to make room for the modern church of S. Peter in the sixteenth century." † The precious monument was broken up into paving-stones; but fortunately before this was done the inscription had been exactly copied by the hand of a fifteenth-century antiquarian; and this inscription, brief though it be, has told its own story to the scholarly investigators of our own generation. The name Petronilla, they tell us, is properly derived, not from *Peter*, but from *Petronius;* and Petronius was the name of the founder of the Flavian family, a name to which a descendant of that great house would have an hereditary right, and which might naturally therefore occur in the cemetery of Flavia Domitilla. Once more the catacomb was searched, and the place where the famous sarcophagus had rested identified; and there, near to that same spot, unmolested by church-builders or excavators, were other inscriptions commemorating different members of two great imperial families, the Flavians and the Aurelians. Both of these names are combined on the tomb of the beloved maiden, "Aurelia Petronilla," who may reasonably be conjectured to be a descendant of both houses—on the father's side a representative of the Aurelians, on the mother's side related to the Flavians,‡ a somewhat younger kinswoman, it may be, of that devout Flavia Domitilla from whom the cemetery takes its name, and—for of this we can feel no doubt at all—her sister in the faith of Christ.

So at last the true Petronilla emerges from all the maze of apocryphal story in which she has for centuries been lost.

* D. C. B. † Lightfoot. ‡ D. C. B.

We have already said that the only known English dedication to S. Petronilla is in East Anglia, at Whepstead in Suffolk. * Whepstead lies close to Bury St. Edmunds, and from the days of Edward the Confessor the manor formed part of the possessions of the monks of S. Edmund's famous abbey. As the earliest mention of the manor (temp. Edward the Confessor †) speaks of the manor without reference to the church, it is probable that Whepstead owes to her monastic proprietors both the foundation of her church and the choice of her patron saint. It is not, however, impossible that both church and dedication may already have been in existence at the time when the monks entered upon their new estate. Certain it is that the legend of S. Petronilla was known in England three centuries and more before the reign of the Confessor; witness the fact that in 710 a certain Kyneburga, Abbess of Gloucester, was buried in her own church at Gloucester "before the altar of S. Petronilla;" and nineteen years later her brother Osric's place of burial is designated by the same landmark.‡ The dates are interesting, as proving that the English veneration for S. Petronilla was more than abreast of the French feeling, for it was not until some thirty years after this time that our saint was formally recognized as the patroness of the Carlovingian kings. As was before said, there can be no doubt whatever that at this period, and for some centuries to come, the dedication-name was bestowed in the full belief that the saint was none other than the daughter of S. Peter.

To some it may seem a poor exchange to have a church associated with an unknown Roman maiden of the beginning of the second century, rather than with the reputed daughter of S. Peter; but there is a strange pathos of its own in the thought of this "most sweet child," § this "darling daughter;" the Roman counterpart of the little English child laid to rest in the cloisters of our own Westminster Abbey in the stormy year of the Revolution of 1688, whose short life-story is summed up in the one sentence, "Jane Lister, dear child." ‖ We catch a glimpse of two Christian homes, both alike left the poorer by the loss of a beloved daughter, and we are content that the rest should remain untold.

* Not in Bacon or Ecton, but so given on the authority of the Rev. F. Haslewood, F.S.A., secretary of the Suffolk Arch. Soc., and so acknowledged at Whepstead.

† "Supplement to the Suffolk Traveller," 1844.

‡ D. C. B., "Keneburga" and "Osric."

§ "Filiæ dulcissimæ."

‖ Stanley's "Westminster."

CHAPTER XI.

THE VIRGIN MARTYRS.

PAGE.	NAME.	DAY.	YEAR.	CHURCHES.
	S. Martha. See CH. LI.			
107	*S. Prisca*	*January* 18	*cir.* 268 {*Anglican*} {*Kalendar*}	*No ded.*
	S. Columba. See CH. LI.			
	S. Margaret. See CH. XII.			
	S. Faith. See CH. XIII.			
108	S. Cecilia, or Cecily ...	November 22 ...	poss. cir. 177 ...	4
111	S. Agatha	February 5 ...	... „ 251 ...	6
114	S. Lucy	December 13 ...	... „ 304 ...	2
115	S. Agnes	January 21 ...	... „ 304 ...	11
117	S. Catherine	November 25 ...	... —— ...	80
122	S. Barbara	December 4 ...	... —— ...	1
124	S. Candida, or Whyte ...	August 29 ...	... —— ...	1 *dd.*
	S. Juliana. See CH. LI.			
	S. Beatrice. See CH. LI.			
	S. Ursula. See CH. LI.			
	S. Maur, or Maura. See CH. LI.			
125	S. Winifred	November 3 ...	Seventh cent. ...	1
	S. Osyth. See CH. XL.			
	S. Sidwell, or Sativola. See CH. XL.			
	S. Arilda. See CH. XL.			
	S. Alkelda. See CH. XL.			
	S. Dominica. See CH. LI.			

MANY of the names in this chapter are very familiar sounding in English ears; Margaret and Agnes, Catherine and Lucy, for example, are among the commonest of our girls' names; and Agatha, Beatrice, Barbara, though less common than the others, have never entirely lost their place amongst us. They are none of them scriptural names, and yet they rival in popularity even our beloved Bible names—except of course that of the Blessed Virgin Mary herself. We have our own National women saints—our Hildas and Mildreds and Ediths—and within the present century these have been largely revived, and are not likely to be ever lost again; but they have not been in as frequent and continuous use as the Greek Catherine or the Sicilian Lucy—names that have come to us from the martyr maidens of fifteen centuries ago.

Our churches to some extent reflect the strong feeling for these foreign saints; for while no one of our own English women saints is honoured with more than twenty churches at the very outside, S. Catherine boasts of over seventy, while S. Margaret (CH. XII.) counts hers by hundreds. It must be admitted, however, that such popularity is exceptional, and that none of the remaining virgin saints are honoured in anything like the same degree.

The legends—we dare not say the histories—of these virgin saints have been told so frequently, and are so familiar through both painting and poetry—there is, moreover, for the most part, so strong a resemblance between the principal features of the different stories—that it has not been thought necessary to relate them here at much length. In order to give a fair specimen of the whole class the story of S. Margaret of Antioch has been given with considerable detail (CH. XII.), and in the present chapter the legend of the British S. Winifred has also been given at some length, partly because it is less well known than the histories of the famous Greek and Latin virgins, and partly because it contains not a few quaint and original touches quite unlike anything that we find in their lives.

The end of the third and the beginning of the fourth centuries is the period which contains the most distinguished cluster of virgin saints. Some seventy or eighty years embrace the supposed dates of SS. Margaret, Agnes, Cecilia, Agatha, Lucy, Catherine, Barbara; but it cannot be too constantly borne in mind that in this chapter we are never for long at a time moving on the solid ground of history. Not a few facts, some dates, may be taken for truth; but where so much is fable it is a pure waste of time to bestow much attention on the hopeless entanglement of the chronology.

It is not a little disappointing that the most famous of the Virgin Martyrs are apt to be likewise the most legendary; but the reason for this lies in their very multitude. The noble constancy of young and tender women under sufferings too terrible to be dwelt upon is one of the standing glories of Christianity. S. Cecilia may be a creation of the romance writers; the torments of S. Catherine may be wholly fictitious; the Acts of S. Lucy may be utterly untrustworthy; and yet their torments, their constancy, their words of trust, are all true to life, and may be matched by the admittedly genuine stories of hundreds of other women martyrs. The heroism of S. Perpetua under unimaginable agonies is as splendid as that of S. Agnes, and scholars tell us that the Acts of her martyrdom may be received undoubtingly. S. Margaret of Antioch is no whit more steadfast under trial than Blandina, the slave-girl of Lyons, though in the one case we have all the embellishments of successive romance writers, and in the other only the plain unvarnished facts of history. Why, then, has the reverence of generations been directed to these more legendary figures? Chiefly, no doubt, because the mere fact of constancy under persecution was in those glorious days too common

to be a sufficient distinction. In some few instances—S. Perpetua,* for example, and S. Agatha, and to some extent S. Agnes—enough real details of the saints' lives and sufferings were preserved to satisfy the imagination; but where these were wanting the temptation to fill up the blank outlines was very strong. Real facts were amplified and incidents were added, which if not literally true in themselves, yet had an allegorical beauty and fitness of their own which caused them to be readily welcomed. It was easier to remember S. Cecilia by her chaplet of unfading flowers, or S. Margaret by her dragon, or S. Lucy by her beautiful eyes, than to remember the names of other Virgin Martyrs who had no such distinctive emblems. Nevertheless the intention to hold in honourable remembrance those pure-hearted women "who loved not their lives unto the death" was the same in both cases.

S. Martha. See CH. LI.

S. Prisca. Jan. 18, cir. 268.

S. Prisca of Rome, who suffered, according to her legend, under the Emperor Claudius in the third century, has been frequently but quite erroneously confused with her Bible namesake. Some commentators have taken this Claudius for the first emperor of the name, and have consequently sought to identify S. Prisca with the Priscilla of the Acts, spoken of in the Epistle to Timothy as Prisca; but it is to be feared that this theory must be unhesitatingly dismissed, and that we must look for our S. Prisca in the brief reign of the second Claudius † (A.D. 268–270).

In her legend she plays the part of a Una, and is protected by the fierce lion intended to be the instrument of her death. That which the lion refused to do was done by the sword of the headsman, and the story adds that an eagle came to watch over the saint's dead body. "Thus," says the legend, "was virgin innocence honoured by the kingly bird as well as by the kingly beast." ‡

Though throughout all changes her name has been steadily retained in our Prayer-book Kalendar (which is the reason for including her in this chapter), there is no single church dedicated in her honour. At one time she seems to have had a considerable reputation in some parts of Europe, but probably nowadays the name of S. Prisca conveys nothing to the majority of those English Churchmen who chance to observe it against the Table of Daily Lessons for January 18, unless it be some passing thought of the Prisca of Scripture, to whom "all the Churches of the Gentiles" were bound "to give thanks." Such a mingling of Prisca, the godly matron of the first century, with Prisca, the virgin martyr of the third century, is at any rate not peculiar to England or to modern times, for according to ancient tradition the church of S. Prisca at Rome occupied the site of the house of Priscilla and Aquila.§

S. Columba. See CH. LI.

* For the reason why S. Perpetua has never been honoured among us, see CH. XIX.

† D. C. B.

‡ Mrs. Jameson.

§ Ibid.

S. Margaret. This most famous and most mythical saint is considered elsewhere (CH. XII.), in conjunction with her two namesakes of the eleventh and sixteenth centuries respectively.

S. Faith. See CH. XIII.

S. Cecilia, or Cecily. Nov. 22, possibly cir. 177.* A variety of causes have combined to give the legend of S. Cecilia a strong hold upon the popular imagination. S. Cecilia's church in the Trastevere, built, according to tradition, on the site of her own house, is one of the sights of Rome; and within the church visitors are still shown the little chapel erected over the ancient bath-room, with all its well-preserved apparatus of pipes and cauldron,† in which, according to her legend, the saint suffered martyrdom. That legend, moreover—though assigned on high authority ‡ to a date some two hundred years after the death of the only martyred Cecilia of whom we have any real knowledge, and though obviously expanded and "dressed up"—may none the less embalm a genuine tradition; and it has the further distinction—not too common in legends of this class—of abounding in touches of true poetry.

Valerian, the suitor to whom S. Cecilia's faith is pledged, is no monster of cruelty; rather he is as loyal-hearted as his Christian bride. There is a pathos in the picture of the young husband and wife, agreeing together to live that virginal life which both held to be the more excellent way, and in the description of their brief span of wedded life, so illuminated with love to God and man, that many who came within its sweet influence were fain to learn its secret. And what again can be more beautiful than the legend of the chaplets of unfading roses gathered in Paradise, fit coronets for such pure souls as Cecilia and Valerian, but visible only to those who had the spiritual insight to behold them? Thus, the "immortal roses" brought by the angel "to S. Cecilia's bridal chamber" § have become a favourite theme of poets. Many readers will recall both Longfellow's use of the legend and Tennyson's ‖ lovely word-picture—

> "Or in a clear-wall'd city on the sea,
> Near gilded organ-pipes, her hair
> Wound with white roses, slept St. Cecily;
> An angel look'd at her."

"It is to be desired," says a conscientious Roman Catholic hagiologist of the eighteenth century, "that the history which we possess of S. Cecilia had as much of certainty as her name has of reputation throughout the Church," ¶ but very honesty compels him to acknowledge that this is not so, and that we are in doubt as to the authenticity of every word of her Acts. He claims most justly that there is "nothing shocking or

* See the arguments adduced for this early date in the notes to Lightfoot's "S. Ignatius," part i., where it is also shown that the actual day of the martyrdom was probably September 16, and that November 22 is only the anniversary of a ninth-century translation of the saint's relics.

† Murray's "Rome."

‡ Lightfoot.

§ "Golden Legend."

‖ "Palace of Art."

¶ Baillet.

offensive" even in the portions that are in themselves most incredible; but he is constrained to add that there is nothing authentic even in those portions which sound the most probable. One very serious but not by itself sufficient objection to the truth of the story lies in the fact that it is assigned to the reign of the Emperor Alexander Severus who is known to have been generally favourable towards the Christians; but a far more serious objection is that the prefect who is specially named as having put the law in action against her is non-existent at that period. Mr. Baring-Gould declares that, though "there may have been a foundation of fact on which the story was built up," the real authority for the history of the loves and sufferings of SS. Cecilia and Valerian is to be found in a Greek religious romance of the fourth century.* "If therefore," says Bishop Lightfoot,† "we had possessed only the Acts we might have rejected the whole story of Cecilia as pure fiction without any basis of historical truth. . . . But we are compelled by certain historical incidents relating to the real or supposed remains of Cecilia to reconsider the matter." As so often happens, the fame of this Virgin Martyr was far in excess of any real knowledge of her story. In the famous Sacramentary of Pope Gelasius (cir. 394) S. Cecilia's Day was raised to the dignity of a feast possessing a vigil, and there can be little doubt that a Roman church already bore her name, though we may perhaps mistrust the exact traditional date, A.D. 230.‡

In the year 817, when Pope Paschal I. set himself to translate to churches within the city the relics of 2300 martyrs who lay in the catacombs without the walls, he sought in vain for the remains of S. Cecilia. A vision led him to search in that part of the great cemetery of S. Callixtus which is known from the martyred Pope who sleeps therein as the Crypt of S. Sixtus (see "S. Laurence," CH. XXVI.). There he found what he sought, and caused the corpse to be translated with all honour to the existing basilica of S. Cecilia in the Trastevere. In the closing year of the sixteenth century, in the course of some restoration of this ancient church, the sarcophagus brought from the catacombs was opened, and in it was found "enclosed in a coffin of cypress wood the body of a young woman lying on the right side, her knees slightly drawn and her face turned towards the ground. Her dress inwoven with gold thread was stained with blood. At her feet were the linen cloths saturated with blood, as described by Paschal." § And in our own day yet another discovery has been made. The Crypt of S. Sixtus had long borne the alternative name of the "Crypt of S. Cecilia," and a leading Italian archæologist ‖ found not long ago an inner chamber to which the passage had been blocked up. It contained a large empty niche, above which was a picture bearing an imperfect inscription, which has with great probability been interpreted to mean, "in honour of Cecilia the martyr."

* November 22.
† "S. Ignatius," vol. i.
‡ Murray's "Rome."
§ Lightfoot.
‖ De Rossi.

Hard by were found other memorials of Christian Cæcilii from the end of the second century onward. "There can be little doubt therefore," says Bishop Lightfoot, "that we have discovered the place from which Paschal removed the body, or what he supposed to be the body, of S. Cecilia in the ninth century. . . . But if so, what inferences may we draw from the tomb and its surroundings?" Very briefly stated the answer given by the Italian archæologist is as follows: "That Cecilia was, as she is represented in her Acts, a lady of noble birth; that the land here belonged to her gens; that some members of the family were converted to Christianity in the second century, so that Cecilia was a Christian from her cradle, as the Acts state; that these Christian Cæcilii made over the subterranean vaults for the purposes of Christian burial, and consequently they themselves were laid here; . . . that the main outlines of the story are true; that they were preserved by tradition in the family; and that some member of it dressed up the tradition with the usual exaggerations, embellishments and distortions, not before the end of the fourth century, in the form which is preserved in the extant Acts." * But one question still remains. "Granted," says Bishop Lightfoot, "that Cecilia was a real person, when was she martyred?" We have seen that the martyrdom is usually placed under Alexander Severus, a date which is untenable. Lightfoot, for reasons too intricate to be here discussed, is inclined to accept the guidance of a ninth-century martyrology (Ado), which places it far earlier, under the joint reign of Marcus Aurelius and Commodus, that is to say, between A.D. 177 and 180.

But so far we have said nothing of S. Cecilia's connexion with music, and it is above all as a lover of music that she stands forth in our imagination, distinguished from all her sister martyrs. We can no more think of "the sweet enthusiast," "the divine Cecilia," † apart from her organ, apart from the thoughts of "heavenly harmony," than we can think of the soldier Sebastian apart from his arrows. And yet it is quite certain that music played no part whatever in the earliest versions of her story. It first came to be associated with her in the height of her fame, at the time when Pope Paschal I. translated her remains, and richly endowed the monks of the monastery adjoining her church, in order that they might cause hymns of praise to be sung around her tomb unceasingly by day and by night.‡ It is not difficult to see how all the later legends concerning the maiden's wondrous musical gifts would develop out of this circumstance.

We know from an incidental allusion to "S. Cecily" in Bede's history § that even before the putting forth of his Kalendar the name and story of this sweet saint must have been familiar to Englishmen; but it is probable that the veneration for her received an impetus after the Norman Conquest.

* Lightfoot.

† Dryden.

‡ Baillet.

§ Where he says that the English missionary Wilbrord was consecrated bishop at Rome A.D. 696, "in the church of the holy martyr Cecilia on her feast-day" (bk. v. 12). Of course, too, the names of SS. Cecilia, Agnes, and Agatha, were familiar to all Christendom through their place in the Canon of the Mass.

It appears that in Aquitaine she was peculiarly reverenced. At a time when local ecclesiastical usages had not all been so closely conformed to one pattern as was the later tendency, the Gallican Church had a special service of its own in honour of S. Cecilia, which was in use, it is believed, from the sixth century to the time of Charlemagne. It was more particularly in use in Aquitaine,* and when we consider the intimate connexion between England and Aquitaine, we may not unreasonably conjecture that it is by this channel that we get what few dedications we have in this name.

We can trace the records of one such dedication in a chapel at Cirencester in Gloucestershire, but this chapel is now no longer in existence. Apart, however, from a quite modern church of S. Cecilia at Wandsworth, we have three existing churches dedicated to this saint, at Adstock in Buckinghamshire, Girton in Nottinghamshire, and West Bilney in Norfolk. The dedication-name of Girton was for long unknown, but a careful investigation of pre-Reformation documents in York Minster† shows S. Cecilia to be the lost patroness, and thus furnishes us with one more welcome example of this too rare dedication-name.

S. Agatha. Feb. 5, cir. 251.

If S. Cecilia belongs to Rome S. Agatha still more emphatically belongs to Sicily, for Sicily claims her both in life and death; claims her birthplace and the scene of her martyrdom; claims to be the guardian of her relics, and claims to be under the special protection of her wonder-working fame. Her story of heroic fortitude under bodily torments unspeakable, and under protracted mental agonies far worse than death itself, is a story that can find many a counterpart in those days of fiery trial. There is no reason to doubt the main facts, though in course of time details may have been amplified and added.‡ Some authorities refer her martyrdom to the Diocletian persecution in 304, but it is generally, and with more reason, placed half a century earlier, in the Decian persecution, and this agrees with the succeeding history of another Sicilian martyr, S. Lucy, and of the reverence felt by her for her brave sister in the faith.

Brought up from childhood among Christian influences, Agatha was early resolved to consecrate herself, body and soul, to her Saviour; but her beauty attracted the evil admiration of the heathen governor Quintianus. Hoping to escape his notice, S. Agatha withdrew into the country, but was followed and brought back to Catania by order of Quintianus. Had she yielded to his wicked will the question of her religion might never have been raised; but when a month's resistance had failed to shake her resolution, when threats and bribes were alike found powerless, then the public edicts against Christianity became a convenient instrument in the judge's hands. S. Agatha was brought forth from her prison and offered the usual alternative of sacrificing to the gods or of dying. Had she, it was asked of her, seriously considered the question of saving her

* Baillet.

† Raine's "Nottinghamshire Dedications."

‡ Baillet, D. C. B., etc.

life? She made answer that she had considered it. Would she then renounce Christ? The answer came with no uncertain sound: "He is my life and my salvation." The tyrant, baffled by her calm steadfastness, gave orders that she should be subjected to tortures inexpressible. Wounded in every part, yet still alive, she was carried back to her dungeon, whence four days later she was again taken to be once more brought before the so-called judge. Some say that she ended her life on the spot under torture, but it is more commonly believed that she was remanded with intent later on to bring her forth to death, and that in the interval she was mercifully released by death, and sank peacefully to sleep in her dungeon.

From the moment of her martyrdom she was abundantly honoured by the Christians in her own native island; her tomb at Catania became, as we shall find (see "S. Lucy"), a place of sacred pilgrimage, and the belief sprang up almost from the time of her death, and continued through many centuries, that the supposed veil of S. Agatha—the precious relic of the days of her imprisonment, which in the eighteenth century was still shown at Catania—had, when borne forth in solemn procession, averted from her own city many a dreaded eruption of Mount Etna.

Ere long the fame of S. Agatha spread to Rome. There is still extant a hymn in praise of her which is attributed to Pope Damasus (A.D. 366), that ardent seeker after the memorials of the saints and martyrs. The hymn embodies an early tradition concerning S. Agatha, that as she lay in agony in her dark dungeon she was miraculously healed of her grievous wounds by a heavenly visitant, who declared himself to be none other than S. Peter himself. Shortly after this time, if not before, Rome began to dedicate churches in her honour, for we hear of one that was not merely built, but rebuilt, in 460,* and of another built in A.D. 500. The honours paid to her increased more and more after the sixth century, when Gregory the Great (as we have good reason to believe) caused her name to be inserted in the Canon of the Mass, where it was daily mentioned in the holy service together with the names of those other Virgin Martyrs, SS. Agnes, Lucy, and Cecilia. Whether in order to mark a sense of the greater authenticity of her history, or from whatever cause, certain other rare distinctions are further accorded to S. Agatha in the Roman Missal. For example, in the special commemoration of her martyrdom on February 5, instead of the usual general references in the words of Scripture to the patience and virtue of the saints which do duty for the festivals of S. Catherine and S. Cecilia,† particular allusion is made to her Acts in the words: "He who vouchsafed to heal all my wounds, and restore my breast to my body, is the living God whom I call upon." The words of the introit sound the true note of the festival in their triumphant summons: "Let us rejoice in the Lord, and celebrate this festival in honour of blessed Agatha, for whose martyrdom the angels rejoice, and

* D. C. B.

† S. Barbara and S. Margaret do not appear to be mentioned at all.

join in the praises of the Son of God;" and again, there is a peculiar fitness in the choice of the Epistle: "God hath chosen the weak things of the world that He may confound the strong," and in the selected verse from the Psalms: "I spoke of Thy testimonies also before kings, and was not ashamed." One sentence from S. Agatha's Acts has been familiar for centuries to thousands of people to whom her very story is unknown, from the use made of it in the "Imitatione Christi." The passage referred to is the one beginning: "O how wise was that holy soul that said 'My mind is firmly settled and grounded in Christ.'" The saying forms part of S. Agatha's reply to the alternate promises and threats of the wicked Quintianus, a reply which ends thus: "Your words are winds, your promises are rain, your terrors are floods, which however hardly they may beat upon the foundation of my house, it cannot ever fall, for it is founded upon a rock." * The quotation is of interest as illustrating the devotional use made of the lives of the saints by devout readers of the twelfth century.

S. Agatha is still loyally remembered in her native Sicily; most of all, of course, as is right and fitting, in Catania, the city where she suffered, and where also (as seems most probable) she was born. The cathedral still bears her name; the carved choir-stalls represent scenes from her life; and in the inner chapel of "Sant' Agata" are kept the most treasured relics of her, amongst them a half-length figure of her in silver-gilt, together with a golden crown, which is said to have been presented at her shrine by Richard Cœur de Lion.† Yet another Sicilian memorial of the saint is to be found in a little village on the north coast, midway between Palermo and Messina, named from her "Sant' Agata."

The ancient dedications to S. Agatha in this country are four in number, if we include Llanymynech, which lies so close to the Welsh border that part of the parish is in Montgomeryshire and part in Shropshire. Then there is Brightwell in Berkshire—a church which, from its style of architecture, may probably be referred to the fourteenth century. Lastly, there are two neighbouring churches in the North Riding of Yorkshire—one of them at Easby, the other at Gilling—both of which owe their dedication-name to the same origin—the Premonstratensian Abbey founded at Easby in honour of S. Agatha in 1152 by Roald, the Constable of Richmond Castle. No one who has walked from Richmond to Easby can fail to recall the perfect situation of S. Agatha's ruined abbey at Easby, standing in the peaceful water-meadows on the banks of the Swale. The abbey has long lain in ruins, but S. Agatha's name survives in the parish church of Easby. This parish church is, in point of fact, more ancient than the abbey, and must therefore at one time have possessed some other dedication-name; but in 1424 it was in great part rebuilt, and was re-dedicated by the Bishop of Dromore,‡ and it is highly probable that it was at this time placed under the same

* See note to Parker's edition, 1852.

† Murray's "Mediterranean."

‡ Murray's "Yorkshire."

invocation as the abbey church adjoining. We may be tolerably sure that the other dedication to S. Agatha at Gilling is capable of much the same explanation. Of modern churches to S. Agatha, we find one at Shoreditch and one also at Landport, a suburb of Portsmouth.

S. Lucy. Dec. 13, cir. 304.

Associated with S. Agatha by the tie of a common fatherland, is the young Sicilian saint, S. Lucy of Syracuse. According to her Acts, there is yet another bond between them, for it was at the tomb of S. Agatha at Catania that S. Lucy, in the peaceful days of her girlhood, went to pray for the boon that lay nearest her heart—the recovery of her mother from prolonged sickness. And as she knelt beside the shrine, S. Agatha herself appeared to her in glory, promising her the fulfilment of her request, and foretelling the greatness that would hereafter come upon Syracuse through her name.

And now the mother, restored to health, was moved to show her thankfulness for the unhoped-for mercy by allowing her daughter to make the sacrifice on which her young enthusiasm was bent, and to give up the rich marriage that had been arranged for her, in order that she might follow the steps of the blessed Agatha, and be evermore a virgin. From this point the legend—and indeed it is but a legend, though no doubt resting upon some slight basis of truth—is closely assimilated to the usual models. Her refusal to marry rouses the wrath of her suitor; she is denounced to the consul, arrested, examined, and put to death with the usual circumstances of horror too dreadful to recapitulate. One of the later versions of her story tells how her suitor, before he had recourse to harshness, tried to win her by fond praises of her beautiful eyes, and how S. Lucy, mindful of the Saviour's words, "If thine eye offend thee, pluck it out, and cast it from thee," plucked out her eyes and handed them to her lover. Mrs. Jameson considers that this addition to the original legend was invented to account for the strange emblem of an eye, or pair of eyes, which old painters were wont to place beside her as symbolical of her name of Lucy, which means of course "light." *

S. Lucy's name is found in the Sacramentary of S. Gregory the Great, and churches in honour of a S. Lucy were very early built at Rome; but there seems to have been some doubt, even in early times, as to whether they were intended for S. Lucy of Syracuse or for a widowed namesake of hers who was murdered at Rome itself about the same time. There is a somewhat similar doubt as to the churches in this island, for careful students of Celtic Kalendars † have been inclined to attribute a chapel in Cardiganshire that bears the name of S. Lucia (Bettws-Lleiki or Lleicu) to a certain "S. Lucia the happy," ‡ who is reckoned among one of the innumerable companions of S. Ursula.

On the whole, however, we are inclined to think that our two English dedications in this name—at Dembleby in Lincolnshire and Upton Magna

* "Sacred and Legendary Art."

† See D. C. B., "Lucia" (2).

‡ In the Clergy List, 1896, Bettws-Leiki is given as "S. Michael;" but we may note yet another Welsh church of S. Lucia at Abernant in Carmarthenshire.

in Shropshire—were genuinely intended for the Sicilian saint, and without doubt they have come to be so regarded. Her Acts were known to our English S. Aldhelm in the seventh century; her name was in our English Kalendars, where it still retains its place to this day; and the fact that her remains were translated in the tenth century from Italy to Metz, and were highly honoured there, may possibly point to the channel through which we come by our two English churches of S. Lucy. Her feast-day, December 13, has a special importance for us, inasmuch as it is the day chosen to determine the date of the winter Ember Days—"the Wednesday, Friday and Saturday after December 13th." *

S. Agnes. Jan. 21, cir. 304.

Among all the many Virgin Martyrs there is none who has been more honoured and beloved than the Roman S. Agnes, whose praises were spoken by S. Augustine and written by S. Ambrose and S. Jerome—S. Agnes, who for centuries was looked upon as the pattern of pure Christian maidenhood. Her story contains a large admixture of legend, but there appears little doubt that it rests upon a general basis of truth.

The child of wealthy Roman parents, and distinguished for her riches and beauty, Agnes was sought in marriage by a young heathen noble of high position. She firmly refused his suit, making answer that she was already betrothed to a greater Bridegroom. This stirred the jealous passions of the lover, nor was he appeased by learning the true meaning of her words. "Knowest thou not," said one, "that Agnes has been a Christian from her infancy upwards, and the husband of whom she speaks is no other than Jesus Christ?" † It is probable enough that under other circumstances Agnes's religion might have been forgiven, but, joined to the insult offered to the son of the prefect, it became an unpardonable offence, and it was determined to put in force against her the terrible Diocletian edicts against Christianity. The rest of the Acts tell of the various indignities heaped by cruel men upon the gentle maiden whom the fire itself refused to harm. The story is a painful one in itself, and is overlaid with miraculous and extravagant touches which only mar its simplicity; and yet it is not wholly unredeemed, for through it all the bright light of Agnes's purity shines forth, reminding one of the lady in "Comus," who, in her "hidden strength" and "virgin purity," walks unharmed amid all manner of outward dangers.

S. Agnes might fitly be ranked among the child-saints, for, according to the authority of the Fathers, she was but thirteen years of age at the time of her execution. Apart from this, however, it is evident from the Acts of her martyrdom that she was regarded as little more than a child. "Remember," the heathen governor is represented as saying to her in her examination, "you are only a child, though forward for your age." And Agnes makes answer, "I may be a child, but faith dwells not in years, but in the heart."

Dedications to S. Agnes are rarer than we should be inclined to expect,

* Preface to Prayer-book. † Mrs. Jameson.

and the nineteenth-century churches in her honour completely outnumber the pre-Reformation dedications. Probably Tennyson's beautiful lines on S. Agnes's Eve have not been without influence on the modern feeling for this saint. They breathe the very spirit of the S. Agnes of the legend; there is the same spotless purity, the same passionate yearning to be set free from all earthly ties, and made fit to be joined to her Lord—"For me the Heavenly Bridegroom waits, to make me pure of sin." The high-wrought aspirations of the poem do not go beyond the fervent outpourings supposed to have been spoken by the girl-martyr while in the flames: "I bless Thee, O Father of my Lord Jesus Christ, who permittest me, intrepid, to come to Thee through the fires. Lo! what I have believed, that now I see; what I have hoped for, that now I hold; what I have desired, that now I embrace. I confess Thee with my lips, and with my heart I altogether desire Thee. I come to Thee, one and true God. Amen." Tennyson shows us a pure-hearted nun in the uneventful stillness of her quiet cloister, patiently watching "the creeping hours," waiting in undoubting faith for the blessed consummation on which her heart is fixed: the ancient Acts of S. Agnes show us a maiden of like nature in the triumphant hour of her martyrdom. The circumstances are different, the spirit is the same.

The nineteenth-century dedications to S. Agnes in Bristol, Liverpool, Kennington Park, and elsewhere, do not call for much remark. The earlier traces of her veneration amongst us are not always easy to follow. Cawston in Norfolk, however, tells its own story very plainly, for not only is the church dedicated to S. Agnes, but the fair-day is kept on February 1, S. Agnes's Day, O.S. The island and parish of St. Agnes-in-Scilly is plainly named from her, as is likewise the Cornish parish of St. Agnes near Truro, with its "S. Agnes's Well" close to the site of an ancient chapel. We must speak with more reserve of the third parish in this name, the Cambridgeshire "Papworth-St. Agnes." The existing church is dedicated not to S. Agnes but to S. John the Baptist, and it seems possible that the Agnes in question may only have been a local proprietress to whom the saintly prefix came in course of time to be attached.*

Nor is London without its memorials of this highly honoured virgin. In the Middle Ages there was a church of S. Agnes standing in Aldersgate, and though the building has long passed away, the name is still retained in the consolidated parishes of "SS. Ann and Agnes," Aldersgate. This union of the parish of St. Agnes with that of "St. Ann in the Willows" is not a recent arrangement, but took place sufficiently long ago to allow time for the growth of that ubiquitous myth, that the church was built by "two sisters named Anne and Agnes."† In Old Street, which runs out of Aldersgate, was a celebrated well known as "S. Agnes-

* Compare the adjacent parish of Papworth *Everard*, erroneously called "Papworth-St. Everard" (CH. LL.).

† Newcourt, quoted in "London P. and P."

le-Clair." Until within the last hundred years part of the surrounding district was still known as "S. Agnes-le-Clair-Fields," and when the fields vanished their memory was preserved for a time by such names as S. Agnes Street or Crescent or Terrace. Fortunately St. Agnes' Terrace still remains,* but the other names have been altered, and thus one more interesting link with the past has been lost.

S. Catherine, or Katherine. Nov. 25.

The date conventionally assigned to this most popular of saints, A.D. 307, would naturally lead us to class her among the numberless victims of the fourth-century persecutions, and it is disappointing to find that in reality there is no faintest mention of her name in history or legend for some five centuries to come. So far as can be traced, the starting-point of the famous story of S. Catherine, the martyr of Alexandria, was the discovery upon Mount Sinai some time early in the ninth century of an unknown corpse which the Christians of those regions, suffering heavily at that time beneath the persecution of their Saracen masters, chose to pronounce the body of a Christian saint and martyr, and to which they gave the symbolical name of *Catherine*, a diminutive form of the Greek adjective καθαρος—*pure*. Having provided their newly-found saint with a name, the next step was to provide her with a feast-day, a pedigree, and a legend; a threefold task which the Greek romance writers were entirely competent to undertake.

The story of "the Lady Catherine," which purports to be told by a servant belonging to her household, is an excellent example of the religious romance proper before referred to (p. 101). Its outline is as follows: Catherine was the only child and heiress of a certain king of Egypt, who was himself descended from the father of Constantine the Great. This maiden was as good as she was beautiful, and no pains were spared to train her mind in all the noblest learning of the philosophers of old. When Catherine was about fourteen her father died, and she became queen in her own right; and now it was needful to provide her with a suitable husband, but the young queen had no mind to turn her thoughts from study to matrimony, and she proposed conditions that baffled her people, for she would have no husband but one who should be far above herself in all gifts of nature and of grace—"so noble that all men shall worship him, so great that I shall never think that I have made him king, so benign that he can gladly forgive all offences done unto him." † Thus Catherine, though as yet knowing nothing of the true God, set before her pure imagination an ideal which He alone could satisfy. The rest of the legend follows very well-worn lines: a hermit declares to her the way of salvation, and forthwith Catherine makes known her resolution to be the bride of none but Christ Himself. Then the inevitable tyrant—in this case represented by the wicked Roman Emperor Maxentius—appears upon the scene, and Queen Catherine is called upon to defend her faith against the arguments of the wisest of the pagan philosophers. This set disputation, which enables all the Christian arguments to be set forth to advantage,

* "London P. and P." † Mrs. Jameson.

is another very favourite episode, in the management of which the Greek romance writers excelled. S. Catherine made long speeches, which it is to be feared modern readers would pronounce wearisome, but which had the effect, it need hardly be said, of convincing the philosophers, insomuch that they gladly suffered death for the faith which just before they so vehemently denounced. But the hardened Maxentius hated Catherine the more for her beauty and her fortitude, and when he found that he could in no way obtain any power over her will, he decreed that she should be done to death with tortures unspeakable; and out of the ingenuity of his cruelty he devised a wheel set round with spikes whereon her tender body should be broken, and when by Divine interposition this failed in its purpose, he caused her to be scourged and beheaded.

So far the scene of the legend has been laid at Alexandria; it yet remained to bridge the chasm between Alexandria and Mount Sinai, and this was done by a bold poetic flight, for it was said that when S. Catherine was dead "angels took up her body and carried it over the desert, and over the Red Sea, till they deposited it on the summit of Mount Sinai." *

Such in brief is the famous story of S. Catherine. It is not worth while to consider at length the various sources which might have suggested materials for the legend. One writer points out that the wheel as an instrument of torture appears in the Acts of a certain Christian slave-woman,† Charitana by name, in the time of the Diocletian persecution: Mrs. Jameson dwells on the coincidences between the story of S. Catherine and that of the noble heathen maiden, Hypatia; while still more strenuous efforts have been made from the seventeenth century onwards to provide S. Catherine with a solid background of history by identifying her with a certain nameless lady ‡ of Alexandria, described by Eusebius as conspicuous alike for her birth, her wealth, and her learning, who suffered banishment, together with the loss of all her estates, rather than become one of the victims of the infamous Emperor Maximinus. The identification is at first sight very plausible, but it breaks down utterly on closer investigation Much stress has been laid upon the point that Eusebius's heroine resembled S. Catherine in her learning; but, as Baillet justly observes, this argument would be stronger elsewhere than in Alexandria, a city where, in the days of Origen at least, scholarly women were no rarity; and it is noticeable that Eusebius expressly says that though the lady he tells of "was prepared to die," the tyrant could not bring himself to kill her. And so we must relinquish the attempt to find any one authentic Catherine; but as we consider the various scattered elements that may have entered into the story, we may say in the words of a writer on this subject: "If two real persons" (that is, the slave-girl Charitana and Eusebius's nameless lady of Alexandria) "of widely different, but equally noble and characteristic type, had thus been blended into one St. Catherine, it would help to account for the great hold that saint has had upon the popular imagination." §

* Mrs. Jameson.
† D. C. B., "Charitana."
‡ Called "Dorothea" by Rufinus.
§ E. B. Birks in D. C. B., "Charitana."

The futile endeavours of modern critics to free S. Catherine's story from its most glaring impossibilities were to some extent anticipated by the celebrated Greek legend collector of the tenth century, Metaphrastes, who, so to speak, "edited" the Acts of S. Catherine, and pruned them of some of their wildest extravagances,* in the hopes of thereby rendering them more credible, if not more authentic. So far as Western Europe was concerned he might have spared himself the trouble. The Latin Church was late in attaining to a knowledge of the legend of S. Catherine. It owed both S. Catherine and S. Nicholas to Eastern channels, but as soon as it had the opportunity it welcomed the one saint as heartily as it did the other. No tiresome critical scruples as to impossibilities or anachronisms hindered S. Catherine's enthusiastic acceptation among the Christians of the West; rather she was loved the more for the sake of the marvellous element which provided so much food for the imagination.

Here in England her feast-day became a popular holiday, and selections from her Acts were put into the form of lessons to be publicly read in church. The very divergences in the original form of the legend had advantages, for they enabled different nationalities to modify the story according to their own peculiar bent; and Mrs. Jameson quotes a most characteristic constitutional turn given to the story in its English version, where we read that Queen Catherine was "desired to call a parliament" to satisfy the reasonable discontent of her people, and that "the estates being met, they besought her that she would be pleased to take a husband who should assist her in the government of the country," etc.

Among the numberless dedications to S. Catherine of Alexandria, by far the most interesting, as it is also the very first in order of time, is the church attached to the convent of S. Catherine on Mount Sinai, that ancient convent of S. Catherine's to which all Christians owe a debt of gratitude for its long guardianship of the precious MS. of the New Testament known as the Sinaitic Codex. We must not, however, linger by S. Catherine's supposed sleeping-place, or stop to speak of the honours paid her at Rome, in Russia, in France—throughout, in fact, the entire limits of Christendom; we must come nearer home to the English churches dedicated in her honour.

It is commonly said, and probably with truth, that S. Catherine was introduced into Western Europe by the Crusaders, and if so she cannot have been known there previous to the eleventh century. England seems to have been well to the fore in following the new fashion, for "about the year 1110" we hear of the performance at Dunstable of a miracle-play founded on the story of S. Catherine; † in 1148 we find Queen Matilda, the wife of King Stephen, founding a collegiate church and hospital of S. Katherine's ‡ in the neighbourhood of the Tower. The hospital,

* Baillet, November 25.

† Godwin and Britton.

‡ Both forms of the name appear to be used indiscriminately, but those churches which adhere to the initial K are of course nearest to the Greek original. On the whole, it would seem that the modern tendency is to revert to the K, which was the form most common in England in pre-Reformation days.

modified to suit present-day needs, still exists, though it has been transferred from its original site to the Regent's Park in order to make room for a great expansion of the London Docks. Not the college merely, but "the entire parish of St. Katherine with its 1250 houses, was excavated and carried away,"* but in the name of "St. Catherine's Docks" we can still trace the ecclesiastical history of the district. Two other City parishes of very early date, "St. Katherine *Coleman*" † and "St. Katherine *Cree*," ‡ witness to the popularity of the learned lady of Alexandria.

The chapel of S. Catherine's within the precincts of Hylton Castle, in the county of Durham, well-nigh rivals Queen Matilda's foundation in point of antiquity, for its "records extend back as far as 1157." § It was used for divine service as recently as the beginning of the present century, but has now fallen completely into ruin, and has apparently been superseded by a more modern structure dedicated to another famous virgin saint, S. Margaret. S. Catherine is so general a favourite that she cannot be said to belong to one part of England more than another. She is to be found in three-fourths of our counties, even in Cornwall—where doubtless some earlier national saint was dispossessed in her honour. The Knights Templars, who stamped the memory of their Order upon the Cornish parish of Temple, also doubtless introduced the new foreign S. Catherine to whom the church is dedicated. Winterbourne-Basset in Wiltshire, and Montacute in Somerset, belong to the fourteenth century, the time apparently of S. Catherine's greatest popularity. In each of the counties last mentioned, and in Hampshire, we find not less than six dedications to S. Catherine, most of them of ancient date; while the Hampshire parish of Catherington (in old maps "Katherington") would seem by its very name to proclaim its patron.

The number of dedications to S. Catherine would be largely increased if we were to take into account the many small wayside chapels that bear her name. It is curious to notice how generally these are situated on the crown of some *hill* (if possible overlooking the sea)—a symbolical reference no doubt to S. Catherine's last resting-place upon Mount Sinai. Take, for example, S. Catherine's hillside chapel at Winchester: the foundations alone remain, but the hill is still known as "St. Catherine's Hill," ‖ though commonly shortened by the Winchester boys to the one word "Hills." The same thing is to be found again in this same county of Hampshire some two miles north of Christchurch; and Abbotsbury in Dorsetshire furnishes a third instance, far more satisfactory than the former two, because the tiny fourteenth-century building is still in good condition. It was intended "for the shipwrecked mariners to return thanks in," and when this "sailors' chapel" is taken in conjunction with the dedication of the parish church to S. Nicholas, the patron of sailors, it shows how

* Murray's "Kent."

† See CH. LI.

‡ *i.e.* "St. Katherine: Christ Church," an abbreviation arising from the close proximity of the church to Christ-church Priory.

§ Murray's "Durham."

‖ Murray's "Hants."

entirely sea-faring were the interests of the little community. The modern church of Ventnor has done well to choose S. Catherine for its patron, for a glance at the map of the island will show how S. Catherine has stamped herself upon the natural features of this southern line of coast; the headland running out to sea is "St. Catherine's Point;" the downs on the brow of the cliff are "St. Catherine's Downs." "St. Catherine's Beacon" recalls the twofold provision made in the time of Edward II. for the safety of the sea-going folk—"sufficient revenues for the support of a priest who, beside saying his office, should keep a light burning in stormy weather, to warn the tempest-tossed mariners off these rock-bound coasts." * The tower of the chapel is still standing, but the lighthouse has been removed to "St. Catherine's Point," a situation where it can do better service than on the old beacon, but where it is no less than formerly "St. Catherine's Light." "St. Catherine's, Lincoln," is a postal district but not a parish. No doubt, like another postal district of the same name, "St. Catherine's, Guildford," it bears witness to some now forgotten chapelry of S. Catherine's; but we must beware of the tendency to attribute to the saint more than rightfully belongs to her. Thus the manor of Great Parndon in Essex is "vulgarly called St. Katherine's," but a local historian † states that the name comes not from the saint but from a certain Katherine de London, the daughter of the thirteenth-century proprietor of the manor.

As we have said, the fourteenth century was pre-eminently the period of S. Catherine's greatest popularity; but as late as 1459 we find the Master of King's College, Cambridge, founding a Hall which he dedicated to S. Catherine.‡ After this comes an interval of nearly four hundred years, broken only, so far as we know, by the little seventeenth-century chapelry of S. Catherine's on Canvey Island in Essex. The present building—consecrated on June 11,§ 1712—was the successor of a little wooden chapel built by the owner of the soil some time in the seventeenth century for the use of the Dutch workmen whom he had imported to make dykes on his island property after the Dutch fashion.‖ It is not possible to ascertain whether the name of Catherine was also attached to the first chapelry, but if so, it may have been made choice of by way of compliment to Queen Catherine of Braganza, the consort of Charles II.

When we come to the nineteenth century we have a score or more of dedications to S. Catherine. She is in fact almost the rival of S. Margaret, who is of all the Virgin Saints the most popular in our own day; and as the saint of Alexandria is no more historic than the saint of Antioch, we can only suppose that in both instances the attraction lies in the suggestiveness and allegorical beauty of the legends. S. Catherine has a special distinction of her own in virtue of her supposed learning,

* Murray's "Isle of Wight."
† Morant.
‡ Camden.
§ Canvey Feast is kept on June 25; *i.e.* June 11, O.S.
‖ Morant.

and this has caused her, like her sister-saint, S. Ursula, to be regarded as a patroness of schools. There is a double appropriateness, therefore, in bestowing the name of "S. Catherine's" upon a leading girls' school at Bramley near Guildford. Not only may the pupils recall their patron saint's enjoyment of the severer branches of study, but when they climb "St. Catherine's Hill" to the south-west of the town, they will be reminded of her again by the sight of the ruined hillside chapel that still bears her name, a chapel so ancient that it was rebuilt in 1317.*

The Londoner too may be reminded of S. Catherine, not indeed by natural objects bearing her name, but by many an ancient yard and alley that still preserves a memory of the once popular legend of her martyrdom. "The Catherine Wheel" remained a favourite sign with our ancestors even after the Reformation, and contrived to hold its own in spite of the efforts of the Puritans to change it into the meaningless "Cat and Wheel." In the eighteenth century we find "seven alleys, three courts and seven yards all deriving their name from this popular sign," † and we learn that it is "still of common occurrence." The well-known Mrs. Delany lived for two or three years (1768–1771) in a "place called Catherine Wheel Lane," behind the "Thatched House Tavern in St. James' Street," but she unluckily chose to name her residence from the tavern rather than from the lane.‡

S. Barbara. Dec. 4.

If we were asked to name a typical example of the wild inventions that in too many cases do duty for the lives of the Virgin Martyrs, we might well instance S. Barbara. The Roman Catholic writer so often quoted in this chapter § begins his account of the celebrated S. Barbara by saying that she has this in common with S. Catherine, that she is equally unknown to the ancients, and that her history is not more certain. He might have added, however, that the advantage lies wholly on the side of S. Catherine, whose legend —late and worthless though it may be in an historical point of view— shows a richness of imagination of which the legend of S. Barbara is strikingly devoid. It may be taken as a sign of the vitality and many-sidedness of S. Catherine's story that it has been widely modified according to the genius of the different countries in which it was spread abroad: S. Barbara's story, on the contrary, remains stereotyped much as it was first put forth by the not very original invention of the eighth-century romancer.

Like innumerable other heroines of romance, the beautiful Barbara was the only daughter of a wealthy father, who, in order to preserve her from unworthy suitors, shut her up in a high tower, where she occupied her solitary hours in severest study. The nationality of the learned princess—to this dignity she was raised in later times—has been disputed: some hold that she sprang from Tuscany, some from Asia Minor, some from Egypt. The question is of no great importance; but

* Murray's "Surrey."
† "London P. and P.".
‡ Ibid.
§ Baillet.

perhaps the Egyptian version has the most to recommend it,* for Heliopolis, "the city of the sun," sounds a highly appropriate background to the whole romance. The Christian element is, however, still wanting in the story, and is introduced in two ways—first by the appearance of Origen as tutor to the damsel, and secondly by S. Barbara's vehement determination to have *three* windows let into the bath-room of her tower in place of the two ordered by her stern father, in order by means of this symbolism to preach the doctrine of the Holy Trinity. We may here observe that in one of the York churches (S. Martin's, Coney Street), where the windows are a curious mosaic of fragments of mediæval glass, the favourite symbol of the tower with its three windows is depicted, surmounted by the letters "ara," the obvious termination of "Sancta Barbara."

The name of Origen raises a momentary hope that we are on historic ground; but no,—the compilers of religious romances were as much given then as now to introduce the names of well-known personages; and in the legends both of S. Catherine and S. Barbara Origen has been considered a suitable instructor for such scholarly ladies. In the case of S. Barbara the instruction was by correspondence only, and the letters of both tutor and pupil are actually given in the Acts—"such letters," says Baillet, "as they" (the compilers of the Acts) "may have thought likely, and of which they seem themselves to have been the secretaries." After this flight into the realms of history we return to romance pure and simple. The father returns from a journey, is furious at his daughter's apostasy, denounces her to the persecuting pro-consul, who causes her to be cruelly treated in the vain hope of forcing her to recant. In the last stage of the drama the father carries her off to a mountain and there beheads her with his own hands, but has no sooner done so than he himself is struck dead by a flash of lightning; from which circumstance S. Barbara has come, oddly enough, to be looked upon as the patroness of "armourers and gunsmiths, firearms and fortifications,"† as well as a protectress against thunder and lightning. Such is the commonly received version of the story of S. Barbara; and as to searching for the historic S. Barbara it is pure waste of time, for though we may believe that a maiden of the name of Barbara did suffer martyrdom some time prior to the eighth century, there seems no prospect of arriving at any more exact knowledge of her.

Among the Greeks she was highly celebrated, but in England she never took root, and the only known church that bears her name is at Ashton-under-Hill in Gloucestershire, not far from Cheltenham. The reason for the choice is more easily to be accounted for than is usual in such cases, for in the adjacent parish of Beckford, with which Ashton is closely associated ecclesiastically,‡ there was a monastery which was given

* In fact, Baillet inclines to the opinion, though with much reserve, that the real Barbara suffered in the time of the Alexandrian bishop, Heracles, a disciple of Origen.

† Mrs. Jameson.

‡ At the present day both parishes are held by the same vicar.

by Henry I. to the Augustinian monks belonging to the convent of "SS. Martin and Barbara" in Normandy.*

S. Candida, or Whyte. Aug. 29.

Another less famous victim of the Diocletian persecution, whose name is kept before our memories by a single church dedicated in her honour, is S. Candida. The fine old Dorsetshire church of Whitchurch-Canonicorum, near Lyme-Regis, is placed under the twofold invocation of "S. Candida and the Holy Cross," an accidental combination of the same sort as we meet with in "Holy Cross and S. Lawrence" at Waltham Abbey. The name of the parish has been supposed "to point to a time when its church of *white* stone was a notable object among the mean wattled or wooden edifices with which the religion of our ancestors was contented;" † but the same writer who puts forward this unsatisfactory explanation goes on to state that "later authorities derive it from a mythical 'St. White,' or 'Sancta Candida;'" and adds the important piece of evidence that a well belonging to the said saint was known to have existed near to the church. The famous example quoted in Bede of *Whitherne*, or *Candida Casa*—so called because S. Ninian, the Apostle of the Picts, "there built a church of stone, which was not usual among the Britons"—does not apply here. Among the Anglo-Saxons it was a universal custom from the first coming of Augustine to name their churches from the person or thing in whose honour they were dedicated, and not from any accident of their outward appearance. We may find dedications to the "Holy Cross" or the "Holy Sepulchre," or we may find dedications to a seemingly unknown "S. Candida;" but it is contrary to English precedent that a church should take its name merely from its external whiteness. A further argument in favour of a dedication to some actual saint of the name of "White" is furnished by a second parish of the name of Whitchurch—"Whitchurch-cum-Felton," not far from Bristol. The existing church is dedicated to S. Gregory, but the tradition of centuries has faithfully maintained that this later and larger church, built to supply the joint needs of two adjacent villages—Felton and Whitchurch—did but occupy the site of a long-vanished chapel to S. Whyte.‡ A fifteenth-century antiquarian, William of Worcester, goes so far as to claim Whitchurch-Canonicorum as the burial-place of this unknown virgin, "Whyte, or Candida." § Perhaps this is going too far. Those who have experience of William of Worcester as a guide to Cornish saints know well that he sometimes shows himself more zealous than trustworthy; but there is a Roman S. Candida—one of the countless sufferers in the Diocletian persecution—said to have been buried, not indeed at Whitchurch-Canonicorum, but in a church bearing her own name without the Portuan Gate at Rome. The name is not an uncommon one in Roman Kalendars, and nothing more is known of this particular

* "Eng. Illus." Note, however, that in the Clergy List for 1896 the dedication is given as "S. Andrew."

† Murray's "Dorset."

‡ Lewis.

§ Quoted in Pooley's "Crosses of Somerset."

S. Candida except that in the ninth-century Kalendar of Usuardus she is commemorated on August 29, and that about the same time a church was built in her honour, in which her relics remained until they were translated to the church of S. Praxedis.

But we have too many examples of English dedications to obscure martyrs, whose very existence is scarcely known except through the mention of their names in the different martyrologies, to be greatly surprised at any addition to their number. There may have been some special local reason, now completely lost sight of, why these obscure martyrs were chosen in particular localities; for example, the church in question may have been enriched with some relics of S. Candida. However this may be, the veneration in this particular case seems purely local and yet very intense; for we find in the immediate neighbourhood of Whitchurch-Canonicorum—though across the Somersetshire border—several places having this same prefix "White"—Whitestaunton, White Cross, White Lackington, White Town*—all of which, in the opinion of the Somersetshire archæologist before quoted,† are "doubtless derived from S. Whyte." But as time went on S. Whyte and her story faded out of recollection. In the Somersetshire Whitchurch she was altogether replaced by the Roman bishop Gregory, and though in the Dorsetshire parish she was allowed to linger under her Latinized form, it was with an addition—"S. Candida and the Holy Cross."

S. Juliana. *S. Beatrice.* The next two saints on our list, S. Juliana and S. Beatrice, have had curiously opposite fates: the one has been deprived of the church to which she is rightfully entitled; the other has been credited with a church to which she has no right (CH. LI.).

S. Ursula. See CH. LI.

S. Maur, or Maura. There is an obscure ninth-century virgin, S. Maura, commemorated at Troyes on September 21,‡ who may perhaps be very indirectly associated with the Somersetshire parish of Bratton-St. Maur (or Seymour); but for the direct connexion between the name and the parish, see CH. LI.

S. Winifred. Nov. 3. Seventh cent. Some apology is required for introducing a Welsh damsel of the seventh century § into the company of Virgin Saints most of whom come from Rome or Egypt, and most of whom are ascribed to the third or fourth century of our era. The real and only justification for classing S. Winifred with the foreign virgins is that she belongs to them by natural affinity. Celtic though she may professedly be, she is unknown to the sober records of the Welsh genealogies, and while her fantastic Latin life forms a very suitable pendant to the equally marvellous histories of S. Barbara and S. Ursula, she has nothing in common with such a well-authenticated flesh-and-blood saint as the

* Possibly also Whiteparish near Salisbury.

† Pooley.

‡ Harris Nicolas and Baring-Gould.

§ For the life of S. Winifred, see D. C. B., and Rees's "Cambro-British Saints."

beloved Bridget of Irish fame. For the sake of the many English maidens who bear her name it would be satisfactory to be able to point to a real historic S. Winifred, as real and authentic as the Saxon Hilda, for example; but it must be confessed that the actual Winifred, or Gwenfrewi (the form of her name has undergone considerable improvement in the course of centuries), has been so overlaid by mediæval myths as to be altogether unworthy of belief. And unfortunately in this case there are no earlier allusions to the saint, no meagre references to her in genealogical tables, no record of the hallowing of church or sacred spring, by which we may test the ampler statements of the imaginative twelfth century.

"Her parentage," says the indefatigable Welsh antiquarian, Mr. Rice Rees, "is not mentioned in the Welsh accounts, and the time in which she lived is ascertained only from the names of her contemporaries which occur in her legendary Life." * And more suspicious still, even in Domesday Book—three hundred years after her supposed death—there is no mention of the church and well traditionally said to mark the place where she was killed. We are therefore driven to the conclusion that her whole legend must be received with extreme caution. Some floating tradition no doubt there was concerning S. Winifred and her untimely fate, which was crystallized into its received form in the twelfth century, at the time when her supposed remains were translated to the church of S. Giles in Shrewsbury.

The Flintshire village of Holywell is familiar to many a railway traveller who dashes past it in the Irish mail, but probably very few of them give a thought to the Welsh maiden from whom, according to the popular legend, it draws its name. S. Winifred, then, was the only and much loved child of a wealthy and devout soldier living in North Wales. He consented freely, though not without some inward pangs, to his daughter's earnest desire to consecrate herself to a virgin life, and took counsel with a holy man, S. Beino,† how best she might be prepared for the life which she had chosen. "The saying of the soldier having been considered, Beino said, 'If thou wilt give up thy farm to my management, I will dwell with thee and instruct thy daughter in the divine law.'" An arrangement agreeable to both sides was come to, and the saint "fixed his cottage on the estate" of Winifred's father. Moreover, "he there built a small church in which he celebrated mass, and daily instructed the virgin Winifred in divine literature." (The reader should note the numberless examples of mediæval customs, phraseology, and ways of thought in this supposed seventh-century story.)

Now it befell one Sunday that the parents had gone to church to hear mass, and Winifred was alone in the house, when her solitude was disturbed by the visit of a young prince of those parts, who had wearied himself in hunting, and stopped now at the cottage to quench his thirst. The maiden received him with fearless courtesy, and would gladly have supplied

* "Welsh Saints."

† More often called "Beuno," a saint of some note.

his needs; but the sight of her rare beauty inflamed his worst passions, and he began to speak to her in words that she would not stay to hear. Making some excuse, she slipped from the room, and hastened towards the church; but the wicked prince, perceiving that she would have nothing to do with him, was infuriated, and went in hot pursuit of her, and overtaking her as she crossed the threshold of the church, struck off her head with a single blow. The sequel is very much what might be expected from a twelfth-century legend. S. Beino cursed the villain, who forthwith "melted in his sight as wax before a fire," and then he set himself to the restoration of the dead maiden, who rose up whole as before, save only for a white mark round her neck. On the place where she fell a fountain sprang up whose stones were stained as with blood.

After these things S. Beino thought good to journey elsewhere, and in due time Winifred herself became the abbess of a tiny community of eleven nuns at a certain spot in the Vale of Clwyd, where she died once more, and where she was buried, side by side with two other Welsh saints, S. Senan and S. Kebi.

One very quaint touch of the mediæval legend-writer must not be omitted. When the tutor and pupil were about to part, S. Beino asked a boon of the maiden, namely, that she would send him yearly a cloak of her own work. With charming simplicity she made answer: "My lord, to do this for thee will not be giving me any trouble, but the greatest difficulty appears to me how it shall come to thee, for I do not know where thou dost dwell." The saint met this most practical objection by bidding her place the cloak upon a particular stone in the middle of the stream, on which he had been wont to pray and meditate. "Place the cloak thereon at the appointed time, and if it will come to me it will come;" and with this oracular sentence and "a mutual benediction, they separated." The legend goes on to tell of the admirable working of this primitive parcel-post, of the way in which the cloak—being punctually deposited in the appointed place—was safely and dryly carried over stream and sea; and it further adds that the virtue of the garment was such that when worn by its rightful master, it "neither got wet with rain, nor was its nap moved by the wind."

Between the putting forth of Domesday Book in 1086 and the translation of S. Winifred's relics to Shrewsbury in the twelfth century, a chapel had been built over the well which was the supposed scene of her marvellous death and resurrection; and the second part of the Latin life of the saint consists of miracles wrought through her power in the chapel or beside the well. Camden* tells us of the small church close to the holy well that was standing in his day, and of the painted window commemorating "the history and execution of the saint." The legend, in the proportions to which it had then grown, exceeded his powers of belief, but he was clearly impressed by the pebbles in the brook, "on which are seen, I know not what kind of blood-red spots."

* "Britannia."

A hundred years after Camden's day, James II. made a pilgrimage to S. Winifred's Well and drank of its waters, in the belief that in virtue of this act he might be vouchsafed an heir to the throne. When in course of time the desired Prince of Wales was born, the pilgrimage to S. Winifred's Well was recalled with approbation or displeasure as the case might be. In Roman Catholic circles, at any rate, it tended to exalt the wonder-working well, which under the name of "the English Lourdes" still continues to attract its pilgrims, and provides occasional paragraphs for the newspapers. Readers of the *Times* may remember to have noticed a letter in the winter of 1894–5 calling attention to the phenomenon that the tremendous frost of that period had no power over S. Winifred's Well.

Besides the Welsh "Holywell" that takes its name from S. Winifred, there is the district of "Holywell" in the city of Oxford, so named from a spring dedicated to S. Winifred in conjunction with S. Margaret.* Another S. Winifred's Well, less famous than the preceding two, is to be found in the hamlet of Woolston in the Shropshire parish of West Felton.†

Six English churches are usually ascribed to S. Winifred; but close investigation shows that in nearly every case her claim is disputed, and that the only absolutely certain dedication in this name, beyond the original one at Holywell in Flintshire, is a modern church of S. Wenefrede at Bickley in Cheshire. The two ancient Devonshire parishes of Branscombe and Manaton may just possibly have come by their Celtic patroness through the strong Celtic influences of the neighbouring county of Cornwall, or they may have adopted her in consequence of the popularity of her legend; but it is a great deal more likely, considering how near they both lie to Crediton, that they are both of them intended for the great missionary, S. Boniface (CH. XLII.), best remembered in his native district by his English name of Winfred.‡

Doubtless S. Winifred did become widely popular after the translation of her relics (November 3, the day on which she is commemorated, is the anniversary of her translation to Shrewsbury, not of her death), and it is a strong proof of this popularity that two Nottinghamshire churches, Kingston-on-Soar and Screveton, have been ascribed, though erroneously, to the Welsh virgin. Chancellor Raine's careful researches into the old wills preserved at York show that in both cases the true patron is the native-born *Wilfrid* (CH. XXII.), whose name might easily enough be confused with Winifred. Most probably the same explanation applies to the West Riding church of Stainton, which has an alternative dedication to S. Peter, *or* S. Winifred. Is it possible that the original dedication was in imitation of Ripon Cathedral, "SS. Peter *and Wilfrid*"?

S. Osyth. See CH. XL.

S. Sidwell, or Sativola. See CH. XL.

* Lewis.

† Ibid.

‡ The late Mr. Kerslake gives this origin unhesitatingly to Branscombe, and it applies with equal force to Manaton —See "Dorset Antiq.," vol. 3.

S. Arilda. See CH. XL.
S. Alkelda. See CH. XL.
S. Dominica. See CH. LI.

Our own country is not wholly without claims to have a part in the roll of Virgin Martyrs, but the conditions of the Anglo-Saxon Church were such that among our women saints there were but few martyrs, in the common acceptation of the word. There were but few who were called upon to prove "the constancy of their faith even unto death;" but on the other hand there were a countless number who by "the innocency of their lives" bore their witness to the Master Whom they also served, and who thus "glorified His Holy Name." England is rich in Virgin Saints if not in Virgin Martyrs, and it has been well said, "The Church needs saints as much even as martyrs."*

* Dean Church's Sermon on Bishop Andrewes.

CHAPTER XII.

S. MARGARET OF ANTIOCH AND HER NAMESAKES.

PAGE.	NAME.	DAY.	YEAR.	CHURCHES.
131	S. Margaret of Antioch ...	July 20	—— ...	256 *See also dd.*
133	S. Margaret of Scotland ...	Nov. 16 and June 10	1093 ...	Doubtful
136	Lady Margaret of Richmond	June 29	1509 ...	1

MORE than two hundred and fifty of our English churches are associated with the beautiful name of Margaret. If it were possible to call up before our imagination all the different personalities that have been present to the minds of the different founders when they made choice of S. Margaret for their patron saint, the result would be a somewhat surprising one. From those early days when her adoration was first introduced into Saxon England down to the present, who has given a thought to the obscure virgin martyr "Marina" who is declared by scholars to be the true origin of the far-famed virgin of Antioch? One is even tempted to ask whether without that advantageous change of name from Marina to Margaret our saint would ever have attained anything like her actual popularity.

According to one theory our Margaret is identical with the famous actress of Antioch, Pelagia by name, who was surnamed "Margarita" from the number of pearls she wore. The story of her conversion and after-life is told by a certain deacon of Edessa who lived in the middle of the fifth century, and who wrote from personal knowledge of the circumstances.* It would be interesting to identify this Margarita, also called Marina, with our Margaret; but the one distinguishing point of our saint is that she was a martyr, and in S. Margarita's history there are no pretensions to martyrdom.

In the Greek Church a certain S. Marina of Alexandria, "virgin and martyr," was commemorated on July 17, around whose story a whole tissue of impossible marvels had sprung up. The romance became popular, and was finally adopted by the Roman Church as belonging to the still more obscure saint, Margaret of Antioch, whose commemoration, after being kept on various days in June and July, was at last fixed upon July 20, the day accepted by our Anglican Kalendar.

* D. C. B., "Pelagia."

The confusion between the two names Marina and Margaret is still visible in kalendars of the ninth century; but even in the fifth century the romance of the dragon had begun to be connected with the name of Margaret, and even then the story had been discredited as apocryphal by Pope Gelasius. But in spite of criticism the romance held its own, and continued to be elaborated according to the taste of the narrator till the twelfth or thirteenth century. England was not backward in its recognition of S. Margaret of Antioch; her name is found in English litanies * of the seventh century, and a Welsh version of her story has been preserved which rivals any of the early legends in its unquestioning acceptance of the marvels. Of these mediæval romances something must be said hereafter, but even in the height of their popularity in this country, the name of Margaret was winning fresh associations from a native-born saint, Margaret the grand-niece of Edward the Confessor and wife of Malcolm III. of Scotland. Five hundred years later there died another English Margaret, "the Lady Margaret," gratefully remembered both at Oxford and Cambridge. Had she lived a generation earlier she would have been canonized as surely as her Scottish namesake; but even as it is, she has given her name to one of our churches.

But all the modern churches of S. Margaret that rise up round us year by year, to whom are they at heart dedicated? Most of them perhaps not to any historical saint at all; some perhaps to the Martyr-maiden created by the poet and the musician;† many more to an allegorical S. Margaret, a sort of personification of innocence and purity overcoming the powers of evil—the S. Margaret, in short, of Raphael's picture of the maiden rising unharmed from the jaws of the dragon; in some cases again the name has doubtless been chosen for the sake of its meaning, and the thought of the gates of pearl in the Heavenly Jerusalem; while in not a few we may be perfectly certain that it was chosen wholly and solely for the sake of some saintly Margaret known and beloved by the founder. Of these half-recognized, half-defined Margarets we can say nothing; but three Margarets at least there are who claim each a distinct place among our patron saints—Margaret of Antioch, Margaret of Scotland, and Margaret of Richmond.

S. Margaret of Antioch. July 20.

It is useless to try to attach a date to a saint so apocryphal as the S. Margaret of the mediæval legend. The Welsh version,‡ from which the following account of her is drawn, contains the marvels of the original Greek story in mediæval dress, and is a good specimen of the kind of religious romance popular in the eleventh and twelfth centuries. The narrative purports to have been written by an eye-witness of her innumerable sufferings; but it need scarcely be said that it is the most clumsy of forgeries.

"The most blessed Margaret" was the only child of a "dignified"

* Baring-Gould, July 20.

† Cf. Sullivan's "Martyr of Antioch," based upon Milman's drama.

‡ See the Life of S. Margaret in "Cambro-British Saints."

gentleman near Antioch.* Her father "worshipped the false gods," but the child learnt from her old nurse "to believe in the true God," and had her young imagination kindled by many stories of the martyrs who shed their blood "for the name of Jesus Christ." And although Margaret was "nobly born and beautiful and beloved, yet she was humble, and did not refuse to attend to the sheep of her nurse with other maidens." At this point the romance falls into the inevitable groove. A heathen potentate, here named Oliver, and vaguely described as "the sovereign of the country of Asia," is fascinated by her beauty, and desires to take her for his own either by fair means or foul, and Margaret's steady rejection of all his offers of course raises his wrath. He sends his "knights" to seize her, but they are overawed by her fearless demeanour. Then he causes her to be cast into prison and to be grievously beaten with rods, so that all who saw her were moved with compassion. "Now when she came within the prison, she put on herself the sign of the cross of Christ," and gave herself up to prayer. In her prayer she entreated, "Cause me that I may see my enemy, who contends against me." Then comes the one distinguishing incident of her legend. "There suddenly appeared to her in the corner of the prison, a marvellous dragon. . . . From his nostrils proceeded smoke and fire, and he uttered a strong rough voice, and fire from his mouth gave light to all the prison." And in the terror that overwhelmed her Margaret "had no remembrance of God having heard her prayer, and that he was showing to her the enemy who contended with her," but she sank trembling upon her knees, and prayed for protection against this great monster. "And while she was so saying the dragon came with his mouth wide open, and fell on her and swallowed her; but the sign of the cross which she put upon her grew in the mouth of the dragon, and became greater and greater until it cleaved him into two portions. And the blessed Margaret got up, harmless and uninjured," and burst into a song of praise, saying: "The strong dragon I slew, and trod him under my feet with the hope that I had in God, and therefore I will thank God." This portion of her legend has been told at some length because of the prominence accorded to it in all representations of S. Margaret. What remains may be very briefly dismissed. She is subjected to divers torments, in the midst of which a dove crowned with gold comes from heaven and lights upon the "blessed Margaret," as in the original Greek story of S. Marina, and a voice is heard summoning her to "the kingdom of the heavenly country." In her final prayer before the moment of her execution, words are put into her mouth which were no doubt not without effect upon the number of churches dedicated to this saint. "God," said she, "hearken to my prayer, and grant to every man who shall write my life and relate my works, or shall hear or shall read them, that his name be written in the book of eternal life; and whosoever shall build a church in my name, do not bring him to thy remembrance to punish him for his wrong doings."

* Antioch in Pisidia according to most of the legends; whereas the converted actress "Margarita" undoubtedly belongs to Antioch in Syria.

Such is the extraordinary tale of "the passion of S. Margaret," which was familiar to our forefathers through an Anglo-Saxon translation,* before it was still further popularized by the version of the story brought home from the East by the Crusaders.†

If the dedications to S. Margaret were evenly distributed throughout England, we should find no less than six churches in her honour in each of the forty counties; but East Anglia, for some hitherto undiscovered reason, appears to have a special devotion to the Martyr of Antioch. It is true that there are but five counties ‡ from which she is absolutely missing; but in Norfolk the number of dedications rises to fifty. Lincolnshire follows with thirty; Suffolk shows twenty-two, in which she is equalled by Kent; and Essex has fourteen, the same number as Yorkshire. Some of the comparatively few Yorkshire dedications in this name are of recent origin; the fifty Norfolk churches, on the other hand, are all ancient, some of them so ancient as to be practically in ruins, but the name still remains. As a rule, dedications to S. Margaret are either of quite recent date, or of pre-Reformation origin. Eighteenth-century dedications in this name are exceedingly rare. S. Margaret's at Owthorpe in Nottinghamshire claims to have been "built by Colonel Hutchinson, sometime governor of Nottingham Castle, during the Civil War," § but it is possible that this was only a rebuilding, not a new foundation.

"Nettleden St. Margaret," in the Buckinghamshire parish of "Nettleden St. Lawrence," is fairly reckoned among the ancient dedications, for whether the existing church be ancient or modern, the hamlet in which it stands has long been known as *St. Margaret's*, from a Benedictine Nunnery dedicated to this saint, founded in 1160 by the then Bishop of Winchester.‖

One of our earliest dedications to S. Margaret, and certainly our most famous, belongs to the little historic church that stands beneath the shadow of Westminster Abbey, and which is in truth older than the abbey itself. Dean Stanley says in speaking of the building of Westminster Abbey in the closing years of the Confessor's reign (1065): "A small chapel, dedicated to St. Margaret, which stood on the north side of the present Abbey, is said to have been pulled down; and a new church, bearing the same name, was built on the site of the present Church of St. Margaret. The affection entertained for the martyr-saint of Antioch by the House of Cerdic appears in the continuation of her name in Edward's grandniece, Margaret of Scotland." ¶

S. Margaret of Scotland. Nov. 16 or June 10, 1093.

And this brings us to the second of our three Margarets, Queen Margaret of Scotland, the fair young Saxon wife of Malcolm Canmore, the mother of the Scottish S. David. Born in exile in distant Hungary, the little princess was brought back to England at the age of ten years, when it was thought that some member of her family might be the successor of Edward the

* Baring-Gould, July 20.
† Mrs. Jameson.
‡ Northumberland, Cumberland, Rutland, Worcestershire, and Cornwall.
§ Lewis.
‖ Ibid.
¶ "Memorials of Westminster."

Confessor. Ten years later a crushing blow was dealt to all such expectations by William the Conqueror's victory at Hastings; but not even then did the national party wholly renounce the hope of seeing a Saxon prince upon the throne, and it must have been with a sinking heart that Margaret watched the various unsuccessful attempts in favour of her boy-brother, Edgar Etheling. She understood only too well how much depended on the success or failure of those attempts; not dignity and position merely, but actual personal safety. One by one the attempts failed, and a year or so after the battle of Hastings the entire Saxon royal family—the widowed mother, the two sisters, and the young Etheling himself—were on board a ship off the coast of Northumberland, not knowing where to turn for refuge. By permission of Malcolm they found shelter in Scotland, "and then it was," says the English Chronicle, "that King Malcolm desired to have Margaret to wife: but Edgar and all his men refused for a long time, and she herself also was unwilling." It was not the life she would have chosen for herself; she had set her heart on serving the Lord in the single state, without the cares and distractions of married life. "The king urged her brother until he said yes, and indeed he did not dare to refuse, for they were now in Malcolm's kingdom. The king therefore married her, though against her will, and thanked God who had given him such a wife" (1070).

If Margaret had been like some other of our saints, she might have professed that the marriage thus forced upon her was no marriage; but in a more Christian spirit she accepted her new calling, only determining "therein to abide with God." What Margaret did for her husband's kingdom is to be read, not so much in the Lives of the Saints, as in the pages of the History of Scotland. She worked, as a wife should work, through her husband. "The foreseeing Creator," says the English Chronicle, "knew long before what he would do with her, namely that she should increase the glory of God in this land, lead the king out of the wrong into a right path, bring him and his people to a better way, and suppress all the bad customs which the nation formerly followed. And the king turned himself to God, and forsook all impurity of conduct, and as S. Paul says: 'Full oft the unbelieving husband is sanctified and healed through the believing wife.'" And, adds the Chronicle, "The Queen above named afterwards did many things in this land to promote the glory of God, and conducted herself well in her noble rank, as always was her custom." Much needed reforms were instituted in matters of Church discipline. Commerce with other lands was encouraged, and Scotland, "under the fostering circumstances of a vigorous and enlightened rule was fast springing into political power." *

Outwardly it was the "brave and wise" † Malcolm to whom all these reforms were due, but the unseen instigator of them all was the gentle Margaret. Nor could it ever be said of her that she neglected her natural womanly duties. The training of her eight children and the due ordering

* Forbes's "Kalendars." † Sir Walter Scott.

of her household was her first care. In the life of her, written by her confessor, we see, says Bishop Forbes, "a picture of the highest and purest domestic piety of the middle age. Attentive to her family, sedulous in the discharge of her royal duties, S. Margaret yet led the austerest and most devout life. One can hardly understand how she contrived to compress within the space of one day all her exercises of devotion, but we have no reason to doubt her biographer. There is an atmosphere of calm unexcited truthfulness about the narrative, as well as an absence of the mythical, which commends it to us as the work of an eminently truth-loving man, and the incidental allusions to the current history bear the test of all that we know of the times." *

In strange contrast to the marvellous history of S. Margaret of Antioch stands the one very unmiraculous miracle of S. Margaret of Scotland's life, recorded in the Aberdeen Breviary. This tells how the Queen's precious illuminated copy of the Gospels fell into a stream, and after some interval was rescued from thence uninjured. We could have no more interesting relic of the sainted Queen than this book, and, curiously enough, after having been for centuries lost sight of, it has lately been recovered and secured as national property. The circumstances of its identification were remarkable. The manuscript was not in itself of sufficient antiquity or merit to attract great interest, and it had lately been rejected by the British Museum, when it was bought by the Bodleian Library at Oxford (in 1887) for a comparatively trifling sum. On examination it was found to contain a Latin poem, stating that this volume had been for some time lying under water. A lady who was present chanced to recall the circumstances of S. Margaret's lost copy of the Gospels, and, upon further investigation, this proved to be the very volume there spoken of. "All Scotsmen," says the *Academy*, "will be glad to know that the *fac-simile* reproduction of this venerable and nationally most interesting manuscript has been undertaken," etc.

The close of S. Margaret's life was marked by a double sorrow. She was already ill when her husband and two of her sons marched against England, on the expedition which was to prove fatal to King Malcolm. The younger son made his escape from the battle, and came straight to his dying mother. "How fares it," she asked, "with your father, and with your brother Edward?" And then, as he stood silent, she added, "I conjure you by the holy Cross, and by the duty you owe me, to tell the truth." "Your husband and son are both slain," was the reply. Already she had prepared her mind for the worst. "The will of God be done," she cried; and then throwing up her arms, she added, "I thank Thee, Almighty God, that in sending me so great an affliction in the last hour of my life, Thou wouldest purify me from my sins."

The day of her death was November 16 (1093), and it is on this day that she is commemorated in the Kalendar of the Scottish Prayer-book, drawn up under Archbishop Laud's supervision; but on June 19, 1250,

* Forbes.

about the time of her canonization by Pope Innocent IV., her remains were translated to Dunfermline, and this day was also kept in remembrance of her until the seventeenth century, when in order to please our exiled King James II., the then Pope altered the festival to June 10, the birthday of Prince James Edward, better known as the Old Pretender.

In trying to trace any churches that may be dedicated to Margaret the Queen rather than Margaret the Martyr, it is important to bear in mind these changes of day. Her feast might be observed either in the middle or end of November (either Old or New Style), or in the middle or end of June, but it is not likely to be found in the first half of June. It has been noticed before that dedications to "S. Margaret" in the North of England are comparatively rare. The extraordinary enthusiasm for her that prevails in East Anglia is wholly wanting north of the Humber, where dedications in this name are so few and sporadic as to suggest the likelihood that they are derived from some different source. A northern antiquarian, speaking of S. Margaret's two churches in the county of Durham, observes: "The name is probably not from the virgin of Antioch, but from the wife of Malcolm Canmore."* The chapelry of North Hylton in the same county is sometimes ascribed to S. Margaret; but this is of doubtful authority, and there is an alternative dedication to S. Catherine.

In Northumberland and Cumberland the name is altogether wanting; in Westmoreland it appears only (so far as ancient dedications are concerned) in conjunction with S. James at Long Marton. Further south the number slowly increases, and it would be going much too far to claim all the nine ancient Yorkshire dedications to S. Margaret as belonging to the Scottish Queen. There seems little question, however, that it is the good Queen who has caused the name of Margaret to be so widely popular in the North of England, no less than in her own Scotland.

The Lady Margaret of Richmond. June 29, 1509.

But if there is some hesitation in deciding what churches may rightfully be assigned to Margaret of Scotland, there is no doubt at all about the one and only church that claims as its patron Margaret, Countess of Richmond, the mother of Henry VII. In some respects she is not unlike her predecessor, Margaret of Scotland, for her wisdom and foresight, her gift of discerning the right men to fill positions of importance in the State, made her a valuable counsellor to both son and grandson, insomuch that her death, when it occurred, was felt to be a national loss, and the "endammaging of the public weal."†

In her own love of knowledge, and in the well-considered efforts she made to encourage the spread of it, she belongs fitly to the period of the New Learning. She who was "the instructress-general of all the Princes of the Royal House,"‡ was also the foundress of at least four institutions that have remained with us to this day. Oxford, as well as Cambridge,

* *Arch. Journal*, vol. 42.
† Grafton's "Chronicles."
‡ Stanley's "Westminster."

owes to her its "Margaret" Professorship of Divinity; but the younger University is in a more especial manner her debtor, for she it is who "founded the two fair Colleges of Christ and St. John in Cambridge;"* and the poet Gray, in his ode composed for a grand ceremonial in the Cambridge Senate Hall, wherein he celebrates the various benefactors of the University, makes special mention of Margaret of Richmond—

> "Foremost, and leaning from her golden cloud
> The venerable Marg'ret see!"

Yet in spite of all this it has been truly said of Margaret of Richmond that "her outward existence belonged to the mediæval past."† Dean Stanley, after describing the noble effigy of her in the Chapel of Westminster Abbey built by her son Henry VII., says: "She lived almost the life, in death she almost wears the garb, of an Abbess. Even her marriage with Edmund Tudor was the result of a vision of St. Nicholas. The last English sigh for the Crusades went up from those lips. She would often say that if the Princes of Christendom would combine themselves and march against their common enemy the Turk, she would most willingly attend them, and be their laundress in the camp." Of her private virtues those could speak best who knew her best, like Bishop Fisher of Rochester, her chaplain and her intimate friend, who said, in preaching her funeral sermon: "Every one that knew her loved her, and everything that she said or did became her."

Within our own generation both Oxford and Cambridge have been moved to do honour to their common benefactress. One of the leading Colleges for Women at Oxford has been named from her "Lady Margaret's." The Cambridge memorial to her is one which would have been yet more consonant with her own feeling. S. John's College has connected itself with the poor London parish of Walworth, in the diocese of Rochester. As the mission work grew and increased it became necessary to build a new church, and it was determined that it should be dedicated by the name of "The Church of the Lady Margaret." A proposal to adopt the more conventional "S. Margaret" was received with great disfavour, and in June, 1889, the church was duly consecrated under the name that plainly marked out its association with the foundress of S. John's College, the pious Tudor lady who, according to the expression of old Thomas Fuller, in her "humility and charity desired to be rather good than great."

The uncanonized Countess of Richmond and the single-hearted Queen of Scotland might fitly take their places in our Prayer-book by the side of the Martyr-maid of Antioch, to the great enrichment of our Anglican Kalendar.

* Fuller's "Bedfordshire Worthies." † Stanley.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE WHITE HOST OF MARTYRS.

I.—Martyrs of Milan and Rome.

PAGE.	NAME.	DAY.	YEAR.	CHURCHES.	
139	SS. Gervase and Protasius ...	June 19 ...	... First cent. ...	1	
140	S. Erme, Ervan, or Hermes ...	August 28 ...	120 ...	2	
141	S. Pratt, or Protus, Martyr ...	September 11 ...	260 ...	1	

II.—Three Gallican Martyrs.

142	S. Symphorian	August 22 ...	180 ...	2	
144	S. Crispin	October 25 ...	285 ...	1	
145	S. Faith, Virgin	October 6 ...	cir. 304 ...	24	*See also dd.*

III.—Three Martyr Mothers.

147	S. Felicitas, Widow	November 23 ...	cir. 150 ...	1	
148	*S. Perpetua*	March 7	203 { *Anglican* / *Kalendar* }		*No dedication.*
151	S. Julitta, or Juliot	June 16	304 ...	2	*See also dd.*

"The white host of martyrs praiseth Thee." Such is the more exact fourteenth-century rendering of the original Latin clause in the *Te Deum*.* It brings before us the image of that white-robed multitude of all nations and kindreds and tongues that, having come out of great tribulation, stand evermore triumphant before the throne of God.

Our thoughts turn first to the Leaders of that army—martyrs like S. Stephen, or the Apostles, or Ignatius and Polycarp, or many another of whom we have already spoken; but the innumerable company is made up not only of these great saints but of countless lesser ones, some who are known to us only by name, and a far greater number who are not known to us at all.

The men and women brought before us in this chapter are among these more obscure saints. Peacefully they follow their various avocations: the Roman prefect exercises the authority entrusted to him; the young nobleman in Burgundy stands at the threshold of life with all pleasant things opening before him; the French workman follows his humble calling; the young wife in Carthage rejoices over her new-born infant;

* "Te martyrum candidatus laudat exercitus."

the aged widow in Rome ponders how best she may bring up her sons as good citizens, not of this world only, but of the next. Suddenly they pass out of this happy obscurity into the fierce light of a heathen court of inquiry; they stand before us exposed to insult and cruelty, on trial for their faith, and ready for the sake of it to face agonies both of body and spirit worse far than death itself.

It is surely needless to repeat that many, many more names might be included in this chapter—all our Soldier-saints, for example; all the Virgin-saints; Laurence the faithful deacon; Pancras the boy-martyr; and others far too numerous to be here particularized—but these have all their places elsewhere; and for the rest, the few saints now before us may be taken as not unworthy representatives of the class to which they belong.

I.—Martyrs of Milan and Rome.

SS. Gervase and Protasius. June 19. First cent.

The story of these twin brothers is very curious, inasmuch as they did not become famous till some three hundred years after their death. The occasion of their coming into notice was the consecration of a new church in Milan in the time of S. Ambrose. The builders of the new church were feeling bitterly their poverty in the matter of relics. The very natural desire for some tangible memorial of the holy dead had already grown into a dangerous superstition, though the consequent practice of exchanging and selling relics had not yet come into existence. Ambrose felt the deficiency as much as any of his people; and while he pondered how it might be made good, the thought came to him to investigate the Christian cemetery adjoining the church of SS. Felix and Nabor. According to the later legend, he undertook this investigation in consequence of a dream he had, in which he was visited by two young men of wondrous beauty, who declared themselves as the twin brothers, Gervase and Protasius, and told him where to search for their remains; but the story of the dream does not rest upon Ambrose's authority. The excavations were duly undertaken, and the discovery made of what S. Ambrose describes in his letter to his sister (CH. XLVII.) as the bodies of "two men of wondrous size, such as ancient times produce." Somehow they came to be identified as the brothers Gervase and Protasius, who had suffered long ago in the time of Nero. "Old men began to remember that they had heard formerly the names of these martyrs and had read the title on their grave;" * and from the moment of the discovery of these remains the popular enthusiasm knew no bounds, and there was no limit to the miracles said to have been wrought by their agency. But the whole transaction was subject to as much hostile criticism then as it would have been now, and S. Ambrose's opponents did not scruple to accuse him of having got up the entire business for his own ends. To this it must be replied that if there was

* D. C. B., *Ambrosius.*

imposture Ambrose was the victim not the author of it. Mr. Stokes observes* that "it is hardly possible to read through the epistle of S. Ambrose to his sister Marcellina and still imagine that such genuine enthusiasm could go hand in hand with conscious deceit." If, as Mr. Baring-Gould conjectures,† the brothers were already known and regarded as the proto-martyrs of Milan, whose story was known but whose burying-place was forgotten, the joy at the discovery of the bodies is easily explained; and that such a discovery should take place while digging in an old cemetery adjoining a Christian place of worship is probable enough.

The only history of these saints rests upon an exceedingly brief account generally attributed to Ambrose himself; but since it contains no mention of the discovery of the bodies, Mr. Baring-Gould is of opinion that it is a document of earlier date than is commonly supposed, and has been falsely ascribed to S. Ambrose. Certainly if the history is a later forgery it is odd that it should be so barren. According to this statement, Gervase and Protasius were citizens of Milan, sons of an officer in the army—Vitalian by name—who had himself suffered martyrdom. His name is conspicuous in ancient martyrologies, and many Italian churches are dedicated to him. The sons became possessors of his wealth, and for ten years dispensed it in works of Christian charity as faithful stewards. At the end of this time they were arrested by the order of one of Nero's generals, and commanded to sacrifice to the gods. They both refused, and Gervase was beaten to death, and the other brother beheaded. Their legend adds that "a good man, named Philip, carried home their bodies and buried them in his own garden," ‡ a garden that may henceforth have become a most precious sleeping-place for the Christian dead.

The brothers soon became popular in France, and in a limited degree in England also, as we shall see when we come to the philanthropic brothers of Southampton in the reign of Henry III.—Gervase and Protasius—who by their charitable deeds and gifts emulated their Milanese namesakes.§ We find, however, but a single church to their honour, namely, that of Little Plumstead in Essex.

S. Erme, Ervan, or Hermes. Aug. 28, 120.

Scarcely less shadowy than the twin brothers of Milan is the martyr Hermes, a Roman prefect, a married man, who, together with his whole household, was converted to Christianity by Alexander, one of the early bishops of Rome, and baptized by him. His sister Theodora is mentioned by name as having been associated with her brother and his wife and children in their new-found privileges.‖

Hermes is said to have suffered martyrdom under Hadrian about the year 120.¶ No particulars have come down to us, but indeed the presumption is strong that in those early days of Christianity a prominent Roman official openly confessing the new Faith would not have

* D. C. B., "Gervase and Protasius."

† June 19.

‡ Mrs. Jameson.

§ See CH. XV., "Julian the Hospitaller."

‖ D. C. B.

¶ Borlase.

escaped notice. All that we know of this saint is an incidental notice in the apocryphal Acts of Alexander the bishop; but at one time he must have attained a considerable degree of celebrity, for relics of him were translated to Salzburg in 851. His name is found in a Breton liturgy of the tenth century, and William of Worcester makes mention of him as "Sanctus Hermes confessor . . . Cornubia 28 die Augusti." *

August 28 is the day assigned to "S. Hermes of Rome" in the early Kalendars, and the Cornish parish of St. Herme, or Erme, near Truro, for centuries kept its feast on the Sunday next to August 28, thus plainly showing that it was Hermes, the Roman prefect, who had been accepted for its patron. Unfortunately this link with the past was snapped in 1788, when for some local reason the feast was altered to the last Sunday in October. Another Cornish parish—that of St. Ervan—is sometimes attributed to S. Hermes, and there was undoubtedly a chapel of this name near Marazion, in the parish of St. Hilary; so that unquestionably the Roman prefect had a recognized standing in Cornwall; but Mr. Boase suggests that the name may "have taken the place of some Celtic name, as has happened in other cases;" and Mr. Borlase suggests † that the real patron of St. Ervan may be, not the foreign Hermes, but the native-born Erbin, the father of King Geraint—Tennyson's Geraint, we may perhaps venture to say (CH. XXXV.). The name of the saint is given in some ancient lists as "Erbyn," which favours the native theory, but more usually it is given in the form of "Ervan," which archæologists are free to interpret according to their lights. In the case both of St. Erme and St. Ervan the true explanation would seem to be that the owner of the original name having been wholly forgotten, the parish was glad to adopt a saint whose name was famous through the Breton service-books.

S. Pratt, or Protus, M. Sept. 11, 260.

Far more legendary than S. Hermes is S. Protus of Rome, the saint who in all probability gives his name to the church of Blisland near Bodmin. In a manuscript of the last century ‡ he appears in the undignified form of *Pratt*—"Proto, or Pratt." Mr. Borlase is inclined to regard "Proto" as the short of Protasius, and would consequently identify our saint with a Milanese bishop of that name in the fourth century, a friend of S. Athanasius. But the evidence of Blisland feast-day points us to another saint, a certain very apocryphal martyr, commemorated at Rome together with his companion S. Hyacinthus on September 11, under the reign of the Emperor Gallienus.§ His story may be found in Baring-Gould's "Lives of the Saints," ‖ where it forms part of the romantic and fabulous Acts of a certain high-born damsel, S. Eugenia. Protus and his fellow-sufferer Hyacinthus, eunuchs in the service of the governor of Alexandria, are represented as zealous adherents of the faith to which they have been converted, and for which in the close of the story they suffer death; but

* Mr. Boase in D. C. B.
† "Age of the Saints."
‡ Tonkin, quoted by Borlase.
§ D. C. B.
‖ September 11.

we may well say with Mr. Baring-Gould, "It is scarcely worth while entering into the consideration of the ridiculous anachronisms and impossibilities contained in this story, which is evidently nothing more, and at first was intended to be nothing more, than a religious romance."

This S. Protus, mythical though he is, was commemorated in the leading English Kalendars—those of Hereford, York, and Sarum—and the romance of Protus and the lady Eugenia was doubtless at one time widely known. A highly legendary martyr and the hero of a popular tale was, on the face of it, a more likely patron than an obscure Milanese bishop, whose matter-of-fact history, so far as we know it, offers no special point of interest; but when it is taken into account that Blisland feast was kept on September 11,* that is to say, on the feast-day of S. Protus of Rome, we can hardly have any further doubt as to the true patron.

II.—Three Gallican Martyrs.

S. Symphorian, or Simphorian. Aug. 22, 180.

From these highly legendary figures we pass to a little group of martyrs who come to us through the channel of the Gallican Church. The notices of S. Symphorian of Autun, though they show some signs of later editing, are considered by scholars to be unmistakably based upon very ancient and authentic records.†

The Gallic population of the city of Autun was devoted to the worship of Cybele, the mother of the gods, whom they venerated under her Phrygian name of Berecynthia.‡ "The worship of Cybele," says the late Bishop Lightfoot,§ "with its wild ceremonial and hideous mutilations would naturally be attractive to the Gaulish mind. . . . There was enough in the outward ritual with its passionate orgies to lure them." And again: "The Gospel, as a message of mercy and a spiritual faith, stood in direct contrast to the gross and material religion in which the race" (*i.e.* the Celtic race) "had been nurtured, whether the cruel ritualism of their old Celtic creed, or the frightful orgies of their adopted worship of the mother of the gods."‖ "Celtic idolatry," says another writer,¶ "in Asia and in Gaul followed precisely the same ritual;" and just such a collision as had in S. Paul's time taken place in Galatia between Christianity and heathenism was now about to take place in the Celtic city of Autun.

Symphorian was the son of a man of good birth and position, Faustus by name. His mother, at any rate, was a most devout believer, and he had been brought up from early childhood as a Christian. The growing number of the Christians was a source of alarm to Heraclius, the governor of the province, who endeavoured, as Julian the Apostate vainly endeavoured a century and a half later, to restore to the old religion its

* Truro Kalendar. Owing to the change of Style, the feast is now kept on September 22, or on the Sunday nearest to that date.

† Dr. Stokes in D. C. B.

‡ From Mount Berecynthus in Phrygia.

§ Galatians.

‖ Ibid.

¶ Dr. Stokes.

former prestige. On the occasion of one of the consul's visits to Autun,* an image of the goddess was carried in procession through the city, and as it passed, all men were expected to fall down and worship it. The young Symphorian alone stood erect, and the officers, marking his attitude, arrested him and led him before the governor. Heraclius asked him why he refused to kneel before the mother of the gods. "I am a Christian, and I adore no images," was the reply, with the contemptuous addition, "Give me a hammer, and I will make short work of Berecynth." The governor observed, "The fellow seems to me to be not only sacrilegious towards the immortal gods, but to be tainted with rebellion." Then he made inquiries concerning Symphorian's name and family, and, turning to the young man, urged him not to suppose that his high birth would save him were he to persist in his obstinacy. Failing to make any impression upon him, he commanded him to be severely beaten and put into prison. Two days later Heraclius summoned him again, and used all his powers of persuasion, with an evident desire to save him in spite of himself. He even offered him preferment in the army if he would then and there recant by offering to the gods the incense "which is due to them." "It would be much better for you," he argued, "to serve the immortal gods, and to receive a gratuity from the public treasury with an honourable military office." But Symphorian was unmoved by all these inducements, and continued steadily to testify against the iniquities of the worship of Cybele. Then when Heraclius saw that his arguments were despised, he condemned Symphorian to death; and he was straightway led away to be executed without the city. No time was granted for farewells; but his mother mounted on to the city wall to have one last sight of him, and as he passed by, she cried out, "My son, my son Symphorian, remember the living God, and be of good courage. Raise your heart to Him that reigneth there. Fear not death which leads to certain life." † These heroic words were embodied in one of the most ancient service-books (the Gothic Missal ‡), and so became familiar to after generations.

Besides the Abbey church at Autun itself, which preserved the name and story of S. Symphorian, we have record of a church dedicated to him at Clermont by another of our saints, Bishop Genesius (CH. XXIV.). It is not a little remarkable that a saint so justly venerated in France as S. Symphorian should have been so little honoured in England; but it so happens that our only dedications in this name are to be found in Cornwall, where it is supposed that they have been introduced through the usual channel of the Breton liturgies and kalendars.§ The two dedications are at Veryan and Forrabury respectively. Some lists add Tintagel, but Mr. Borlase is of opinion that Tintagel should be rightly ascribed to SS. Marcellina (CH. XLVII.) and Materiana (CH. LI.).

Perhaps after all there is an undesigned appropriateness in the fact that it is by the Celtic Church of Cornwall that this firstfruits of Celtic

* Baring-Gould, August 22.
† Ibid.
‡ D. C. B.
§ Borlase.

Christianity—this strong champion of the truth against the dark superstitions of Celtic heathenism—should be commemorated.

S. Crispin. Oct. 25, 285.

S. Crispin's Day is to many of us a well-known landmark, not merely because it has a place in our Prayer-book Kalendar, but because of the stirring fashion in which it is immortalized in Shakespeare's *Henry V.* In Holinshed's Chronicle, which is the source of Shakespeare's history of Agincourt, we do not find in the King's own mouth any reference to the day, but the chronicler himself notes that the battle was fought "on the feast of Crispine and Crispinian, daie faire and fortunate to the English, but most sorrowful and unlucky to the French." The King in his speech to the soldiers is made to refer to the memorable day in three slightly different forms. At the beginning of the speech he says—

> "Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by
> . . . but we in it shall be remembered;"

and at the close he makes use of the common form, "S. Crispin's Day." The reduplication "Crispin Crispian" approaches most closely to the correct designation of the day, as it is found in the Roman Kalendar and in our own early English Kalendars. The truth is we have here, not one saint, but two—a pair of brothers with names perplexingly alike.

According to the popularly received account of them, they were natives of Rome, who followed S. Denys on his missionary journey into France and preached the Gospel at Soissons, supporting themselves in the meantime by working as shoemakers. About the year 285 the Roman general Maximinus Herculeus came to Soissons to put down a rising of the Bagaudæ,* those hapless insurgents of whom we hear so often in early Church history. There may very well have been Christians among the insurgents, and if so, Christians would at that juncture be peculiarly obnoxious to the governor; but however this may be, the brothers were denounced on account of their religion, and were executed by order of the prefect.† The innumerable companions ascribed to S. Denys cause one to look with suspicion upon any saint included in that wide category, and it is indisputable that whatever the foundation of truth in the story of S. Crispin and his brother, it has been overlaid with an astonishing amount of fabulous additions; but in the bare outline of the history there is nothing impossible. Unfortunately, their written Acts are of late date—written, it is supposed, long after the event, from the floating traditions of the place; and doubtless the old men of Soissons were not more proof than the veterans who fought at Agincourt against the irresistible temptation to "remember with advantage" the heroic deeds of the past.

At any rate, Soissons still cherishes the memory of the kindly brothers who once exercised their craft there for the benefit of the poor, making shoes for them "without fee or reward," out of leather supplied by the angels! ‡ Mr. Baring-Gould observes that to this day it is customary at

* Baring-Gould, October 25.
† Ibid.
‡ Mrs. Jameson.

Soissons during the Rogation season for the procession of priests and people to stop in its perambulation outside a certain house in the town (No. 14, Rue de la Congrégation), which occupies the site of the old church of "St. Crépin le Petit," * and there chant a Collect and antiphon of SS. Crispin and Crispianus.

In France the name of the pious shoemakers can never wholly be forgotten by their brothers of the craft, for a "Saint Crépin" is the technical term for a shoemaker's kit. The same word is also embodied in two French proverbs: "Porter tout son Saint Crépin" is an expression for carrying one's all about one; and "Perdre son Saint Crépin" means to lose one's all.

The now forgotten story was once familiar in England also, and may perhaps even to this day be dimly remembered in one little corner of Kent if "S. Crispin's monument" still keeps its ancient name. Camden,† in describing the dangerous promontory of Dungeness so well known to sailors, thus writes: "Among those pebbles, near Stone-end, is a heap of large stones, which the neighbouring people call the monument of S. Crispin and S. Crispinian, who, they say, were cast upon this shore by ship-wrack, and call'd from hence into their heavenly country." Nevertheless, until quite lately we had not in all England a single dedication to S. Crispin, but the omission has now been made good in the most appropriate town in the whole country, namely, Northampton, the very stronghold of shoemakers. The first stone of the new church—which is, strictly speaking, a chapel or mission-church in the parish of St. Sepulchre—was laid on S. Crispin's Day, 1883, and the dedication took place on the same day in the following year. The formal consecration was delayed till the building should be in a more complete state. It is pleasant to be able to add that the funds for the building were raised by a committee of working-men, and that the shoemakers in particular, though they did not actually contribute more than a very small proportion of the whole, were "to a great extent instrumental in raising and collecting the rest." ‡

S. Faith, V. Oct. 6, cir. 304.

Scarcely less obscure in reality than S. Crispin, but far more famous, is the maiden martyr of Aquitaine, S. Faith, who is believed to have suffered at Agen in the time of the Diocletian persecution by order of Dacian, the Roman governor so notorious for his deadly persecution of the Christians in his own special province of Spain. When summoned before the judge and interrogated, she fearlessly confessed that "from a child she had served the Lord Jesus Christ with all her heart." She is said (but the Acts of her martyrdom are of late date, and must not be too much trusted as to details) to have suffered by fire. It is also said that a timid fellow-Christian of the same city, Caprasius by name, who watched her sufferings from his safe hiding-

* So called to distinguish it from the more important Abbey of St. Crépin in the same city.

† "Britannia."

‡ Communicated by the Rev. C. E. Welldon, then curate of S. Giles, Northampton.

place in a cave, was so much moved by the sight of her constancy that he came forth and voluntarily delivered himself up to the judges.*

Norman proprietors brought with them into England the story of their heroic young countrywoman, and it readily took root among us. S. Faith has retained her place in our Prayer-book Kalendar through all its many vicissitudes from the days of the Salisbury Kalendar down to the present time; and her feast was anciently a landmark of some consideration, as we may see from the fact that at Barnstaple the election of the mayor always took place on the Monday following S. Faith's Day, although the parish church is dedicated, not to her, but to the Apostles Peter and Paul.

The twenty-four churches dedicated to S. Faith are to be found in seventeen counties of England, distributed over all parts of the kingdom from Yorkshire to Cornwall. In many cases no doubt the name was conferred by the religious house in Normandy to which the English church was attached. Thus, for example, S. Faith's at Newnton-Longville in Buckinghamshire owes both its dedication-name and its appellation of Longville to its connexion with the Norman Abbey of S. Faith's at Longville, to which it was given in the time of Henry I. by its foreign proprietor.† It was just at the same period that Horsham in Norfolk was in like fashion made over by Robert de Fitzwalter and his wife to another Norman Abbey, that of de Cenchis.

The little old church of S. Faith at Maidstone, like its near neighbour, Canterbury Cathedral, has served as a refuge for worshippers of different persuasions, having been "used at successive periods by the Walloons who settled here under Elizabeth, and by the English Presbyterians." ‡

By far the most generally known of the dedications to S. Faith is the church which bears her name in the crypt of S. Paul's Cathedral. "It was originally a distinct building, standing near the east end of S. Paul's, but when the old cathedral was enlarged, between the years 1256 and 1312, it was taken down, and an extensive part of the vaults was appropriated to the use of the parishioners of S. Faith, in lieu of the demolished fabric. This was afterwards called *Ecclesiæ Sancti Fidei in Cryptis*." §

In one or two cases of churches assigned to S. Faith we find, as might be expected, some alternative patron; as at Leven in East Yorkshire, usually ascribed to the Holy Trinity, and Stert in Wiltshire, commonly known as S. James; but in both instances earlier records ‖ show the original patron to have been S. Faith. Childerditch in Essex still retains a double invocation to "All Saints and S. Faith;" while Saltash in Cornwall by some odd chance unites the virgin martyr of Aquitaine with S. Nicholas, the semi-mythical bishop of Myra. Of modern churches in this name we find three, two of them in greater London.

In every new or newly discovered dedication to S. Faith we may rejoice, not only because all the little that is known concerning her is

* Baring-Gould, October 6; and D. C. B.

† "Eng. Illus."

‡ Lewis.

§ Brayley's "London and Middlesex."

‖ Lawton's "York Churches;" and the wills examined by the late Canon Jackson of Leigh Delamere.

beautiful and edifying, but also because, even to the unlearned, who know nothing whatever of the French saint, her very name of "Faith" suggests holy and helpful thoughts.

III.—Three Martyr Mothers.

S. Felicitas of Rome, S. Perpetua of Carthage, and S. Juliot of Tarsus, though belonging to countries widely removed the one from the other, are yet bound together by the common tie of motherhood. To each one the pangs of martyrdom were intensified by having to witness the sufferings of her children.

S. Felicitas, W. Nov. 23, cir. 150.

S. Felicitas—according to the belief of the early Church as set forth by a sermon in her honour preached by Gregory the Great in a church dedicated to her—was a widowed Christian matron living in Rome, who devoted her whole life to deeds of charity and the upbringing of her seven sons. In the time of the Emperor Antoninus Pius the whole family was denounced to Publius, the prefect, on account of their religion. He ordered them to sacrifice to the gods, and on their refusal they were one by one put to death with cruel torments. Felicitas stood by watching the prolonged agony of her sons, encouraging them throughout in such words as these: "Behold, my sons, heaven, and look upwards, whence you expect Christ and His saints." She was denied even the sad joy of dying with her children, for when the last of them had suffered she was ordered back to prison, and kept there for another four months, at the end of which time she—"the more than martyr," as S. Gregory calls her—was set free by the sword of the executioner to follow "the seven children whom she had already sent forward into the kingdom." *

The touching story of S. Felicitas has been discredited on more accounts than one; and first because there was no authorized persecution of the Christians under Antoninus Pius. But this is far from conclusive; there are many examples of the fury of the heathen mob being stirred by some public calamity, such as fire or flood, famine or earthquake, and of their avenging themselves upon the Christians in the district as being in some unexplained fashion the indirect cause of their ills. "Doubtless in some such way," says Professor Stokes, "Felicitas and her children suffered without any participation on the Emperor's part." The second objection is found in the suspiciously close resemblance between this story and its heroic Jewish counterpart in the Book of the Maccabees. The similarity of the names † and circumstances are too remarkable to escape notice; indeed Mrs. Jameson ‡ says: "The confusion which anciently existed between these Jewish and Christian martyrs was such that the name of Felicitas was given to the mother of the Maccabees. The church of Santa

* Rev. G. T. Stokes in D. C. B.

† Antoninus for Antiochus; Publius for Philip; the Roman emperor being spoken of as *king*; cf. Baring-Gould, July 10.

‡ "Sacred and Legendary Art."

Felicità at Florence stands where stood a chapel dedicated to the Sette Maccabei." A not impossible explanation of the difficulty seems to be that a Christian mother and her sons did actually suffer for their faith in Rome in the days of Antoninus Pius, but that the details of her history having been forgotten, they were freely supplied from the familiar and readily accessible source of the Maccabean Books.

Our only dedication to S. Felicitas is at Phillack, near Penzance; and it must be confessed that this is of doubtful authenticity. We have been driven to admit the probability that "S. Felix" of Philleigh is none other than the Celtic bishop Teilo in a strangely distorted form (CH. XXXII.), and we shall perhaps at some future time have to surrender our faith in S. Felicitas and to allow sadly that she is only usurping the name and dignities of some native Cornish saint (CH. XXXVI., "S. Piala"); but for the moment she is the acknowledged patroness of Phillack, and the inhabitants have testified their acceptance of her by placing in their church (which was rebuilt in 1857) a stained-glass window representing the mother and her seven sons.

S. Perpetua. March 7, 203.

Though there is not a single ancient church in all England that commemorates the fame of this heroic young sufferer, yet her recognition in our Prayer-book Kalendar justifies us in enriching the present chapter with her most pathetic story. That story has a unique interest of its own, because it purports to be mainly related by the martyr herself, the closing scene being added, of course, by another hand. The early date of these Acts of S. Perpetua is shown by many accidental allusions to very ancient Church customs and the use of very early Christian phraseology. "The minute account of the passion" of this martyr, says a modern scholar,* "bears every mark of authenticity." It is allowed on all hands that this narrative is the genuine work of contemporaries, and if the description of S. Perpetua's trial and imprisonment was not actually written by herself, it must at least have been written by one who had been with her and talked with her during those dreadful days. No one who is accustomed to legendary histories of martyrdoms, such as those of S. Catherine or S. Margaret, can fail to note the marvellous difference of tone in the dignified simplicity of S. Perpetua's touching narrative.

We pass now from the Latin into the African Church, from Rome to Carthage. We know from the Acts that S. Perpetua was a young Carthaginian widow† of good family, that she was twenty-two years of age, and that she had recently become a mother. The family, while united by closest bonds of affection, were, as so often happened in those days of transition, divided in point of religious faith. The aged father was an ardent adherent of the old creed, the mother was a Christian, and Perpetua herself and one of her brothers were among the catechumens.

* Professor Stokes in D. C. B., whom see throughout.

† There is certainly no mention of her husband at the time of the trial and martyrdom, and it is thought probable that he had recently died.

An Imperial edict, issued in the opening years of the third century, "forbidding any fresh conversions to Christianity, while imposing no penalties on original Christians," * is supposed to have been the immediate occasion of the arrest of S. Perpetua and her fellow-catechumens. Not the least part of S. Perpetua's trial was the necessity of resisting her father's repeated appeals to her filial duty. "My father," says she, "sought with all his power to turn me away from the faith. 'Father,' said I, 'do you see this little pitcher lying here? Can it be called by any other name than what it is?' He answered 'No.' 'Neither can I,' replied I, 'call myself anything else but what I am, a Christian.'" Shaken with anger and disappointment, the old man withdrew, and "in this interval of peace I, together with my companions, received holy baptism. As I was cleansed in the regenerating waters the Holy Ghost inspired me with the desire of asking for no other grace except that of constant patience amidst bodily sufferings."

Sorely must that patience have been needed when, a few days later, the prisoners were removed into the dungeons. "I was terrified," says she, "for I had never felt such darkness. O what a dreadful day! The fierce heat, the rough behaviour of the soldiers, and anxiety on account of my infant overwhelmed me." By means of bribes to the gaolers the prisoners secured the privilege of being allowed to pass several hours of each day in a more decent part of the prison, where they were allowed to see their friends, and where Perpetua's little pining infant was brought to her to be nursed. With a sad heart she commended it to the care of her mother and brother; but after a while she was spared the anguish of these daily partings from her little one. "I obtained leave for my infant to be with me in the dungeon, and forthwith I grew strong, and the dungeon became to me as it were a palace, so that I preferred being there to being elsewhere."

When it was reported that the examination would soon take place, Perpetua received a second visit from her father, who sought once more to shake her from her purpose. "Have pity, my daughter, on my grey hairs. Have pity on your father. Have compassion on your brothers and mother, and on your child who will not be able to survive you. Lay aside your lofty spirit and do not bring us all to destruction." "These things," says Perpetua, "my father said in his affection, kissing my hands and throwing himself at my feet, calling me with tears not daughter, but lady. And I grieved when I thought of his grey hairs, and that he alone of all my family would not rejoice at my martyrdom, and I strove to comfort him, saying that on that scaffold whatever God wills shall happen, for we stand not in our own strength, but in that of God."

We have no space here to speak of the comforting visions that were vouchsafed to Perpetua in these days of trial; we must pass on to the day of her trial. Perpetua shall again speak for herself. "Another day while we were at dinner we were suddenly taken away to be

* D. C. B.

examined. At once the report spread through the neighbourhood, and an immense multitude of people were assembled in the audience-chamber. The others were interrogated and confessed Christ." When it came to Perpetua's turn, her father drew near, and again repeated that old heart-breaking appeal, "Have pity on your babe," words which were re-echoed by the judge himself. "Have compassion," said he, "on thy father's grey hairs; have pity on your babe; offer sacrifice for the well-being of the Emperor;" but the steadfast reply was still the same, "That I cannot do." The father still persisting in his vain interference, the judge lost patience with him, and commanded him to be beaten with rods. "I felt," says Perpetua, "as if I had myself been beaten." Calmly she records the sentence. "The procurator then delivered judgment, condemning us to be exposed to the wild beasts, and we went down cheerfully to our dungeon. Then I sent to my father to ask for the child, but he would not give it me, and God so willed it that the child no longer desired the breast." So meekly and thankfully did the young mother submit to the snapping of the most precious of her earthly ties, while she records with gratitude all the signs of kindly compassion that were still shown her in these last days. One of the warders, moved to admiration by the bearing of his charges, or, as Perpetua says, "perceiving that the great power of God was with us," showed them special consideration, "and admitted many brethren to see us, that both we and they might be mutually refreshed." With the account of one last visit from her father, and the relation of one more vision, Perpetua's own narrative comes to an end; but the remainder of the history is distinguished by the same mixture of perfect simplicity and dignified reserve that marks the earlier part.

The night before their sufferings the prisoners were served, according to custom, with a public supper, which they turned into an *agape*, or love-feast. Curiosity drew many spectators, and to these the Christians talked, speaking of their own future with a calm courage that amazed those who heard. The rest has often been told. With unfaltering steps the little procession made its way from the prison to the amphitheatre, Perpetua coming last of all with a peaceful countenance and downcast eyes. It was proposed to clothe the men as priests of Saturn, the women as priestesses of Ceres; but the protest of Perpetua availed to save them from this cruel indignity, and they advanced into the arena, Perpetua chanting a hymn as she moved onwards. Then the two women (Felicitas* and Perpetua) were brought face to face with the wild cow that was to toss them. Perpetua's calm composure, her noble self-forgetfulness, never failed; after the first terrible onset, she with her own hands rearranged her disordered dress and bound up her fallen hair, and seeing that Felicitas was thrown down and wounded, she went to her and helped her to rise. The first shock seems to have mercifully numbed her from all further consciousness of pain: as she was led out of the arena she asked, like one

* Not, of course, to be confounded with S. Felicitas of Rome.

roused out of sleep, when they were to be led forth to the beasts, and when she was told what had passed she could hardly believe it. Almost her last recorded words were spoken to the brother who was likewise her fellow-sufferer: "Stand fast in the faith, and all of you love one another, and be not distressed at our sufferings." Once more the whole band of Christians were called back into the arena; they came in of their own accord, and having greeted one another with the kiss of peace, they each in turn stood to receive the sword-thrust which was to end their long agony. "O most blessed and brave martyrs!" cries the compiler of the Acts, "O truly called and chosen to the glory of our Lord Jesus Christ!"

After reading the foregoing narrative, one asks one's self with amazement how it is that so little honour has been paid to such a martyr as S. Perpetua, while there are churches by the score to such semi-mythical sufferers as S. Margaret and S. Catherine. It was not that the name of S. Perpetua was unknown to the English Church, for it held its place in our pre-Reformation Kalendars (that of Salisbury, for example), just as it holds its place in our existing Prayer-book Kalendar. The probable explanation is to be found in the branch of the Church to which S. Perpetua belonged. She was a member of the North African or Mauritanian Church, and we shall elsewhere have occasion (CH. XIX.) to observe how little count our English dedications take of this branch of the Church. If S. Perpetua had been a Roman martyr—still more, if she had been a virgin rather than a matron—we should probably have many dedications in her honour; but the omission is one that is almost certain to be made good before long, if indeed there be not already some modern church in her honour that has not fallen under our notice.

S. Julitta, or Juliot. June 16, 304.

The pathetic story of S. Julitta of Tarsus will be told in full in connexion with her little child, the three-year-old Cyricus (CH. XVI.). As a rule, the two are commemorated together, but each of them has also two or three separate dedications. The mother alone has given her name to the Cornish parish of St. Juliot's, where her feast is still observed on the last Sunday in June (or the first in July), but the original chapel in this place was only the complement of the chapel of S. Cyricus, in the parish of St. Veep, also in Cornwall. Both these churches were offshoots of the important Cluniac Priory of Montacute in Somerset. The church at St. Veep was rebuilt and re-dedicated in 1336,* and very probably St. Juliot's belongs to about the same period. Lanteglos is likewise dedicated to S. Julitta, but here the feast-day has been lost sight of.

The Acts of SS. Cyricus and Julitta were condemned by Pope Gelasius in the fifth century on account of the many inaccuracies that had crept into the story, but in the sixth century an authentic narrative was furnished to the Church by the then Bishop of Iconium—S. Julitta's native town—from the traditions and records in the possession of the lady's descendants.†

* Borlase. † D. C. B.

Indeed, the story of the mother and her little child had taken so deep a hold upon the imagination of Christendom, that no Papal condemnation could have dethroned it from the place which it occupied, and Gregory XIII., in the sixteenth century, was only following, not leading, public opinion when he restored the festival to all its former honours.

Felicitas of Rome, Perpetua of Carthage, Julitta of Tarsus and her unconscious child-martyr—representatives of the Churches of Europe, Africa, and Asia—how strikingly do they, in their joyful acceptance of martyrdom, illustrate the words that Browning * puts into the mouth of the dying S. John—

> "Another year or two,—what little child,
> What tender woman that hath seen no least
> Of all my sights, but barely heard them told,
> Who did not clasp the cross with a light laugh,
> Or wrap the burning robe round, thanking God?"

* "A Death in the Desert."

CHAPTER XIV.

SOLDIER-SAINTS.

PAGE.	NAME.	DAY.	YEAR.	CHURCHES.
153	S. Eustachius, or Eustace ...	September 20 ...	cir. 118 ...	2 *See also dd.*
	S. Hippolytus. See CH. XIX.			
	S. George. See CH. XLV.			
155	S. Maurice	September 22 ...	286 ...	8
	S. Quintin. See CH. LI.			
159	S. Sebastian	January 20 ...	cir. 288 ...	2
	S. Alban. See CH. XXXVIII.			
	S. Anastasius. See CH. LI.			

EVER since the first days of Christianity the army has furnished numerous and heroic examples of unflinching fidelity to the Heavenly Captain. The great host of soldier-saints is in some measure, but by no means adequately, represented amongst us. Even of the eight names brought together in this chapter, the majority have strong claims to be considered elsewhere than among the soldiers. It is left therefore to S. Eustace, S. Maurice, and S. Sebastian to uphold the fame of their distinguished order.

S. Eustachius, or Eustace. Sept. 20, cir. 118.

S. Eustachius is a peculiarly disappointing saint. Our interest in him is first aroused by the fact that his martyrdom is ascribed to almost the earliest ages of Christianity. The military commander Eustachius—or "Placidus," as he was said to have been called before his baptism—was undoubtedly venerated at Rome in the days of Constantine the Great.* This is the earliest authentic mention of his name, but the legend itself takes us back far behind the days of the Church's prosperity under Constantine. It takes us back to the beginning of the reign of the heathen Hadrian, early in the second century; to a time when but few Christians were enrolled in the ranks of the army, and when those who did take up military service knew well that they might at any moment be called upon to choose between abjuring their faith and suffering for it.

The moment came when such an alternative was offered to Eustachius, and the record of his name among the Church's martyrs shows what decision he then made. The secular history of that period knows no

* D. C. B., "Eustachius" (2).

prominent officer of the name of Eustachius, but Josephus speaks of a certain Placidus who was a celebrated commander under the Emperor Titus. We have seen that "Placidus" was the name borne by our saint previous to his conversion, and it has been conjectured that both names refer to the same individual. It is not impossible; although in that case the saint must have been very old at the time of his martyrdom.*

Up to this point the story, scanty as it is, bears all the signs of truth, and even where we have to call in the aid of conjecture we are still moving on historic lines. But unhappily the meagre outlines have been filled up with an unsparing hand, and the result is a poor and utterly worthless romance which passes under the name of the "Acts of S. Eustachius." As Baillet, the devout yet critical Roman Catholic hagiographer of the last century, severely observes: "It was not worth while to abandon truth for fiction if the subject were not to be better handled." †

The legend follows very familiar lines. It begins with a recital of the saint's virtues even in the early days when he walked only by the natural light of conscience; then it tells the story of his sudden conversion while following the chase, and dwells at length upon the many purifying trials which befell this devoted husband and father. He is bereaved of all that he holds dearest to him, only to receive them back unexpectedly; but finally, when he believes that all his tribulations are at an end, he is summoned by the Emperor to sacrifice to the gods, and here—at this one only point—we seem to touch the genuine Eustachius.

The legend is commonplace enough, and almost every feature of it may be matched from some other legend; but, nevertheless, it has enjoyed a considerable popularity, and the episode of the stag will be long remembered. This part of the story tells how, as he was hunting in the forest, he beheld a stag bearing between its antlers a dazzling crucifix, and from this crucifix that Voice spoke to him which spoke to the Apostle of old on the Damascene road, bidding him follow the Master Whom he had served without knowing Him, and foretelling the afflictions that should be his earthly guerdon.‡ It is this scene which has caused S. Eustace to be looked upon as the patron saint of huntsmen, an honour which he shares with Bishop Hubert (CH. XXIV.).

S. Eustachius is not found in Bede's Kalendar, and it is probable that he was hardly known in this country, until his fame had been established in France by the translation of his remains from Rome to the Abbey of S. Denis. In the West-country we find two dedications in honour of S. Eustachius—the one at Tavistock in Devonshire, the other at Ibberton in Dorsetshire. Ibberton church is known nowadays as "S. Eustace," but the standard County History notes that in the churchyard is a well, "vulgarly called Stachy's Well," § a very manifest corruption of the older form of the saint's name "Eustachius." S. Eustachius was at any rate sufficiently familiar in the West of England to induce some mediæval

* D. C. B., "Eustachius" (2).
† September 20.
‡ Mrs. Jameson.
§ Hutchin's "Dorset."

copyist to substitute his more famous name for that of the unknown S. Ewe, the patron of the Cornish parish of that name (CH. XXXVI.). This copyist implies that the church of St. Ewe was actually dedicated to S. Eustachius; but there is no real evidence of this, and the statement seems to rest only upon what Mr. Borlase describes as the too great readiness of "the mediæval scribe to write a name he knew in place of a Celtic one which he did not."*

There is, however, at least one more indisputable instance of a genuine dedication to the Roman S. Eustachius at Hoo in Suffolk, where the church is placed under the twofold invocation of "SS. Andrew and Eustachius."

S. Hippolytus. See CH. XIX.

S. George. See CH. XLV.

S. Maurice. Sept. 22, 286. The famous story of S. Maurice and his companions has given rise to endless controversy, and opinions as to its truth range from the complete acceptance of it in all its details by writers of the school of Alban Butler, to its equally complete rejection, not only by such men as Voltaire and Gibbon, but by some among the critical historians of our own day; while there is yet a third party who hold that the story, however much it has been exaggerated, nevertheless rests upon a foundation of truth.

But before entering upon the story of the martyrdom there is one observation to be made that has a general bearing upon the authenticity of the narratives of our soldier-saints. It is curious to note the contrast between these soldier-saints, who only flash upon us in one glorious hour of their lives—and that the last—and those other saints whose histories we can follow step by step, from birth to death. Maurice, Sebastian, Alban, all have this in common, that they are known to us only in the hour of trial and martyrdom; and from this it naturally follows that our knowledge of them is slight and fragmentary. They are not like the sainted bishops, or missionaries, or Fathers of the Church, whose Christian profession has been throughout its course seen and read of all men; they are laymen, following a calling that at first sight might seem to be the very least in harmony with Christianity—men of whose religion we hear nothing till a sudden testing-time comes, which proclaims to themselves and to the world the reality of that hidden faith. All at once the man becomes a hero, and then there arises the natural desire to know more of him; something is added to the simple story of his death to heighten its effect, and too often the result has been that the overlying mass of legends and improbabilities has caused the original substratum of truth to be discredited.

The scene of the martyrdom of S. Maurice is laid in a spot well known to modern travellers—the little town of St. Maurice in the Rhone valley. For many a century it has been known by the name of the martyr who made it famous, but its original name was *Agaunum*. More than thirteen hundred years ago one of the Burgundian kings founded

* "Age of the Saints."

at this place a monastery in honour of S. Maurice and his fellow-martyrs; and this was the stirring story that used there to be told in sermon and discourse—a story that had been handed down from mouth to mouth by the descendants of those in whose very midst this terrible deed had been done. There, in that very village, it was said, a contingent of soldiers of the great Roman army had once been quartered on their way to suppress a rising of the peasantry in Gaul. Before the campaign was undertaken orders were issued by the commander-in-chief that all the soldiers should take part in a sacrifice to the gods for the success of the expedition. Tidings were brought to him that the soldiers belonging to the Theban Legion refused to join in the ceremony. Orders were immediately sent that unless they yielded at once the legion was to be decimated. Under this pressure some few gave way, but the main body, encouraged by their commanding officers—Maurice, Candidus, and others whose names have been preserved—stood firm. The lots were drawn, and the whole force was decimated, without shaking the constancy of those who escaped. Once again the process was repeated; and at last, when this trial likewise had failed in its object, orders were given for the wholesale massacre of the remaining Christians. When all was over a certain soldier of that legion, Victor by name, who had been absent from the camp on leave, returning to Agaunum, voluntarily gave himself up to share the fate of his comrades.

Such is, in its briefest outline, the noble history of S. Maurice and his companions, a history which has sunk too deeply into the hearts of Christians to be lightly parted with. It is useless, however, to deny that there are many difficulties connected with it, and certain discrepancies in the different versions of it; and of some of these we must now speak.

The first grand difficulty that presents itself is the lateness of the authorities on whom we have to rely. In none of the contemporary writers have we any allusion to this Martyr-army; there is complete silence concerning it for a hundred and twenty years, and then first we have a reference to a sermon on the subject preached by a certain abbot in the district of the Jura, which gives the number of martyrs, in its most startling form, at 6600. Some thirty or forty years later (A.D. 440) appeared a work by one Eucherius, Bishop of Lyons, entitled "The History of the Sufferings of S. Mauritius," on which our knowledge of the story is almost entirely based, though some few independent touches are given in the "Acts of S. Maurice," drawn up either at the same time or it may be a little later. The Bishop of Lyons enumerates the chain of witnesses through whom the history had reached him, and it is evident enough how much room existed here for inaccuracies to creep in. His informants had received the story from the Bishop of Geneva, who in his turn had received it from the Bishop of Martigny. We see from this how firmly the tradition was established in the regions where of right it belonged. Doubtless if such a noble deed had come to the knowledge of Ambrose or Augustine, or any of those trans-Alpine bishops to whom

writing came almost as readily as speech, we should have had it fitly celebrated in a written form; but it is easy to believe that to these less highly cultured bishops in their secluded mountain homes in Le Valais, oral tradition was a method of communication still sufficiently satisfactory alike to them and to their flocks.

But then, it is argued, so striking an event must have been known from end to end of the Roman empire. The loss in a given time and place, not in open warfare, but by a wholesale butchery, of 6600 soldiers of the Roman army, could not have remained unchronicled for more than a hundred years after its occurrence. True enough; but then the question arises whether there is any real ground for supposing that the entire legion was here concerned. We all know how loosely the majority of laymen are apt to use military terms, and how hopelessly they confuse battalions and regiments and companies. Now, the various bishops and preachers, who are our authorities for the martyrdom of S. Maurice and his companions, knew positively that these soldiers belonged to the Theban Legion, and so spoke of them in general terms as "the legion," without pausing to consider whether they represented more than a portion of the whole legion. Mr. Baring-Gould * thinks there is reason to believe that the Theban Legion at this very time was dispersed throughout Gaul and the district of the Rhine, and that "one cohort may have been at Agaunum, not more;" but in any case we should surely feel that the expression "legion" is not intended to be pressed too closely.

Much stress has been laid on the silence of Eusebius as to this event, which offers indeed a direct contradiction to his statement concerning the army at this time, namely, that "the great numbers of the believers probably deterred him" (that is, Diocletian) "and caused him to shrink from a general attack." From this it is urged that there can have been no extensive persecution in the army at this period. But Eusebius has just been speaking of the testing or purging of the army that had already been begun, and of the soldiers of Christ, who, "without hesitating, preferred confession of His name to apparent glory and comfort;" while "a few here and there exchanged these honours not only for degradation but even for death." And then he adds that "when he began to arm more openly it is impossible to tell how many and how eminent were those who presented themselves in every place and city and country as martyrs of Christ." So far Eusebius's Ecclesiastical History; but in his Chronicle the same writer says that Diocletian ordered the trial of the faith of the soldiers to be made throughout the whole army. It is clear, however, from the passages first quoted, that Eusebius did not claim to be aware of every instance of persecution throughout the army. It must be remembered, too, that what we know to be a noble act of martyrdom would be regarded by many who witnessed it or heard of it purely in the light of a mutiny, which the military authorities were justified in promptly suppressing.

* September 22.

According to one version of the story, Maurice and his companions suffered owing to their refusal to take up arms against their fellow-Christians; but there is no good evidence in support of the assertion that the Bagaudæ, the insurgent Gallic peasantry in question, were Christians. The statement in the "Acts of S. Maurice" that the soldiers were required to join in the heathen sacrifices for the success of the undertaking, supplies us with a sufficient reason for their refusal to obey orders. The general may have supposed that, by making an example of a few, he would break down the opposition of the rest; and it would appear from the narrative that their unexpected constancy stirred him to fury.

Lastly, it is objected that at this period of history it is in the highest degree improbable that there should have been an entire legion consisting of Christians. In the first place it has been shown that the expression "legion" is not to be taken very exactly; but even in the end of the third century it does not appear an incredible thing that a single company or cohort should be found consisting mainly of Christians; and less so still when we recollect that this particular legion was recruited principally from the Thebaid in Egypt, a district where Christianity had so firm a hold. Dr. Cazenove* gives an apt illustration of this when he says: "Anglo-Indians tell us that the troops of the Rajah of Gwalior used to contain a number of Christians quite disproportionate to the scanty percentage of the converts in Hindostan. . . . A similar observation would hold good in the British army as regards the number of Presbyterians or of Roman Catholics in a given regiment. It depends largely on the recruiting ground."

To sum up then:—we may admit freely that the story has been grossly exaggerated, and yet need not give up our belief that in the neighbourhood of the little town which to-day bears his name, a Roman officer, together with a band of devoted soldiers, did some sixteen hundred years ago lay down his life for conscience' sake.

After the publication of the Bishop of Lyons's book, and still more after the founding of the monastery at Agaunum, the fame of S. Maurice spread rapidly. "The lance of St. Maurice became the ensign of the Burgundian kingdom, the emperor" (of Germany) "at his coronation was invested with the spurs of St. Maurice."† In art S. Maurice has become a favourite subject, and his name is established as a recognized Christian name throughout Western Europe.

"S. Maurice and his fellow-martyrs" have a place in the somewhat scanty Kalendar of our English Bede, no less than in the existing Roman Catholic Kalendar. Under the circumstances it is surprising that we do not find more than eight of our English churches dedicated to him; but these eight are curiously widely distributed—north, south, east, and west—from Northumberland to Hampshire, and from Lincolnshire to Devon. Five of the number are to be found in small country villages; one is at Winchester, and the remaining two are both of them to be found,

* D. C. B., "Legio Thebæa." † Ibid.

appropriately enough, in York, a city which has so many military associations. In no case does there appear to be any local explanation accounting for the choice of the dedication; and in no case are the companions of S. Maurice associated with their leader, though in the Kalendars they are thus linked together; but the immense veneration shown for S. Maurice in France at Vienne, Angers, and elsewhere, is a quite sufficient explanation of his presence amongst us. That veneration was at its height in the thirteenth century, when S. Louis caused the remains of the saint to be translated from their resting-place in the Rhone valley to the chapel which he had built expressly for their reception in Paris.* Probably most of our eight churches in honour of S. Maurice were so named after the date of this translation, but one of the number, at any rate—Ellingham in Northumberland—claims to have been founded by its Norman proprietor at an earlier date, in the twelfth century.†

S. Quintin. See CH. LI.

S. Sebastian, M. Jan. 20, cir. 288.

Are we to regard it as a sign of our national independence, or are we more reasonably to regard it as a mere chance, that while S. Sebastian is venerated on the Continent as one of the most illustrious of the martyrs; while his church in Rome has been for centuries one of the seven great places of pilgrimage, here in England he is—to our lasting loss—almost unrecognized? Two obscure villages, in Lincolnshire and Norfolk, are the sole proofs that his striking story was known to our forefathers, and this in spite of the fact that city after city in France boasted his relics and claimed his special protection. S. Maurice, on the other hand, whose very name is wanting in the popular Roman Kalendars of the present day, who has no special office assigned to him in the Missal—he can boast not less than eight English churches as against S. Sebastian's two. We can only repeat that the whole study of English church dedications is full of surprises, and that this is not one of the least among them; but at the same time we should be very slow to ascribe the curious omission to anything beyond mere accident.

Every one knows S. Sebastian as he is represented in a hundred works of art—the young stalwart figure bound to a tree, transfixed with arrows; but those who know only this one incident in his history have missed much of what gives to the story of this Roman soldier its special and most individual interest. For it was not only by his death that Sebastian showed himself a "faithful martyr." Long before his trial came he had been quietly witnessing for his heavenly King; following the daily routine of his profession with all the more zeal because it was his life's purpose to do all to the glory of God; serving the Emperor with the more loyalty because his religion consecrated obedience to the powers that be; serving him not only by outward action but by secret prayer; making it his aim beyond and above all else to lend a helping hand to his weaker brethren in the faith. And indeed such brotherly help was often needed; for though in these early years of Diocletian's reign there was no organized

* Baillet, September 22. † Lewis.

persecution of the Christians such as was to make his closing years of power for ever memorable, Rome was continually the theatre of some act or other of oppression, aimed not at the whole community, but "at a few obnoxious devotees," * or too often, it may be, prompted solely by some private grudge.

The absence of any general persecution at this time has inclined some critics to assign S. Sebastian's martyrdom to the year 303, but the earlier date 288 agrees far better with the details of the story, and is not lightly to be disregarded. And here it may be observed that though we are not fortunate enough to possess the original Acts of S. Sebastian, and though it is evident that those which have come down to us from the fourth century have been only too plainly amplified and dressed up, there is no reason to doubt their general truth.

The common representations of S. Sebastian agree in portraying him as a mere youth, but the very earliest of the series, a seventh-century mosaic preserved at Rome, which may not improbably embed a trustworthy tradition, shows him as "a bearded warrior;" † and such a conception of him is more in harmony with his position of authority both in the army and at court, and with the general deference that appears to have been accorded to him.

For some years all went peacefully, and Sebastian went on his quiet useful way unmolested, loved and respected by all men; in no wise concealing his faith, yet not obtruding it. At Milan, the town where he had been educated, and where he was for a time quartered, he was well known, and moreover the Church in that place was singularly free from external trouble. To Sebastian therefore it was matter for rejoicing when he found himself in the more troubled arena of the capital. It was not long before he was called upon openly to show his colours. Two brothers had been arrested and tortured on a charge of Christianity, and were even now in prison under sentence of death, but respited for one month in the hope that in the interval they would yield to the entreaties of their wives and parents and the unconscious pleadings of their little children, and recant. Sebastian visited them assiduously, and so renewed their wavering courage that when the time came they firmly and joyfully met their death. More than this: he gathered round him the kinsfolk of the two sufferers, and imparted to them his own spirit of burning devotion, so that they no longer shrank from the sacrifice that was demanded of them. A strange meeting-place it was that these Christians had hit upon in the hour of danger—no other than a chamber in the Imperial palace, belonging to an official of Diocletian's household, who was himself a Christian, and in complete sympathy with Sebastian. Now, even as two hundred years before, there were Christians to be found among "Cæsar's household."

The then Pope, Caius, watched with glad approbation Sebastian's brave missionary work, and surnamed him, it is said, "the defender of

* D. C. B., "Caius" (3). † Mrs. Jameson.

the Church." Sebastian was too marked a man for his doings to pass unnoticed, whether by friend or foe. Some say that his ministrations among the Christians were denounced by a traitor from among their own number; but be this as it may, Sebastian found himself summoned to give an account of himself to the Emperor. He defended himself by saying, truly enough, that his religion did not make him the less loyal subject; but he added some words concerning the vanity of the worship of the heathen gods which angered his hearer, who forthwith ordered him, without any form of trial or inquiry, to be led away by a company of archers into an adjacent field and there to be put to death. The order was executed in so far that our saint was left for dead upon the field; but one of the women to whom he had ministered—whose husband was himself among the martyrs—went in search of his body, and discovered that he was still living. She brought him secretly to her house and nursed him back to health; and now his friends implored him to save his life by withdrawing into some place of safety. But Sebastian had it deeply at heart to make one more appeal to the Emperor, an appeal which, by setting before him the justice and piety of the Christian belief, might win peace and safety for all his fellow-Christians. With this purpose he placed himself upon the great staircase of the palace by which Diocletian must needs pass on his way to the temple, and as he drew near, advanced and made a last fervent appeal to him on this behalf. To the Emperor it was as though an apparition had suddenly crossed his path. Was not this the very Sebastian whom he had condemned to death, risen from the dead? In startled silence he listened for a moment, and then amazement gave place to anger, and he commanded that the over-daring officer should be carried to the circus and there beaten to death. The order was carried out, and his body was afterwards thrown into the Cloaca Maxima—an indignity often shown to the bodies of Christians—but from thence it was rescued by a certain noble Christian lady, and was kept in safety till such time as it could receive honourable burial.

It is needless to dwell on the widespread posthumous honours paid to this well-beloved saint throughout the Continent, seeing that in this country they waked only the faintest echoes. The two village churches of Great Gonerby in Lincolnshire, and Woodbastwick in Norfolk, are the only pre-Reformation dedications in this name that have as yet come to light, though it is highly probable that a careful study of ancient wills and deeds might slightly increase the number. At Woodbastwick our soldier is commemorated conjointly with S. Fabian, Bishop of Rome and martyr, whose name is familiar to many of us through the Prayer-book Kalendar. There is no natural connexion between the two saints, and their association at Woodbastwick arises simply from their being commemorated on the same day (January 22), and so having given their joint names to a well-known Roman church.* In Bede's Kalendar and

* The Roman church of "SS. Vincent and Anastasius" (CH. XXVI.) has a similar accidental origin.

in our English mediæval Kalendars both names stood together as they do to this day in the Roman martyrology, but in the sixteenth-century revision of our Anglican Kalendar the name of Sebastian was most unfortunately struck out, while that of the more obscure Fabian was retained.

S. Alban. See CH. XXXVIII.

S. Anastasius. See CH. LI. The histories associated with both these names are told elsewhere, and our record of the soldier-saints is thus appropriately closed with the stirring story of S. Sebastian.

CHAPTER XV.

THE MEDICAL SAINTS.

PAGE.	NAME.	DAY.	YEAR.	CHURCHES.
164	SS. Cosmas and Damian	September 27 ...	Fourth cent. ...	3
165	S. Julian the Hospitaller	January 9 ...	cir. 310 ...	7
	cf. S. Julian the Bishop. See CH. XXIV.			

THERE is in the city of Philadelphia a church founded by the widow of a medical man in memory of her husband, and appropriately placed under the invocation of "The Beloved Physician." This American dedication only emphasizes the natural tendency to do honour to those among the saints who have ministered not to the souls alone, but also to the bodies of their fellow-men.

"Honour the physician with the honour due unto him," wrote the Son of Sirach long ago, and the number of modern churches bearing the name of S. Luke shows that his precept is not forgotten in our own day.

S. Luke undoubtedly stands foremost among the saints of this class, but then it is to be remembered that he is chosen not merely in his capacity as the "beloved physician," but primarily as an "Evangelist and Physician of the soul;" and, apart from this, he stands before us in many different aspects, as the missionary, the scholar, the man of letters, and—if we may trust a long-standing tradition—as the artist also. But something has already been said on this subject in speaking of the Evangelists (CH. VIII.), and therefore we will here omit all consideration of the numerous dedications to S. Luke, and pass on to the other representatives of the healing art, the twin brothers, Cosmas and Damian, and Julian, known as "the Hospitaller," all three of them saints early known and reverenced in the Christian Church. In the legends and pictures of the Middle Ages they occupy a large space; in the biographical dictionaries, on the other hand, a few lines will comprise all that can be certainly told of them; but, nevertheless, they are important, because they became the types of a beneficent order of saints, whose special gift was most needful in drawing suffering men to Him Who is indeed the Good Physician.

SS. Cosmas and Damian. Sept. 27. Fourth cent.

In studying the legends of these saints we immediately find ourselves confronted with no less than three pairs of twins, all bearing the same names, and all following the same profession. This is confusing, but not very surprising; for the appropriate naming of twins appears to be a matter of such difficulty that the same names have a strong tendency to repeat themselves again and again;* nor is there anything inherently improbable in the second pair of twins having been moved to adopt the same calling as their distinguished namesakes. As to the third pair, "if they ever existed, they were not martyrs at all, but only doctors and veterinaries of a much later date."† With this pair, and the ridiculous stories that have grown up around their names, we have fortunately nothing to do; neither have we in England much to do with the first pair, though in the Eastern Church they are highly venerated. Our particular SS. Cosmas and Damian, then, are the middle pair; supposed to have flourished early in the fourth century, some twenty or thirty years later than their namesakes.

According to their legend they were Arabs by birth, but the scene of all their miracles, and finally of their martyrdom, is S. Paul's province of Cilicia. They gave themselves to the study of medicine purely that they might be the better able to relieve the suffering poor around them. Though poor themselves, and forced to practise the most rigid self-denial, they refused all payment for their services, and thus they became known as the "silverless" doctors. It was specially noted of them that their merciful skill was freely bestowed upon the dumb animals no less than upon their fellow-men. They are supposed to have been martyred under Diocletian, with all the usual circumstances of horror. Their fame quickly increased, and in the fifth century we know of at least three churches in their honour, one of which was erected by the Emperor Justinian as a thank-offering for recovery from illness through the supposed medium of their intercessions.

In later days grotesque stories were told of blunders committed by the brothers—such as the affixing the leg of a dead Moor to the body of a Roman whose limb they had themselves amputated;‡ but no ridiculous stories could shake the hold that they had obtained over the popular imagination, and for centuries they kept their place as the chief patrons of the medical art. The true value of their legend has survived not merely the gross absurdities with which it has been overlaid, but also the more modern objection sometimes raised, that the brothers never had any real existence at all, but were merely a Christianized substitute for Æsculapius. A writer on this perplexing subject sums up as follows all that can really be said to be known about these saints: "Brothers, physicians, 'silverless' martyrs; they afforded much to feed the heart of

* Cf. p. 167, the twin brothers at Southampton, named after the Milanese twins, Gervase and Protasius.

† D. C. B.

‡ Mrs. Jameson.

Christendom," for "they became types of a class, the 'silverless' martyrs, *i.e.* physicians who took no fees, but went about curing people gratis, and claiming as their reward that those whom they benefited should believe in Christ."*

Various foreign towns were the fortunate possessors of relics of SS. Cosmas and Damian, and it is doubtless through the channel of some Norman proprietor that three of our churches in the south of England came to be placed under the invocation of these twin brothers. Two of the churches are in the ancient kingdom of Kent, at Blean and Challock respectively, and the third is not very far distant, at Keymer in Sussex.

S. Julian the Hospitaller. Jan. 9, cir. 310.

Our remaining saint in this class appears at first sight to be of more widespread popularity than the Cilician brothers; but then there is great doubt how far he is the lawful owner of all the churches that bear his name, and in the case of churches dedicated to SS. Cosmas and Damian no such doubt can arise. He resembles them in two points—first, the solid facts concerning him are scanty in the extreme; secondly, for fifteen centuries he has held a place of his own as a type of the Christian philanthropist.

There are two versions of his story agreeing in the main with one another, but differing in this respect, that whereas the one represents all his acts of tender charity as the outcome of bitter penitence for having unwittingly slain his own father and mother, the other represents him as devoting his life from its spotless opening to its heroic close to the service of God and man. The first horrible story may be read in Mrs. Jameson; the second is given in Baring-Gould,† where the date and authority of the Acts of this martyr are fully discussed.

S. Julian, according to the legend, was by birth an Egyptian of wealth and position. At an early age, when he had scarcely passed out of boyhood, he was united in marriage with a maiden named Basilissa, his friend and companion from childhood, and one whose nature was as pure and as open to all good influences as his own. On their marriage night, when the young husband and wife were alone in their chamber, disclosing to one another their common desire to consecrate their lives and service to God and man, they beheld a vision of surpassing sweetness. The room was flooded with fragrance and with heavenly light, and they beheld the Lord Jesus standing beside them, and speaking to them in words of tenderest benediction. And then appeared four angels bearing a book written with letters of gold, which was the Book of Life, and they bade Julian look upon the open page, and when he looked he saw thereupon the names of himself and of his wife Basilissa. From henceforth the daily life of Julian and Basilissa in its sanctified love, its noble self-forgetfulness, its ungrudging devotion to the needs of others, seemed to realize the ideal of the poet Keble, who

* Rev. G. B. Birks in D. C. B. † January 9.

in the "Christian Year" has described to us the blessedness of such love as that of Julian and his young wife—

> "Such if on high their thoughts are set,
> Nor in the stream the source forget,
> If prompt to quit the bliss they know,
> Following the Lamb where'er He go,
> By purest pleasures unbeguil'd
> To idolize or wife or child;
> Such wedded souls our God shall own
> For faultless virgins round His throne."

When he came into possession of his father's property Julian made his own house into a hospital, and there he and Basilissa ministered with their own hands to the sick poor, even to the lepers. His surname of "the Hospitaller" has reference not only to his care of the sick, but also to the shelter which he extended to all needy wayfarers, making his house into a veritable *hospitium*, or hostelry.

S. Julian's proper emblem is not the medical appliances of the "silverless" physicians, but an *oar*, in reference to the commonly received legend that his dwelling was on the banks of a great river, and that one of his most frequent acts of mercy was to ferry strangers across the dangerous waters "without fee or reward."

After many happy years together Basilissa died, and her husband was left to carry on alone the works that had been the delight of both. In the Diocletian persecution he was denounced as a Christian, and, after a brief term of imprisonment, was cruelly put to death in some Egyptian town of uncertain identity. His story under various forms quickly obtained popularity. There is extant a homily of S. Chrysostom (cir. 387) on "S. Julian the Martyr," which is supposed to refer to the Hospitaller, but is likewise claimed for another Egyptian saint of the same name. A more indisputable honour was a church at Constantinople (existing in the fourth century), dedicated to the joint memories of SS. Julian and Basilissa.

It is much to be regretted that though the name of Julian has been bestowed on some half-dozen English churches, it is in no single instance found associated with that of his wife, and therefore we are left in considerable doubt as to whether some of the number ought not more properly to be attributed to another S. Julian, a French bishop of some note (CH. XXIV.). The number of saints—episcopal and otherwise—distinguished by the name of Julian, tends yet further to increase the confusion; but it is probable that most of our English dedications are intended either for the Bishop of Le Mans or for the Hospitaller. The late Precentor Venables was inclined to assign the Lincolnshire dedication of Benniworth to the Bishop of Le Mans, while Dr. Cox, the editor of the "Lichfield Year-Book," claims for the Hospitaller S. Julian's church in Shrewsbury; but there is abundant evidence to prove that the true patron of the Shrewsbury church is a feminine saint, S. Juliana (CH. LI.).

At Wellow in Somerset, where the same doubt as to the true patron prevailed, the parish observes its annual feast on October 17, and at first sight it appears that some clue ought to be furnished by this date; but unhappily there is no S. Julian of any importance commemorated on this day; and it may very possibly be that here, as in many other places, in the time of Henry VIII. the date of the feast was changed to October according to that king's decree. The Vicar of Wellow (Rev. Le Gendre Horton) having vainly sought for trustworthy information on the point, decided it in favour of the Hospitaller by putting up in the church a stained-glass window, representing the saint as a ferryman with his customary emblem of an oar. A sculptured figure of the same saint has likewise been placed in a niche over the principal doorway.

But at Southampton there is an ancient church of S. Julian's which is unmistakably under the patronage of the old philanthropist. This church, which is given up to the use of the French residents in the town, and which therefore retains its old French form of "S. Julien," had its origin in the reign of Henry III. At that time there lived in Southampton two merchants. They were brothers, and most likely twins, for they bore the names of the sainted twins of Milan, Gervase and Protasius. These brothers, after the example of S. Julian, turned the very house in which they dwelt into "a hospital for poor people, and endowed it with some lands, to which several benefactions were afterwards added."* The chapel they naturally dedicated to S. Julian, "for which reason it is often called the hospital of S. Julian in Southampton, but generally God's House."† Edward III. gave the mastership of the hospital into the hands of Queen's College, Oxford, which continued to hold it until comparatively recently; but for at least two centuries after its foundation the hospital and chapel of S. Julian remained an object of royal bounty.

Possibly in time to come some forgotten parish record may bring to light the name of the devoted wife Basilissa as associated with that of S. Julian, in some one of our English churches, and then our roll of saints will be enriched by the rare and welcome addition of a sainted husband and wife who together "laboured much in the Lord."

* "Eng. Illus." † Ibid.

CHAPTER XVI.

CHILD-SAINTS.

PAGE.	NAME.	DAY.	YEAR.	CHURCHES.	
169	The Holy Innocents ...	December 28 ...	——	... 15	*See also dd.*
169	*S. Agnes.* See CH. XI.				
169	S. Pancras of Rome ...	May 12	303	... 7	
	cf. S. Pancras of Taormina.	CH. XXV.			
170	S. Cyriac, Cyril, or Cyr ...	June 16	303	... 6	*See also dd.*
172	S. Rumbald, or Rumbold ...	November 3 ...	Eighth cent.	... 7	
174	S. Kenelm	July 17	819	... 9	
175	S. Wyston, or Winston ...	June 1	849	... 3	

DEAN COLET, the friend of Erasmus and More, in his preface to the easy Latin Grammar which he drew up for the use of S. Paul's School (that school which he himself dedicated to the Child Jesus), thus addresses himself to his little scholars: "Wherefore I pray you little babes and all little children, learn gladly this little treatise. . . . And lift up your little white hands for me which pray for you to God, to Whom be the honour and imperial majesty and glory. Amen."*

The same feeling which prompted Colet—which in our own time prompted General Gordon—so to value the prayers of little innocent children here upon earth, no doubt led in earlier ages to the dedication of churches in honour of the spotless child-saints whose intercessions would be specially blessed.

We have in England between fifty and sixty dedications to child-saints; more than thirty of which are ancient. The terms "saint" and "martyr" have been very loosely used in connexion with those children whose violent and untimely deaths have called forth feelings of reverent pity. Our little Anglo-Saxon kings, for example, S. Kenelm and S. Wyston, have no claim but this to the honours of martyrdom. The Holy Innocents, on the other hand, according to an often-quoted definition, "suffered in deed but not in will,"† and are rightly accounted martyrs, since they died in Christ's cause, though not consciously for His sake. Midway between the babes of Bethlehem and the Saxon princes, stand three children, all of them most truly martyrs, in will as in deed, S. Agnes, S. Pancras, and S. Cyriac.

* Seebohm's "Oxford Reformers."

† Wheatley.

The Holy Innocents. Dec. 28.

Norfolk, Suffolk, Essex, and Kent, each gives us a church in honour of the Holy Innocents—at Foulsham, Barton, Lamarsh, and Adisham respectively. There are also eight modern dedications in this name. Of late years there has been a revival of the observance of the Holy Innocents' Day. The half mourning character which used to mark it in old times has been completely laid aside, and it is increasingly coming to be regarded as the special festival of children. Perhaps Dean Stanley's happy institution of the yearly Innocents' Day sermon to children in Westminster Abbey has not been without influence on the growing observance of this feast.

S. Agnes.

The three saints next in order of time were all of them victims of the terrible Diocletian persecution (A.D. 303–304). The most famous of the three, S. Agnes, though but a child in years, is always ranked among the Virgin Saints, and her history has therefore been given elsewhere (CH. XI.).

S. Pancras of Rome. May 12, 303.

S. Pancras belonged to a family of wealth and position, and was Roman by his upbringing, though not by birth. His parents were heathen, and lived and died in ignorance, as it seems, of the new faith that was overspreading the world. The father, who died last, "before his death entrusted Pancras"—we quote Mr. Baring-Gould *—"to his brother Dionysius, adjuring him by all the gods to take care of the child. Dionysius moved with his nephew to Rome and took a house on the Cælian Hill. There they became acquainted with the bishop of Rome, who baptized them. A few days after his baptism, Dionysius died. The persecution of Diocletian was then raging. Pancras, then aged fourteen, was denounced, and was executed with the sword, and buried on the Aurelian Way by a pious woman named Octavilla." It may be observed in passing that in after-times "by the bones of S. Pancras" came to be regarded as a peculiarly binding form of oath, and a strong security against perjury.†

S. Pancras has a special interest for Englishmen, because the first church consecrated by Augustine in England was dedicated in his name. The building, which was originally a Saxon temple standing without the city of Canterbury, was made over by King Ethelbert to the Roman missionaries, and Augustine accepted the gift; acting at once upon the principle afterwards laid down by S. Gregory: "that the temples of the idols ought not to be destroyed, but converted to the service of the true God." Dean Stanley suggests two reasons why *S. Pancras* should have been made choice of. "First," says he, "St. Pancras being regarded as the patron saint of children, would naturally be chosen as the patron saint of the first-fruits of the nation which was converted out of regard to the three English children in the market-place." ‡ This is a pretty fancy, and to us in the nineteenth century it seems a very sufficient explanation (has

* May 12.

† Cf. Tennyson's "Harold," where William makes Harold swear a solemn oath upon "the jewel of S. Pancratius" that he will help him to the throne of England.

‡ "Canterbury."

not a church in London quite recently formed a boys' guild, and given to it the name of the boy-martyr, S. Pancras?). We would gladly accept it as the true reason; and yet it supposes a touch of poetry which is very little in keeping with the character of the unimaginative Augustine, even if we are to suppose that the scene witnessed by Gregory in the slave-market ten years before had made as deep an impression on Augustine as it has on ourselves. Augustine's great master Gregory might well have been capable of so graceful and tender an association, but Augustine himself hardly. And moreover Dean Stanley's second reason is one which is sufficient in itself, and far more in accordance with Augustine's known practice of reproducing in this far-away land the familiar names to which his ears had been accustomed in Rome. "Secondly," continues the Dean, "the monastery of St. Andrew on the Cælian Hill, which Gregory had founded, and from which Augustine came, was built on the very property which had belonged to the family of St. Pancras, and therefore the name of St. Pancras was often in Gregory's mouth [one of his sermons was preached on St. Pancras' Day] and would thus naturally occur to Augustine also." *

There is no church of S. Pancras in Canterbury at the present day—only a few ruins of uncertain genuineness; but the name has taken firm root in England, and can never now lose its hold. We have fifteen existing churches of S. Pancras, but seven of them (that is, all the West-country group), in the opinion of experts, belong, not to the boy-martyr, but to a certain bishop of the same name (CH. XXV.).

The remaining eight are all, with a single exception, to be found in the south-eastern counties: one in Kent (Coldred), three in Sussex (Arlington, Chichester, and Kingston-by-Lewes), and three in London. Of the London churches, one is in the City, and the two others are both of them in the parish of the same name, made now so familiar to thousands of people by the great railway station which stands within its bounds. "Old S. Pancras" still has its separate existence as a distinct church, but all parochial rights have been transferred from it to the church of "New S. Pancras," consecrated in 1822.

The eighth dedication, at Wroot in Lincolnshire, has been most satisfactorily accounted for by the late Precentor Venables.† He refers to the letter of Pope Vitalian to Oswy, King of Northumbria (A.D. 665), given in Bede, in which Vitalian announces his "blessed" gifts, entrusted to "the bearers of these our letters," of relics of the apostles and martyrs, among whom "Pancratius" is specifically mentioned. Precentor Venables points out that the island of Axholme, in which Wroot is situated, formed at that time part of the kingdom of Oswy, and suggests that the church may have been built by him in order to receive the sacred relics.

S. Cyriac, Cyril, or Cyr. June 16, 303.

The last of the foreign child-martyrs is S. Cyriac, more familiar to us under the French form of the name, "S. Cyr." According to the best authenticated version of the story,

* "Canterbury." † *Arch. Journal*, vol. 38.

Cyriac was the child of a widow lady, Julitta by name, who lived at Iconium. When the Diocletian persecution broke out the mother and child fled to Tarsus, but there too the malice of their enemies found them out, and "S. Juliot"—as she is designated in Cornwall (CH. XIII.)—was arrested and brought before the heathen governor, one Alexander. The little boy came running by his mother's side. It does not make the story of the three-year-old martyr the less pathetic that throughout he seems to have had no thought beyond that of clinging closely to his mother and imitating whatever she might say or do. Juliot was questioned as to her name and country, but like our S. Alban, and no doubt from the same fear of implicating others, she made answer only, "I am a Christian." Then the governor ordered her to be placed on the rack, "and, to keep the child quiet, he took him on his knee, and began to fondle him."* But the little fellow was bent on getting to his mother; he struggled hard to set himself free, and struck the governor, crying out in the words he had just heard from his mother, "I am a Christian too." Stung by the child's resistance, the governor threw him from him; his head came against the marble steps of the throne and he was killed on the spot. The mother saw, and thanked God that her babe had been found worthy to die for His sake. Such a thanksgiving filled up the measure of Alexander's wrath, and he ordered that she should be beheaded.

The west of England has some eight or ten churches dedicated to S. Cyriac and his mother, either separately or conjointly. How comes it that the baby-martyr of Tarsus should be commemorated in Devon and Cornwall? The very names were unfamiliar to English lips, as is shown by the various forms into which they passed—"SS. Quiricus and Julietta" at Tickenham in Somerset; "SS. Cyricus and Julietta" at Luxulyan in Cornwall; "S. Cyril" or "S. Cyr" at Stinchcombe and Stonehouse in Gloucestershire; "S. Cyres" at Newton-St. Cyres, the little Devonshire village from which Lord Iddesleigh takes his second title; and "S. Cyriac" at Laycock in Wiltshire, at South Pool in Devon, and at Swaffham Priors in the county of Cambridge. The probability is that the dedication came into England in the Norman times through French religious houses. Auxerre was a famous centre for the relics of S. Cyriac and S. Julitta, which were thence dispersed throughout France. Five at least out of the nine churches to S. Cyriac were connected with some religious foundation, Benedictine or otherwise; and we shall probably not be wrong in supposing that in every case the dedication has been introduced through a foreign channel. It must also have been popular in the Armorican or Breton Church, for we find "Julitta and Cyricus" in all the three Celtic Churches of Cornwall, Wales, and Scotland.† It is probable that in more cases than one the new and popular name was given to supersede that of some forgotten native saint. This is undoubtedly the case in the parish of St. Veep—renamed in 1336,—and may possibly be the case at Luxulyan also.‡

* Baring-Gould, June 16.
† See Borlase, Rees, and Forbes.
‡ Borlase.

It has lived on unchanged, but has never become thoroughly naturalized among us.

The honour due to the doubly brave mother has been almost lost sight of in the honour paid to her little loving child. From six of the dedications her name, if it was ever there, has disappeared; and where mother and child are commemorated together his name stands first.

S. Rumbald, Rumbold, or Runwald. Nov. 3. Eighth cent.

We come now to our English-born child-saints: S. Rumbald, whose extravagant legend was so extraordinarily popular in Saxon England; and S. Kenelm and S. Wyston, whose pathetic stories are the counterpart one of another. The difficulties connected with the story of S. Rumbald are so great that those who have experienced them feel ready to forestall all outside criticism by appealing to the reader in the words of old Thomas Fuller, spoken regarding this same perplexing matter: "Reader, I request thee to take this on my credit for thy own ease, and not to buy the truth of so difficult a trifle with the trouble I paid for it." And furthermore, all who take in hand to write the history of this most fabulous prince may gladly avail themselves of Fuller's prefatory observation: "I writ neither what I believe, nor what I expect should be believed, but what I find written by others." *

The legend of S. Rumbald, such as it has been preserved for us in the collections of Friar Capgrave, shall first be briefly told in its original grotesqueness, and we may then note how extraordinarily widespread was its popularity throughout the length and breadth of England. According to the legend † this infant marvel was the son of a nameless king of Northumberland by a Christian daughter of Penda, the famous heathen King of Mercia. The supposed genealogy is important as linking him with the North of England as well as with the Midlands. His birthplace was King's-Sutton in Buckinghamshire. No sooner was he born than he found voice to declare three times, "I am a Christian." He then desired to be baptized, and with truly royal decision made choice both of his sponsors and of his own name. Unhappily, however, he omitted to give any directions as to the spelling of the said name, and hence it is to be found in some half-dozen different forms. He pointed with his infant finger to a great hollow stone, almost beyond the strength of man to lift, which should serve him as font, and being duly baptized he delivered himself of a sermon. Exhausted by all these efforts he died at the end of three days, but not before he had taken thought for the disposition of his body, bequeathing it for one year to his birthplace Sutton (thenceforth distinguished as King's-Sutton), then for two years to Brackley in Northamptonshire, and finally to the town of Buckingham for ever.

Curiously enough, no one of the three places specified in the legend has retained any special commemoration of S. Rumbald, and neither of the

* Fuller's "Worthies": Buckinghamshire.

† Morant's "Essex" and elsewhere.

three churches bears his name. King's-Sutton and Brackley are both of them dedicated to S. Peter; and Buckingham, which once boasted itself the fortunate keeper of his coffin, is dedicated to SS. Peter and Paul, and has lost all memory of its once highly venerated child-patron. There are two traces of him, however, still in his native county: the one a mineral spring at Astrope, near to his birthplace King's-Sutton, which still goes by the name of "S. Rumbold's Well," and the other a church bearing his name at Stoke Doyle in the eastern part of Northamptonshire, some considerable distance from the scene of the legend.

But the fame of S. Rumbald was by no means confined to his own district. In the city of Lincoln we find records of a church of "S. Rumbold," now demolished. Precentor Venables is inclined to ascribe this dedication to a certain celebrated Bishop of Mechlin, afterwards Archbishop of Dublin, a saint almost as mythical in his way as the baby-king; but the popularity of the latter was so immense that there seems reasonable ground for believing him to be the intended patron.

Travelling southwards, we come to the existing church of "S. Runwald's" in Colchester, which is allowed on all sides to belong to little King Rumbald of Mercia. The neighbouring county of Kent has but a single church in his honour—that of Bonnington, where he appears as "S. Rumwald"—but nowhere was he at one time more venerated than in the Kentish church of Boxley. Here there was a small figure of S. Runwald, "which only those could lift who had never sinned in thought or in deed,"* and which was therefore regarded with feelings of the deepest awe. At Folkestone, too, S. Rumbald was a familiar name, and here he appears in the new character of patron of fishermen. Camden, writing in Queen Elizabeth's time, could still speak of his feast being annually observed at this place "in December." The date is somewhat perplexing, for S. Rumbald's Day is usually given as November 3, or, according to the Roman Kalendar, as November 2.

Passing on into Sussex we come upon another of his disputed dedications—that of Rumboldswyke. Certainly the name suggests S. Rumbold as the natural proprietor, and the church claims to be so dedicated; but a Sussex antiquarian writing on the subject observes: "I think this ascription rests only on an assumption founded on the name of the parish. Rumbold is much likelier to have been the Saxon proprietor than the patron saint."† This tendency to evolve the saint's name from the name of the parish is so common that we do well to be on our guard against it; but in a district where the particular saint in question is known to have been largely honoured, his presence in any given parish does not seem to require much explanation. More explanation might reasonably be asked as to his presence in so remote a corner of England as Dorsetshire, where he is represented by two churches not very far apart—the one at Cann, the other at Pentridge. At first sight it is startling to find the Mercian

* Thiselton Dyer's "Church Lore Gleanings."

† Lower.

king so far from his own dominions, but it is only one illustration of what we shall have frequently to observe hereafter, of the way in which Mercian influences, and consequently Mercian dedications, extended themselves into Wessex.

Let us assume, then, that the six existing churches already enumerated all agree in claiming the infant prodigy as their patron, there still remains one more dedication to be considered. In the North Riding of Yorkshire, near Darlington, stands the church of Romaldkirk, supposed to be dedicated to "S. Romald." The question arises, Who is this S. Romald? Various conjectures have been hazarded, but none of them are wholly satisfactory. Was he S. Rumold, the Bishop of Mechlin before mentioned; or S. Romuald, the eleventh-century abbot, founder of one of the mediæval religious orders? Their names agree better with the form now in use, "S. Romald;" but there is little else to support their claims, and it is only comparatively recently that the name has been stereotyped into one fixed orthography. "In the old registers," writes the Rector of Romaldkirk,* "the name is frequently spelt Rumbald or Rumbold." "S. Rumbald" at once carries back our thoughts to the baby-king, and then we recall that he was a reputed son of a Northumbrian king, so that Northumbria had a right to a reflection of his glory. Unfortunately there is no help to be gained from the date of any village feast, "for," writes the Rector, "I cannot find out that our dalesmen ever indulged themselves with keeping one. I think it far more likely," he continues, "that a Northumbrian, as S. Rumwald is said to have been, should have attracted attention in this part of the world, than that the devotion should have been bestowed either upon an Irishman, afterwards a foreign bishop, as S. Rumold, or an Italian as S. Romuald."

On the whole, therefore, we are inclined to add Romaldkirk to the other churches of S. Rumbald, thus bringing them up to a total of seven, in very nearly as many different counties.

S. Kenelm. July 17, 819.

S. Kenelm, though not so manifestly mythical as S. Rumbald, is yet a very shadowy figure, and in the fuller versions of his story there is much that is plainly untrue, or, more properly speaking, mere poetical growths, filling up the bare outline of fact. According to the simplest accounts of the old chroniclers, Kenelm was the son of one Kenulf, King of Mercia, who succeeded to his father about the year 819. "But through the envy of his sister Quenred, he was cruelly murdered at Clent in Staffordshire, on the 17th of July. The said Quenred bribed the governor of his person, who, upon a day, under colour to have the king out in hunting, led him into a thick wood, and there cut off his head from his body." †

In later versions the story is amplified; we have the sister who loved him in contrast to the sister who envied him; the miracle of Aaron's rod was worked by the little king as he stood in the wood expecting his death;

* Rev. S. G. Beal.

† The old chronicles, quoted in Ormerod.

and when even this sign of heaven-sent favour did not move his wicked guardian, he "began to sing the 'Te Deum,' and when he came to the verse, 'Thee, the white-robed army of martyrs praise,' the assassin smote off his head; and then he buried him in the thicket."* A white dove carried the news of his murder to S. Peter's at Rome, and a pillar of light shining in the thicket showed the place where he lay hidden.†

Over this spot, which is close to where Halesowen now stands, a chapel was built and dedicated in honour of the little king. The parish church at Halesowen is S. John the Baptist, and the old "S. Kenelm's chapel" is no longer in existence, but the tradition was never lost: and now, a thousand years later, the name has been revived by a S. Kenelm's church at Romsley, formerly a part of the parish of Halesowen, but in 1863 made into a distinct parish. There are several other dedications to S. Kenelm; Little Hinton in Dorset; Sapperton and Alderley in Gloucestershire, and Upton-Snodsbury in Worcestershire, indifferently given as "S. Kenelm" or "S. Venolme," the corruption of spelling bearing evidence to the antiquity of the dedication. In Monmouthshire we have Rockfield, and in Oxfordshire Minster-Lovell and Enstone, eight in all.

S. Kenelm's Day, July 17, became a saint's-day of mark, and in the chronicles of S. Werburgh's Abbey it is expressly noted that Prince Edward, afterwards Edward I., entered Chester upon S. Kenelm's Day, 1256, and in his capacity of Earl of Chester, received the homage of the Welsh and Cheshire nobles.‡

S. Wyston, or Winston. June 1, 849.

S. Wyston, or Winston, or Wistan—we have the name in all three forms—also belongs to Mercia. Like Kenelm, he was but a child when he succeeded to the throne (cir. 843), and like the little Kenelm he was felt to stand in the way of more powerful claimants. At the instigation of his great-uncle the boy was treacherously put to death. A courtier, or attendant, came to him and asked for a kiss, and "whilst the child was kissing him, he struck him on the head with the haft of his dagger, and a follower ran him through with his sword."§ The murder was committed in Leicestershire at a place afterwards known from the event as Wistow. As in the story of S. Kenelm, the spot was made known by a column of light standing over it, and the body was removed to Repton for burial. At both places the church dedications still preserve the memory of the child-king. At Wistow we find him as S. Wistan; at Repton as S. Wystan. A second Derbyshire dedication to S. Wyston at Bretby is accounted for by the fact that Bretby was originally a chapelry under Repton.

It is curious to note the differing degrees of influence of the child-saints upon our baptismal names. Wyston is unheard of; Kenelm, on the other hand—though not common and principally identified with one family—is yet a recognized English Christian name. Juliot or Juliet has come to us through other channels; so perhaps has Cyril. Cyriac

* Baring-Gould.
† Ibid.
‡ Ormerod.
§ Baring-Gould, June 1.

has fallen into complete disuse, though Milton's sonnets to "Cyriac Skinner" show that it was once not unknown among us. Pancras has never taken any hold in England; but Agnes, the girl-martyr, has given us one of the most popular of our national names; one which has taken deep root in Great Britain, naturalizing itself in Scotland as "Innes," in Wales as "Nesta," or "Nest."

CHAPTER XVII.

THE LEGEND OF S. CHRISTOPHER.

NAME.	DAY.	YEAR.	CHURCHES.
S. Christopher	... July 25	... Supposed third cent.	... 7 *See also dd.*

S. Christopher. July 25. Supposed third cent.

THERE are few stories of the saints that we should more unwillingly lose than the beautiful and suggestive allegory of S. Christopher. We deliberately speak of it as an *allegory*, because it has been generally allowed, even from very ancient days, that, though it may rest upon a certain basis of historic fact, the greater part of the narrative consists of pure inventions that have lent themselves admirably to allegorical treatment.

In the Decian persecution (A.D. 250) one of the victims was a martyr of the name of Christopher, said to have been baptized by Babylas, Bishop of Antioch (a genuine historic figure), and a brief account of his sufferings is to be found in a celebrated ninth-century martyrology.* So far, perhaps, we have the real Christopher; but all the remaining stories that have grown up round about him are of a fanciful nature, wholly different from the sober statement of the martyrology. These stories are of all kinds, from the wildly fantastic, the horrible, the grotesque inventions of the earliest forms, to the poetical and spiritual conceptions with which we are now familiar. In tracing the growth of the legend of S. Christopher we see how it was gradually raised, purified, transformed.

If we first consider the story in its modern form, and then turn back for a few moments to its origin, we shall see how great have been our gains. Over and over again has this story been told, but never, perhaps, more simply and beautifully than by the late Dean Stanley, when he made it the text of his Innocents' Day Address to the hundreds of children assembled in Westminster Abbey. The following is the Dean's version of the legend: "There is an old story, a kind of Sunday fairy tale, which you may sometimes have seen represented in pictures and statues in ancient churches (there are two sculptures of it in King Henry VII.'s chapel in this church), of a great heathen giant who wished to find out some master that he should think worthy of his service—someone

* Usuardus, July 25.

stronger than himself. He went about the world, but could find no one stronger. And besides this, he was anxious to pray to God, but did not know how to do it. At last he met with a good old man by the side of a deep river, where poor wayfaring people wanted to get across, and had no one to help them. And the good old man said to the giant, 'Here is a place where you can be of some use; and if you do not know how to pray, you will, at any rate, know how to work, and perhaps God will give you what you ask, and perhaps also you will at last find a master stronger than you.' So the giant went and sat by the river-side, and many a time he carried poor wayfarers across. One night he heard a little child crying to be carried over; so he put the child on his shoulder and strode across the stream. Presently the wind blew, the rain fell, and as the river beat against his knees he felt the weight of the little child almost greater than he could bear, and he looked up with his great, patient eyes (there is a beautiful picture in a beautiful palace at Venice, where we see him with his face turned upwards as he tries to steady himself in the raging waters), and he saw that it was a child glorious and shining; and the child said, 'Thou art labouring under this heavy burden because thou art carrying One who bears the sins of all the world.' And then, as the story goes on, the giant felt that it was the child Jesus, and when he reached the other side of the river he fell down before Him. Now he had found someone stronger than he was, someone so good, so worthy of loving, as to be a master whom he could serve. In later days the thought of the giant Christopher (the 'bearer of the child Christ') was so dear to men, that his picture was often painted large on the churches, so that those who saw it far off should have a pleasant and holy remembrance through the day which would save them from running into evil." *

We are so accustomed nowadays to look upon S. Christopher as the type of bodily strength sanctified to the highest ends, that it is a shock to our feelings to go back to the early versions of the Acts, in which the giant strength of Christopher is displayed in a succession of more or less grotesque feats, whereby he not only delivers himself from the torments prepared for him, but brings ridicule and shame upon his captors. It must be owned that these fabulous Acts are not edifying reading, and they may be dismissed with the observation that the name of Dagon † given to the tyrant king is one among various indications that the compilers borrowed names as well as incidents from the Old Testament writings when it so suited their purpose.

But while the Latin Church saw in stories like these nothing derogatory to the honour of their saint, they protested indignantly against the form of the legend current in the Greek Church, in which S. Christopher is represented as belonging to the race of *cynocephali*, or dog-headed men, and having been raised to true manhood only after his baptism. So seriously was this belief held in the Eastern Church, that it finds

* "The Beatitudes," sermon xi. † Elsewhere called Dagnus.

expression even in the words of one of the appointed services for his day, in which "Christopher of the golden-name, the soldier of Christ," is solemnly commemorated in these strange terms: "With the head of a dog, noble in faith, fervent in prayer." * This Greek belief in the double nature of S. Christopher explains a paragraph in Mrs. Jameson's "Sacred and Legendary Art," in which she says: "M. Didron tells us, that in the Greek churches he found St. Christopher often represented with the head of a dog or wolf, like an Egyptian divinity; he adds, that he had never been able to obtain a satisfactory explanation of this peculiarity. These figures, which are ancient, have in some instances been blurred over and half effaced by the scruples of modern piety."

And yet, notwithstanding this, the Greek Church in some respects went beyond the Latin in its reverence for S. Christopher, for it commemorated him in conjunction with no less illustrious a person than the Prophet Isaiah, because it regards them both alike as in some sort "God-bearers," and this brings us to the consideration of the saint's various names, none of them without their influence upon the legend.

First of all there is Christopher itself, the name of the actual martyr, which may with good ground be looked upon as the key-note of the whole after story. Like so many of the beautiful Greek compounds, *Christopher*, that is to say, the "Christ-bearer," was a name full of significance, "and probably became a baptismal name very early." It is tolerably certain that the legend of the strong man carrying the Christ-child is to be looked upon as an allegory gradually evolved out of the meaning of the name. This tendency to play upon names is shown still more clearly in the more complete versions of the story, where the giant, before his conversion, appears simply as *Offero*, "the bearer," or sometimes as *Reprobus*, "the worthless one," only rising at the climax of the story into the full dignity of "the Christ-bearer."

The story, such as we now have it, of the strong man seeking a master, one stronger than himself; binding himself first to the service of the Evil One, and then deserting him because he perceived that at the sight of the cross his master himself quailed; then passing into the service of the Crucified, content to do the lowliest offices, and to serve Him by labour if not by prayers; the crossing of the river, and the revelation of the Heavenly Child—all this part of the story was first made popular in the end of the thirteenth century, when it appeared in the famous collection of doings of the saints, known as "The Golden Legend." The compiler states that he had found in certain Acts these additional particulars, which he gives as a preliminary to the already familiar narrative of Dagon the tormentor, and the amazing constancy of the martyr Christopher. Ecclesiastical authority seems to have looked with suspicion upon the beautiful emendation, for even three hundred years after this it is wanting from one of the best known of the collections of Lives of the Saints.

* D. C. B. here and throughout, when not otherwise specified.

But what authority might see fit to ignore, appealed instantly and powerfully to the poetic feeling of all Christendom. Artists seized at once upon the subject, and treated it in countless ways; while preachers and moralists found in it a text full of suggestiveness. Gradually the earlier legend, with all its many blots, faded away out of recollection, and in its place the idealized strong man, the protector of the weak and helpless, stood forth and became dear to the popular imagination of Englishmen. His image was familiarized in many different ways, by paintings and sculptures of colossal size, by little medals * intended to serve as amulets, by the wide diffusion of rough wood-cuts representing the giant, staff in hand, bearing the Heavenly Child across the torrent. One famous specimen at least of these very early popular pictures of S. Christopher is known to exist in England: † beneath it is inscribed a Latin couplet to the effect that—"Whoso looks upon the face of Christopher shall not on that day die any evil death." These words, or very similar ones, are often attached to representations of S. Christopher, and tended, as a matter of course, to increase the already growing devotion to this saint. By way of having his saving image readily accessible to view, it became a not uncommon practice to paint it in bold fresco style upon the north wall of churches and in other conspicuous places.

When we consider the widespread popularity of this saint in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, it is somewhat surprising not to find a much larger proportion of churches dedicated to him, but it is probable that a careful study of pre-Reformation Wills would yield not a few forgotten dedications; as for example at Ditteridge in Wiltshire, which was held to be anonymous until the investigations of the late Canon Jackson of Leigh Delamere showed that it belonged to S. Christopher. Aylesbeare in Devonshire has an alternative dedication to the Blessed Virgin Mary: perhaps the two names ought rightly to be associated, as in the case of "SS. Mary and Christopher" at Panfield in Essex. Another Essex dedication to S. Christopher is at Willingale-Doe.

The name of S. Christopher is preserved for us in the City church of "S. Christopher-le-Stocks," now amalgamated with S. Margaret Lothbury, but the structure no longer exists.

Lympsham in Somerset, Baunton in Gloucestershire, Pott-Shrigley in Cheshire, and Winfrith-Newburgh in Dorset complete the list, making in all a total of eight English churches dedicated to S. Christopher, a number which will in all probability be largely added to in succeeding generations.

* "Chaucer's yeoman wore a silver medal of the saint, whose aid was commonly invoked here against storms."—D. C. B.

† At Althorp; see the reproduction of the picture in Mrs. Jameson.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A ROMAN EMPRESS.

NAME.	DAY.	YEAR.	CHURCHES.
S. Helena ...	August 18 ...	cir. 328 ...	117 *See also dd.*

S. Helena, Helen, or Elena. Aug. 18, cir. 328.

THE real history of S. Helena, the mother of the Emperor Constantine, is in itself so full of romance that there seems little need for the additions of mediæval legend-mongers. Strange indeed were the vicissitudes of her long and chequered life. Sprung from the lowliest origin, she was raised by her marriage with Constantius to a position of high consideration; after sharing his fortunes for twenty years, she was set aside at the very moment when those fortunes had attained their highest point; thrown back for a time into her first obscurity, the accession to power of her only son set her in the foremost place accorded to any woman; shielded henceforth from all external cares, but sorrow-stricken by the tragedies within her own family circle, she sought comfort in the Faith first made known to her by her son; and in extreme old age she faced the fatigues and dangers of a pilgrimage to the far East that she might know the joy of worshipping in the very "footsteps of the Saviour," * and might lavish the wealth so freely bestowed upon her by her imperial son in doing honour to the most sacred places upon earth.

Until we come to the period of her pilgrimage the details of S. Helen's life are provokingly meagre, but there is no doubt as to the truth of its main outlines.

Her birth is supposed to have taken place about the middle of the third century, and her home is believed to have been a little village in Bithynia, originally called Drepanum, but afterwards designated in her honour Helenopolis. According to the generally received belief, she was, if not a servant in an inn, at best an innkeeper's daughter, and this tradition is not disputed by those who lived nearest to her time; indeed, S. Ambrose, who wrote about seventy years after her death, glories in her low estate, saying: "She is said to have been a hostleress, and thus to

* Eusebius.

have made the acquaintance of Constantius the elder. A good hostleress who so devotedly sought the manger of the Lord," and so on.

At the time of his meeting with Helena, which may, it is conjectured, have been on his return from an embassy to Persia, Constantius was a young officer in the army, of good position, and the nephew of the reigning emperor, Claudius. It seems probable that the marriage was not fully legalized until after the birth of their only child, Constantine; but the present Bishop of Salisbury * observes that "the looseness of the marriage tie among the Romans is quite a sufficient explanation," both of their previous relations and of the unfortunate Helena's subsequent divorce after twenty years of married life. It was then thought expedient for her husband to seek a wife of more exalted birth, better befitting the dignities of a Cæsar, and as an act of expediency the separation from his first wife was carried out; such an act not necessarily implying, says the bishop, "any offence or misconduct on the part of the wife, or any special heartlessness on that of the husband."

History is silent as to what befell the deposed Helena during the fourteen remaining years of Constantius' life; but this much is certain, that the indignity thus placed upon his mother was bitterly resented by her son, and that from the time that he became his own master, there was none whom he more delighted to honour than his aged mother. She appears to have grown up in such close relations with her grandchildren that we can hardly doubt that she must henceforth have made her home at her son's court; but it is in the later years of Constantine's reign that we hear most of her, and there is unhappily no direct evidence to show that she joined him at York, or indeed ever sojourned in this country.

The great change that passed over the entire empire in 312, when Constantine declared his allegiance to the Cross, deeply affected the welfare of S. Helena. With joy she opened her heart to the teaching of her son, embracing so fervently the blessed truths of the Gospel that she, "having before not been," as Eusebius tells us, "a worshipper of God," now "seemed from her tender years to have been taught by Him Himself who is the common Saviour of all."

We may well believe that these years were among the happiest of the aged Helena's life. Her grandchildren, and most especially the promising young Crispus, the only son of Constantine's first marriage, were a perpetual interest to her, and "one of several indications of the close tie existing between the aged empress and her eldest grandson" is a journey to Rome taken by Helena in company with the youthful and highly popular prince Crispus, in honour of which event the emperor granted a release of prisoners. Constantine deemed no honours too great for that revered mother. "He honoured her," says Eusebius, "with imperial dignities in such a manner, that in all the provinces and by the very companies of soldiers, she was styled *Augusta* and Empress, and golden coins were stamped bearing her image. Moreover, Constantine granted

* D. C. B.

her power over the imperial treasures, to make use of them in such manner as she thought good." Coins bearing an inscription to her as empress have been found, and an interesting memorial of her has come to light at Salerno in an inscription put up in her lifetime by some enthusiastic admirer, commemorating the triple glories of the sovereign lady, "Flavia Augusta Helena," as wife, mother, and grandmother of Cæsars.

But dark days were at hand. The later years of Constantine's reign brought out what was worst in his character. He became jealous of the favour shown to his eldest son, and caused him to be sent into exile and there put to death. There is much of mystery concerning the murder both of Crispus himself and also of his stepmother, Fausta, who was suspected of being implicated in her stepson's disgrace, and who speedily shared his dark fate. The empress-mother grieved sorely over the untimely death of the young Crispus. She shared in the general belief of Fausta's guilt, and her "bitter complaints about her grandson's death are said to have irritated Constantine to execute his wife by way of retribution." *

The contemporary historian, Eusebius, for obvious reasons, keeps silence as to this double murder; but it was not long after this time that the empress-mother, supported by all the prestige of her son's name and the vast wealth of his exchequer, set forth on her pilgrimage to Jerusalem. "We may fairly suppose," says the Bishop of Salisbury, "that it was as much distress and penitence for these tragic and cruel acts, as thankfulness for the success of the Nicene council, that roused Constantine to found and endow a number of churches at this time, and to give other material advantages to the Christian Church." The bishop suggests that Helena may in her degree have shared the same feelings when she vowed to go on pilgrimage; but Eusebius chooses rather to dwell on the brighter side of the picture, and says: "She had determined that she ought to give thanks with supplications for her own son so glorious, the emperor, and for his sons the Cæsars, her grandchildren, most dear to God."

The journey alone was no light undertaking, and Helena was now approaching her eightieth year; but, as the historian tells us, she was blessed not only with "the greatest healthiness both of body and mind," but she had the still rarer blessing of what he describes as "a youthful spirit," which enabled her to surmount many of the troubles of life. Her progress through the East was a memorable one. In her own attire she showed the utmost simplicity, and in the different churches on her way she loved to mingle with the other worshippers as a private person; but the rich gifts which she bestowed upon even the humblest of these churches, "the innumerable benefits and favours which she heaped both on cities and on every private person who approached her," proclaimed the royal munificence which she exercised in her son's name, while the consistent piety of her deeds and words manifested the reality of her Christian profession.

* D. C. B.

There is no memorial of S. Helena more authentic, more deeply interesting, than the Church of the Nativity which she built at Bethlehem, above the cave which was the traditional place of the Saviour's birth. In the fifteen centuries that have elapsed since the mother of Constantine came to Bethlehem, many changes have been wrought, and the church which she raised has been in great part superseded by successive edifices, but "there seems," says the late Dean Stanley,* "no sufficient reason to dispute the antiquity of the nave;" and who is there that can stand unmoved in that nave, "common to all the sects, and for that very reason deserted, bare, discrowned, but in all probability the most ancient monument of Christian architecture in the world"? That nave is "all that now remains of the Basilica, built by Helena herself, the proto-type of those built by her Imperial son at Jerusalem beside the Holy Sepulchre, and at Rome over the graves of St. Paul and of St. Peter. The long double lines of Corinthian pillars, the faded mosaics dimly visible on the walls above, the rough ceiling of beams of cedar from Lebanon, still preserve the outlines of the church once blazing with gold and marble."

One other church is specially singled out by Eusebius as the work of S. Helena—the one which she built upon the crown of the Mount of Olives in remembrance of the Ascension. He adds in general terms that these were not the only churches which she built; but he does not connect her, as later writers have done, with the most famous of all the holy places—the so-called cave of the Resurrection, the site of Constantine's ever famous Church of the Holy Sepulchre. That church was, as we know, not completed until some few years after the death of the empress (A.D. 335), which may be the reason why he makes no reference to her share in this matter; nor can it be clearly gathered from his account whether the demolition of the temple of Venus, which in those days defiled the very place of the Passion, and the subsequent discovery of the sacred tomb, took place during S. Helena's lifetime or not. It may be justly argued that Eusebius is not very careful to distinguish between the separate achievements of the mother and the son, so close was the co-operation between them, but yet it is, as has been observed, "hardly conceivable" that in recounting the foundations of the empress, "he should have left the one on the site of the Resurrection unspecified."†

Closely associated with the discovery of the Holy Sepulchre is the supposed discovery of the true cross.‡ It is important to bear in mind that though there is good evidence that within twenty years of the excavation of the cave of the Resurrection, the real wood of the cross was believed to have been discovered, there is no mention of any such discovery in the contemporary historian Eusebius. To come to what more directly concerns our present purpose;—although S. Helena's chief claim to fame in the Middle Ages lay in the belief that she was associated with this momentous discovery, it will be found that "none of our three earliest

* "Sinai and Palestine."

† Bishop Wordsworth in D. C. B.

‡ See also CH. IV., "Holy Cross."

authorities speak of her as the discoverer." * It is not until a hundred years after her visit to Jerusalem that we find in the historian Socrates the story in all its details—the Divine vision which first caused her to go on pilgrimage ; † the bringing to light of the three crosses ; the test which declared one alone of the number to be endowed with miraculous powers of healing ; the gift to Constantine of the two nails, and the use he made of them for his helmet and bridle—a strange example of the spirit of the times, previously noted by S. Ambrose ; and lastly, the erection, not by Constantine, but by Helena herself, of a church "in no wise inferior in splendour to the former church in the cave at Bethlehem." ‡

Socrates here brings together all the points that most conduced in after generations to the glorification of S. Helena. Bishop Wordsworth thus sums up the whole matter : "On the whole, considering what has been already noticed, that our earliest authorities do not represent Helena as the discoverer, and that the story gradually grows as time goes on, it seems most probable that she had no part in the discovery at all, even if it took place, which itself seems exceedingly doubtful. That the site of the Holy Sepulchre was discovered, or supposed to be discovered, in the reign of Constantine, there seems every reason to believe ; and considering the temper of the times, it is easy to understand how marvels would grow up around it." §

And now to return to our saint's personal history. There is much uncertainty as to the circumstances of her death, though some affirm it to have taken place on her homeward journey in her native village of Drepanum,‖ where also she first met Constantius. She retained to the very last her powers of mind, and with that "singular prudence" which Eusebius elsewhere praises as specially characteristic of her, she set herself to make her will, being careful to leave some part of her property to each one of her grandchildren. "Having in this manner made her will, she afterwards," says the historian,¶ "closed her life, her great son being present with and standing by her, paying all imaginable respect, and embracing her hands." Whatever may have been Constantine's shortcomings, he was unfailing in his love and reverence for his mother. By his command her body was carried with great pomp to Constantinople (or, as some say, to Rome), and there deposited in a "royal monument."

We turn now from the historical Helena to the S. Helena of our English chroniclers. Upon the slender basis of a phrase in two Latin authors, which speaks of Constantine as "taking his rise from Britain," ** a complete mythical history of S. Helena has been built up by Geoffrey of Monmouth and Henry of Huntingdon. According to these authorities,

* D. C. B.

† This part of the legend is commemorated in the well-known picture by Paul Veronese, in the National Gallery, in which the venerable empress is portrayed, without much regard to historic truth, as in the prime of life.

‡ "Eccles. Hist."

§ D. C. B.

‖ See "Sinai and Palestine."

¶ Eusebius.

** One panegyrist, however, speaking in Constantine's own presence, does appear to have used the words : "You have ennobled Britain by being born there." Quoted in Morant's "Essex."

she was the daughter of Coel, a shadowy British king,* who is said to have given his name to Colchester. Geoffrey of Monmouth is nothing if not circumstantial. He describes the care with which Helena was educated so as to fit her for her royal responsibilities, and lays stress not only upon her beauty but upon her "surpassing skill in music and the liberal arts." He also furnishes sundry particulars concerning the treaty of peace between King Coel and "Constantius the Senator," and the subsequent marriage of the British princess to the foreign general. Henry of Huntingdon supplies an additional item, to the effect that it was the beautiful Helena who caused London to be walled; and indeed there is no end to the boons traditionally ascribed to her, for even in remote Wales the belief lingered long that certain roads in that country were of her making.†

It was not to be borne, however, that Essex should have all the credit of so great a princess, and the North of England put in a claim to have given her birth. In the words of Gibbon: "The kingdom of Coel, the imaginary father of Helena, was transported from Essex to the wall of Antoninus."

It is one of the inexplicable anomalies of our National Martyrologies that though the mother of Constantine was so extraordinarily popular in this country, her name is not to be found in the Kalendars of either York, Salisbury, or Hereford; and indeed her day, August 18, is assigned to a comparatively obscure saint, Agapitus. Our mediæval Kalendars do indeed take account of the two festivals connected with the Cross, the first of which—the so-called "Invention"—may be in some sense regarded as S. Helena's own festival; but in Bede's Kalendar all three days are alike blank.

Traditional beliefs die hard. Morant, the painstaking eighteenth-century historian of Essex, was scholar enough to be thoroughly aware of all the arguments against Helena's British birth, and yet he clung obstinately to all mediæval authorities, fortifying himself the more by the support of the "Colchester Chronicles," a work of about the time of Edward III., which had much to say concerning King Coel and his daughter. With all the pride of a Colchester man he writes: "We are too much interested in Helena to let her pass without giving a further account of her;" and then follows a history of her, in which the several legends of Geoffrey of Monmouth on the one hand and Socrates on the other are interwoven with considerable skill. The writer further calls attention to the fact that "the arms of Colchester are a cross between three crowns;" and finally adds upon his own account that "the most pious Helena undoubtedly showed a tender regard for her native place, and built S. Helen's Chapel." This last statement we may take leave to

* This King Coel has obtained, by the way, a curious kind of immortality, first throughout the Middle Ages as the supposed father of his illustrious and sainted daughter, and then through the famous old English song of "Old King Cole," which is believed to have for its hero the legendary king of Essex.

† Camden.

doubt; but it may very likely be true that it was *rebuilt*, and not merely *founded* in 1076, which is the first authentic notice of it.

But it was not in the fourth century, nor even in the eleventh, that S. Helena was at the height of her glory in her supposed "native place" of Colchester. Colchester has been unfaithful to its old allegiance, and in these days S. Helen's Chapel has ceased to exist, and the only memorial of her, so far as we are aware, is the coat of arms already alluded to; but in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries the town was very much given up to the veneration of the Empress Helena. There was, first of all, her chapel in S. Helen's Lane, vulgarly called "Tenant's Lane;" but more important than the chapel itself was the so-called "Guild of S. Helen," founded in 1407. This was a large and aristocratic guild for the fashionable world of both sexes, which took its rise in the chapel of the hospital belonging to the Crutched (i.e. *crossed*) Friars of the Order of S. Augustine. For the first ten years the numbers were limited to sixty-five; towards the end of the fifteenth century the privilege was extended to eighty-seven members, all of whom—whether Londoners or local dignitaries; clergy or laymen; men or women; the Abbot of S. John's, Colchester, or the Countess of Hertford; John, Lord Berners, or the Rector of Stanway—alike counted it an honour to be admitted into the noble "fraternity of S. Helen." The chapel appropriated to their use was properly dedicated to the Holy Cross, but was chiefly known by the name of "the Guild of S. Helen," and in time both chapel and hospital passed into the gift of the powerful "Fraternity of S. Elene," as we find it designated.

In this same fifteenth century we come across yet a third Colchester tribute to the patroness of the town, for, in the time of Henry VI., a certain private citizen built a separate chapel adjoining the church of the Holy Cross Hospital. The lengthy form of dedication runs thus: "To the honour of Almighty God, Mary the Mother of Jesus Christ, S. Helen, S. Katherine, and All Saints." The garden of the hospital, now the Botanic Gardens, is, we believe, the sole remaining relic of these three kindred institutions associated with S. Helena.

Considering the Colchester feeling for this saint, it is somewhat surprising that she is not more generally popular in the county. Essex can show two or three dedications to the Holy Cross, but the only one seemingly to S. Helena is at Rainham, where she is combined with S. Giles.

Bunyan's Elstow in Bedfordshire is a very ancient memorial of our saint. The name itself is a corruption of Helen-stow,* and bears witness to the nunnery, founded by Judith (CH. LI.), wife of Waltheof of Huntingdon, and niece of William the Conqueror, in honour of S. Helen. The existing church is under the twofold invocation of SS. Mary and Helen. It will be observed that we in England have fallen into the regrettable habit of abbreviating the last syllable of the stately name,

* Camden.

though the Nottinghamshire parish of Thoroton still clings to the old Latinized form of "Elena."

More venerable than even Elstow is the City church of S. Helen in Bishopsgate, which was standing in 1010 when the bones of S. Edmund the Martyr were removed thither from St. Edmund's Bury to prevent their falling into the hands of the Danes.* The official staff of the church bears to this day an effigy of the patroness, which is said to be "more suggestive of Helen of Troy than of the venerable empress." †

It is not a little unexpected to find S. Helena in Cornwall. Mr. Borlase is of opinion that the island so named in the Scilly group may be a misreading for "S. Dellan," one of the innumerable corruptions of S. Teilo's name (CH. XXXII.); while he would attribute the undoubted S. Helena at Helland, in the same county, to Armorican, or it may be still later influences.

In the Isle of Wight our empress has impressed her personality on an entire parish, as she has likewise done in the Lancashire parish of St. Helens. In 1816 the authorities saw fit to re-dedicate the parish church to S. Mary, but the name was too firmly grafted upon the whole populous town for such a change to have had much effect in obliterating the saint's memory. It must be acknowledged, too, that if S. Helena has here lost what was rightfully her own, she has taken what was not hers at Warrington, where, though S. Helen has for many a century been in possession, the original patron is the mysterious S. Elphin (CH. LI.).

To see S. Helena in her glory we must go to the North of England. Speaking very generally, the tendency in the North seems to have been to honour S. Helena—in virtue, doubtless, of her discovery of the Holy Cross; in the South of England the tendency seems rather to have been to honour the Cross itself; and thus we find that while the churches south of the Trent dedicated to the Cross or Rood outnumber by four to one those north of the Trent, the North-country dedications to S. Helena are between two and three times as numerous as those in the South of England. At Grove in Nottinghamshire the two ideas are combined by the dedication of the church to "S. Helen and the Invention of the Holy Cross;" and this aspect of S. Helena's work is brought into prominence in the Durham church of Kelloe by the remarkable carved cross in the chancel wall, which represents the saint making her great discovery.‡

It has been surmised that it was her reputed Yorkshire birth that has caused S. Helena to be so immensely popular in the North of England. Perhaps we may with more justice attribute it to her great son's personal connexion with York. The York church of S. Helen-on-the-Walls lays claim to the possession of the tomb of S. Helena's husband, Constantius.§

* "London P. and P."

† London Church Staves; see *Guardian*, October 2, 1895.

‡ Murray's "Durham."

§ Camden reports that he had been informed by "credible persons" that even after the days of the Reformation "there was found a lamp burning in the vault of that little chapel, wherein Constantius was thought to be buried."

Lincolnshire is the real stronghold of dedications to S. Helena. Yorkshire can show thirty such, but Lincolnshire has almost if not quite as many; in fact, these two counties between them furnish almost one half of the dedications in this name. "We cannot," says the late Precentor Venables,* "form any trustworthy conclusion as to the date of these dedications, but they are probably very early."

Of modern dedications in this name we have but few; and two at least of these can give an excellent account of themselves. Cothill, or Dry Sandford, in Berkshire (if indeed it be not a genuine old chapelry), takes its new name from the mother-church of S. Helen, Abingdon; and Denton in Wharfedale, an old chapelry which had lost all knowledge of its original dedication-name, was justified in assuming at a formal re-dedication ceremony in 1890 the name of S. Helen, for a walk round the adjacent park had been known from time immemorial as "S. Helen's Walk," and there was likewise a S. Helen's Well. In both these cases there was strong historic justification for the choice; but apart from this, the aged empress is so dignified and interesting a figure that we may well be glad to have her brought anew before our minds; and even viewing her history in its most legendary aspect, we may still, to quote the words of a living preacher,† "take the idea of her life story, and say, 'There is the story of a woman of our own country who discovered the Cross, and by so doing became a saint indeed.'"

* *Arch. Journal*, vol. 38.

† Sermon preached by the Bishop of Ripon at the re-dedication of Denton Church, June 19, 1890.

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CHAPTER XIX.

THE FATHERS OF THE CHURCH.

SECTION I.—THE APOSTOLIC FATHERS.

PAGE.	NAME.	DAY.	YEAR.	CHURCHES.	
	S. Clement. See CH. XX.				
193	S. Ignatius, B.M.	October 17	cir. 110	1	
199	S. Polycarp, B.M.	February 23	155	1	

SECTION II.—THE ANTE-NICENE FATHERS.

204	S. Hippolytus, B.M.	August 13	236	2	
214	S. Cyprian, B.M.	September 14	258	4	

SECTION III.—CHAMPIONS OF THE NICENE CREED.

222	S. Hilary, B.	January 13	368	2	*See also dd.*
	S. Martin. See CH. XXIV.				
229	S. Athanasius, B.	May 2	373	1	

SECTION IV.—THE GREEK FATHERS.

233	S. Basil the Great, B.	January 1 and June 14	379	3	
244	S. Chrysostom, B.	January 27	407	5	

SECTION V.—THE LATIN FATHERS.

252	S. Ambrose, B.	April 4	397	5	
258	S. Jerome, P.	September 30	420	1	
267	S. Augustine of Hippo, B.	August 28	430	1	
	Cf. S. Augustine of Canterbury. CH. XXI.				
	S. Gregory the Great. See CH. XX.				

SECTION VI.—THE ENGLISH FATHERS.

S. Bede. See CH. XXVIII.

WHEN we consider the unspeakable debt of gratitude which the Church owes to that long line of Doctors and Teachers on whom S. Athanasius by a happy inspiration bestowed the name of "the Fathers," we might expect to see multitudes of churches dedicated in their honour. Experience, however, shows that this is not the case. So far as English pre-Reformation dedications go, it would be difficult to find ten of the Fathers who have been commemorated in this fashion; and a study of the manner in which those ten names are represented throws a good deal of light upon

the type of saintship that attracted or failed to attract our forefathers. The following table illustrates the difference in this respect between present-day church-builders and their earlier representatives, and shows the ever increasing tendency to honour the great teachers of the Church; be they Eastern or Western, from Rome or from Smyrna, from Alexandria or from Constantinople. The figures are if anything rather below than above the mark.

NAME.	ANCIENT DEDICATIONS.	MODERN DEDICATIONS.
1. Clement of Rome. (Widely celebrated by reason of his legendary history.)	35	20
2. Ignatius of Antioch, M.	None	1
3. Polycarp of Smyrna, M.	None	1
4. Hippolytus of Portus, M. (Widely celebrated in France and elsewhere by reason of his legendary history.)	2	None
5. Cyprian of Carthage, M. (Traces only of one chapelry, now demolished.)	1	4
6. Hilary of Poitiers. (Widely known to the Celtic Church through an accident of personal association with Poitiers; also in the Roman service-books.) ...	3	None
7. Athanasius of Alexandria	None	1
8. Basil the Great of Cæsarea. (Introduced into England by the Knights Templars; possibly also known to the Celtic Church through their Eastern associations.)...	2	1
9. Ambrose of Milan. (One ancient church erroneously ascribed to him.)...	None	5
10. Martin of Tours. (First introduced into the Celtic Church by a personal disciple. Widely popular both among Celtic and Roman Christians for the sake of his asceticism.)	151	9
11. Chrysostom of Constantinople	None	5
12. Jerome, Presbyter. (The recluse of Bethlehem. Found in Wales as well as in Monmouthshire; perhaps known to the Celtic Church through Eastern associations.)	1	None
13. Augustine of Hippo. (Many ancient churches in this name, but impossible to distinguish them from those intended for Augustine of Canterbury; the name frequently given by Augustinian monks, but doubtful whether or not with direct reference to their patron.)	Uncertain	1
14. Gregory the Great of Rome. (Commemorated by reason of his direct connexion with the evangelization of this country.)	28	1

Are there any general conclusions to be drawn from the statistics given above? First of all, we shall hardly be mistaken in saying that the enthusiasm of our forefathers was more readily called forth by the active than by the contemplative life. Their natural sympathies were more with the men of action, so to speak, than with the leaders of thought. The history of the soldier-missionary Martin abundantly satisfied this instinct; and it contained moreover the ascetic element which is one of the qualities

most highly sought after in mediæval saints; the element which has given so extraordinary a pre-eminence to such hermit-saints as S. Leonard, for example, or S. Giles. The legendary history of S. Clement of Rome supplies the same quality of stirring incident that is supplied by the real life of S. Martin, and his apocryphal adventures in the Crimea offer the same food for the imagination that is given yet more unsparingly in the fantastic stories of S. George and S. Nicholas.

But if action on the one hand and asceticism on the other are two important qualifications for sanctity, there is yet a third factor of very considerable weight, namely, *nationality*. Up to a certain point the catholicity of the English Church is indeed borne witness to by the variety of her patron saints. It is true that Roman and Celt, Syrian and Persian, Spaniard and African, are all there side by side. Nevertheless, the Church in these islands had its strongly marked preferences; the Celtic branch gave the first place to its own local benefactors, such as S. David; the second to the Blessed Virgin and S. Michael the Archangel; and the third to such Kalendar saints as the Eastern "Cyricus and Julitta" and "S. Blaise," names prominent in Eastern martyrologies and introduced to the Celtic Christians by their fellow-countrymen in Armorica.*

The Roman branch of the Church, on the other hand, gave the place of honour to the Blessed Virgin and the leading members of the Apostolic college; their allegiance was next given in fullest measure to those saints who came direct from Rome itself (like S. Laurence), or else from France (like S. Martin). The third place was given to their own national saints, such as S. Oswald or S. Wilfrid; and thus it will be seen that very little place was left for the great names of the Eastern or of the African Churches. There are exceptions no doubt, but the only exceptions on any large scale are S. George, S. Nicholas, and S. Giles,† S. Catherine and S. Margaret; and they are in entire agreement with the theory that we have put forth, for all five of them are in the highest degree legendary, and all five are as completely adopted by the Gallican Church as though they were Western in origin. On no other ground but this of less acceptable nationality can we explain the omission of so striking and dramatic a figure as S. Ignatius the Martyr, or account for the fact that while he is not commemorated at all amongst us, S. Laurence, the Roman deacon, can boast over two hundred churches. Or why should S. Martin of Tours have fifty times as many churches as his single-minded friend and neighbour, S. Hilary of Poitiers, the courageous confessor and theologian, unless it be that the one was a husband and father, and that the other led the hard life of a cenobite? Or, once again, why should the Roman Clement have struck so deep root, and the glorious Athanasius, the dauntless champion of the true faith, be utterly ignored, save that the apocryphal adventures of the

* See this point discussed in an article by the late Mr. Kerslake in "Dorset Antiq.," vol. iii.

† Although by birth accounted a Greek, S. Giles may for all practical purposes be reckoned among the French saints, and though nominally an abbot, he might well be called a hermit; hence a twofold reason for his popularity.

Roman—nay, the very legend touching his dead body—came more home to mediæval church-builders than the real sufferings and hair-breadth escapes of the Alexandrian Patriarch?

But though so many great names are missing, yet we have, besides the two Roman bishops, S. Hippolytus, S. Martin of Tours, S. Cyprian, S. Hilary, and S. Basil; and S. Jerome and S. Augustine are at any rate represented amongst us, though very meagrely.

Meantime we repeat that in so far as the Fathers were in any measure commemorated amongst us, it was not for the sake of their writings, but for some more directly personal reason. The British Christians may have shared—there is some reason to suppose they did—the Eastern enjoyment of theological controversy for its own sake; but such subtleties were foreign to the genius of the ordinary Teutonic mind. S. Hippolytus was widely celebrated in the East, even during his lifetime, by reason of his learned and voluminous writings; we may safely assert that in Hertfordshire and Dorsetshire these genuine writings were utterly forgotten, and that the saint was remembered only as one who was said to have been torn asunder by wild horses. S. Clement is dear to us of the nineteenth century for the sake of his epistle, that precious link with the Apostolic writings; we know positively that during the Middle Ages, when S. Clement was at the zenith of his fame, that epistle was practically a lost book.

It is therefore needless for us, and would indeed be wholly out of place, to dwell at any length in these pages upon the theological controversies which yet make the real importance of the Fathers of the Church. We need not enter into the disputes—so difficult to follow, but none the less so vital to the preservation of our Christian Faith—with Arians and Pelagians and Donatists; into the principles of Church government, and the value of asceticism. All this lies outside our province; but it has been well said that the value of Patristic Literature cannot be correctly estimated until we know the writers themselves; "for the Fathers not only wrote, but worked, and what they really meant in their writings is often best explained in their lives."* To a certain extent, of course, the personal history and the religious controversies are inseparably bound together; but it is of the *personal* history, with all its minute vivid touches, all its curious sense of reality, of nearness to ourselves, that we desire chiefly to speak.

SECTION I.—THE APOSTOLIC FATHERS.

S. Clement. See CH. XX.

S. Ignatius, B.M. Oct. 17,† cir. 110. Our conception of S. Ignatius the Martyr has suffered both loss and gain through the exhaustive researches of modern scholarship. There has been some loss; for we are bidden

* Rev. E. S. Ffoulkes in D. C. B., "Fathers."

† Bishop Lightfoot, to whose great work this account is mainly indebted,

to relinquish, as late and ill-supported, the popular tradition that made Ignatius the child "set in the midst" by our Blessed Lord as an ensample to His disciples. We are bidden also to relinquish, on even stronger grounds, the dramatic interview between Ignatius—"which is Theophorus," "the God-bearer"—and the Emperor Trajan; and lastly, we are told that even our brief and simple account of the saint's death is to be received with extreme caution, seeing that it is no contemporary document, but at best a late compilation from earlier records.

In all this we have suffered loss; but in other directions we have gained, and the gain has far more than outbalanced the loss, for the labours of the late Bishop of Durham may be said to have closed the historic controversy that has raged for successive generations as to the genuineness of the so-called Ignatian Epistles, and we may rest assured now that we hold in our hands the very seven letters of which Eusebius wrote—the immortal letters which were the legacy of Ignatius the Martyr to the Christians of his time.

Once more we repeat that our gain far outweighs our loss; for, all unconsciously, Ignatius has drawn for us in these letters a more living portrait of himself than any biographer could have produced. The circumstances under which those seven letters were written are well known, and indeed they tell their own story to all who care to read them. They are the farewell messages of Ignatius, Bishop of Antioch; all of them written upon the same memorable journey when he, a prisoner already condemned to "suffer as a Christian," was going forward to meet certain death. "It is this passage from Antioch to Rome," writes Canon Scott Holland,* "that was turned by Ignatius to such good account. He seized the splendour of the occasion with all the inspiration of genius; he felt the immense stir that was moving in the whole Church as he, one of its great chiefs, passed through it to his death: the chains were on him, binding him to the rough soldiers, who guarded him night and day like watching 'leopards;' before him was the great amphitheatre in mighty Rome, with its thousand thousand spectators, tier above tier, in the midst of whom he should soon stand for Christ until the wild beasts tore him limb from limb; so, through city after city, he was to pass to his glorious doom, and everywhere, he knew, Christian eyes were watching him, Christian hearts were lifted with noble pride, following him in anxiety

dates the martyrdom of S. Ignatius about A.D. 110—certainly between that and 118—but thinks it impossible with the present data to speak more exactly. As to the day, he dismisses as valueless the Roman February 1, and thinks that December 20 or 17 may be the anniversary of a translation of the saint's remains at Antioch. A Syriac martyrology of A.D. 411, probably based upon some record still earlier than itself, gives October 17 as the feast of S. Ignatius; and Bishop Lightfoot, though holding even this day to be of doubtful authority, yet says: "The only anniversary which has any claims to consideration as the true day of martyrdom is October 17. Nor is this date improbable in itself. Ignatius wrote his Epistle to the Romans on August 24, and he was about to embark at Troas at the time. This interval of between seven and eight weeks would be long enough and not too long for the journey from Troas to Rome, and for the necessary delays which might occur on the way or after his arrival."

* "The Apostolic Fathers."

and hope to his confession. It was an unparalleled dramatic moment, and, under the favour of Roman mercy, he was free to use it as he would. He might see his friends; he might write his letters, as St. Paul in prison saw Luke and Onesimus, and wrote the epistles of the captivity, bound to a Roman soldier. So deputation after deputation greeted him from the Churches; messenger after messenger bore off his inspiring farewells; gifts, interviews, salutations, surrounded him."

In those letters the whole passionate nature of the man reveals itself. In later ages they have become a battle-ground for theologians, because of the flood of light which they throw upon Church organization in the first decade of the second century. But let it not be thought that any one of the seven is a formal treatise against heresy, or in defence of episcopacy; rather they are the outpourings of a man speaking for the last time of all that he holds most precious to him. One by one he singles out those who have ministered to him, and sends to each some special message; he recalls their every act of service, and relies on their past zeal for him as a pledge that they will not now let his beloved Church of Antioch go uncared for. "Remember in your prayers the Church which is in Syria which hath God for its shepherd in my stead. Jesus Christ alone shall be its bishop—He and your love."

So he salutes and commends and warns one and another—the "blameless" Polycarp; and Crocus, the delegate from Ephesus, "whom I received as an ensample of the love which ye bear me;" and Alce, "a name very dear to me." And what is it which he desires for them and for the Churches of which they are the representatives? It is that through all trials they should be kept "abiding and unchangeable" in a perfect "union of faith and love, a union with Jesus and the Father;" and to the end that they may be preserved in that holy union, he presses on them the need of maintaining the threefold ministry of the Church, and of rendering unshaken obedience to the bishops, who are the centre of all authority and order. So, in such godly harmony shall the presbytery be "attuned to the bishop, even as its strings to a lyre, so shall all the separate members of the Church form themselves into a chorus, and taking the key-note of God shall in unison sing with one voice through Jesus Christ unto the Father."

It is a well-recognized fact that after the death of Ignatius "we hear no more doubts, no more dissensions, recorded about this office," * and it is not less certain that "the name of Ignatius is," as Bishop Lightfoot says, "inseparably connected with the championship of episcopacy." The two facts cannot be reasonably separated the one from the other. "This unanimity, this identity," so it has been said, "remain strange and unaccountable, unless we find the explanation made manifest in these last farewells of Ignatius." †

That which lends to all these letters their peculiar interest, namely, their close intermingling of abstract and personal topics, is well shown in the famous passage in which he warns the Christians of Smyrna against the

* Scott Holland. † Ibid.

Docetic heresy that was one of the perils of the age. He illustrates the falsity of the belief by his own present experiences; and from that warning he passes without a break into one of his finest and most often-quoted outbursts concerning his own approaching martyrdom. "If these things were done by our Lord in semblance, then am I also a prisoner in semblance. And why then have I delivered myself over to death, unto fire, unto sword, unto wild beasts? But near to the sword, near to God; in company with wild beasts, in company with God. Only let it be in the name of Jesus Christ, so that we may suffer together with Him. I endure all things, seeing that He Himself enableth me, Who is perfect Man."

So long as the Church at Antioch was unprovided for there was one anxiety to draw his thoughts back earthwards; but when, through the loving services of his friends, he was enabled to say, "God hath banished all my care," then all his thoughts could leap forward into the glorious future awaiting him. To him as to S. Laurence the Deacon (CH. XXVI.), and to many noble kindred spirits, martyrdom was the coveted seal of discipleship, the proof shown openly to all the world of the sufficing reality of their faith. For such as Laurence and Ignatius there were no doubts, no fears; for in the burning words of Ignatius himself: "As for me, my charter is Jesus Christ, my inviolable charter is His cross and His death and His resurrection." The desire of his whole heart is this: "Only be it mine to attain to Jesus Christ," and all the sufferings that may lie between are but as welcome steps to that goal. "Do not hinder me from living," so he appeals to his fellow-disciples in Rome;—"I dread your very love, lest it do me an injury." "Suffer me to receive the pure light." "It is good for me to die for Jesus Christ rather than to reign over the furthest bounds of earth." "Him I seek Who died on our behalf; Him I desire Who rose again for our sake." And so the passionate flood of self-devotion flows on, yet checked now and then by some touching word of self-distrust, some fervent appeal for those earnest prayers which shall win for him the strength he so sorely needs: "Only pray for me that I may have power within and without, so that I may not only say it but desire it; that I may not only be called a Christian but be found one." Or again: "I have many deep thoughts in God: but I take the measure of myself lest I perish in my boasting. For though I desire to suffer, yet I know not whether I am worthy." "For myself I am ashamed to be called a bishop; for neither am I worthy to be called one of them, but I have found mercy if so be I shall attain unto God." In one of his letters in particular this burden of unworthiness is weighing heavily on him throughout, but yet in the closing sentences the hope on which his whole life is grounded shines forth: "I am still in peril; but the Father is faithful in Jesus Christ to fulfil my petition and words. May we be found unblamable in Him."

And here the stirring narrative ends suddenly; if indeed we are forbidden to take as authentic the brief account of his martyrdom,* which

* In the "Acts" of S. Ignatius.

describe the scene—in itself so simple and probable—of the saint's kneeling down among his brethren and uttering in their midst his last spoken prayer before he was hurried away into the amphitheatre to be delivered up to the wild beasts. But though we know nothing certainly as to the manner of his martyrdom, we do know that the martyr's crown was not denied him. When Polycarp, in obedience to his honoured friend's last instructions, wrote to the Christians at Philippi concerning the care of Ignatius's own beloved Church in Syria, he could exhort them to faith and patience by the example which had been set forth before their eyes, "not only in the blessed Ignatius, and Zozimus and Rufus, but in others among yourselves, and in Paul himself and the rest of the Apostles." He could even then speak confidently of Ignatius as being among that glorious company who "are gone to the place that was due to them from the Lord, with Whom also they suffered; for they loved not this present world, but Him Who died, and was raised again by God for us." At that very time Polycarp was occupied in collecting for the Philippians such of the letters of Ignatius as had come into his hands, and these he despatches to them, begging of them in return to make known to him "what you know certainly of Ignatius and his companions."* The bare fact of the martyrdom without any particulars was all that had then reached Smyrna, but it was possible that Philippi, which lay some stages nearer to Rome, might have learned more. The answer to that request has unhappily never reached us. And yet we know enough. "The writings of Ignatius show him to us," says Bishop Lightfoot, as "a distinct and living personality, a true Father of the Church, a teacher and an example to all time;" but it is, he adds, "in the momentary light" of his martyrdom that we see the otherwise unknown bishop as he really was. "No martyrdom," says the distinguished writer just quoted, "has had so potent an influence on the Church as his. . . . It was by their lives, rather than by their deaths, that the Apostles edified the Church of God. Ignatius was before all things the Martyr. Everything conspired to concentrate men's thoughts on his martyrdom—the sudden flash of light following upon the comparative obscurity of his previous life—the long journey across two continents from the far East to the far West—the visits to many churches and the visits from many others—the collection of letters in which his own burning words are enshrined—the final scene of all in the largest, most central, and most famous arena of the world. Hence his Epistle to the Romans—his pæan prophetic of the coming victory—became a sort of martyr's manual. . . . After all it is only by an enthusiasm which men call extravagance that the greatest moral and spiritual triumphs have been won. This was the victory which overcame the world—the faith of Ignatius and of men like-minded with him." †

A few words must needs be devoted to the after commemorations of

* Bishop Lightfoot surmises that these "companions" of Ignatius may have been fellow-martyrs; possibly the Zozimus and Rufus mentioned above.

† "Ignatius," vol. i.

this great saint. In his own Antioch he was long remembered, and, rightly or wrongly, it was confidently believed in the fourth century that his sacred bones had been brought back from Rome and laid to rest in the cemetery at Antioch. A little later the relics were removed from thence and carried to the famous "Temple of Fortune" in the same city, which was henceforth transformed into a Christian place of worship under the name of "the church of S. Ignatius," and it is supposed that the feast of S. Ignatius kept by the Greek Church on December 20 * marks this second translation.

It cannot be said that the Western commemoration of S. Ignatius is in any degree commensurate with his immense influence upon the Church at large. The Martyr himself, with the poetic insight that is such a part of him, beholds in his own death a link between East and West. Thus he bids the Christians of Rome † give thanks to God for that He has so honoured the Bishop of Syria, in that He summoned him from the East into the West, to become an offering on God's altar. "Good and fair it is to sink into the West to death from the world unto God, that I may rise again to Him in His own East."

The festival of the martyrdom of S. Ignatius is duly observed in the Roman Missal,‡ and is distinguished from the ordinary service appointed for martyrs by the incorporation of Ignatius's own famous words: "I am God's wheat, and I am ground by the teeth of wild beasts that I may be found pure bread of Christ."

And yet, in spite of all this, S. Ignatius's "foothold in Western Calendars" remained, as Bishop Lightfoot has justly observed, "precarious." His name was altogether absent from the oldest Latin Martyrologies, such as Jerome's, and though it has a place in Bede's Kalendar, it is apparently missing from the Salisbury Kalendar. In short, to quote the bishop's summary: "The commemoration of Ignatius of Antioch only obtained a place among the festivals of the Latin Church at a comparatively late date, and even then with many fluctuations. But in these islands several centuries elapse before he is recognized; and indeed he seems never to have obtained a firm footing in our Northern Calendars, whether Celtic or English. . . . Even in those which belong to as late a date as the fourteenth century his name is frequently wanting, and S. Brigid still retains sole possession of February 1."

Under these circumstances it was hardly to be looked for that there should be churches dedicated in his honour. We know of none such, and there is little reason to hope that any may yet be brought to light among our five hundred lost dedications. Rome gave no lead in this direction; for though there is at Rome a church of S. Ignatius, it commemorates, not the martyr-bishop from Antioch, but his Spanish namesake, Ignatius Loyola. Nevertheless, at last the omission of centuries has been made good amongst us, and that under circumstances of unique and striking

* Or, as in not a few Kalendars, that of Bede, for example, on December 17.

† Scott Holland's "Apostolic Fathers."

‡ On February 1.

interest. The church of "S. Ignatius the Martyr" at Sunderland, which was consecrated on July 2, 1889, was the gift of the then Bishop of Durham, Bishop Lightfoot, and was designed by him as "an outward recognition of the mercies of the first seven years of his episcopate." * "The dedication," says one who was present, "is as unique as the occasion;" † and no one who knows anything of the work done by the bishop in connexion with the Ignatian controversy, of his success in restoring shaken confidence in the authenticity of those ancient writings, can fail to appreciate the felicity of the choice.

In conclusion, let us quote from the sermon preached at the opening service by the founder's lifelong friend, the present Bishop of Durham:‡ "For us to-day the largest thoughts must take a personal shape. I have just spoken of this building, most religious in its solemn dignity, as a memorial of an Episcopate rich in abiding fruits, a memorial of sacrifices offered and blessed, of prayers made and answered. And it is in the true sense a living memorial. For there is indeed (would that we did not forget it) between a gift and a bequest the whole difference of life. The benefactor lives in his gift. He himself works through it, and he enjoys the fruits of its working. This church of Ignatius places its giver's long chosen literary labours, which he postponed to his appointed charge, in connection with your services to Christ, in which he will find his great reward. It offers to you by its unique dedication the inspiring example of a new saint. . . . It reminds you of the wide-spread glory of your spiritual ancestry in which you reckon side by side an apostle of the far East and an apostle of the far West, Ignatius of Antioch and Columba of Hy." §

S. Polycarp, B.M. Feb. 23,‖ 155.

We have been tempted to linger somewhat unduly over S. Ignatius owing to the special interest both of the dedication itself and of the channel through which it has been lately reintroduced amongst us. There is no such peculiar interest attaching to our one only dedication to his younger friend, S. Polycarp; yet the one name would have seemed grievously incomplete without the other.

We should still feel we knew Polycarp if we knew him only through the letters of S. Ignatius, and most of all through that letter addressed to him by name, in which the elder man speaks of his "blameless face," his "godly mind, grounded as it were on an immovable rock." Polycarp it was to whom Ignatius addressed the thrilling summons: "The times require thee as pilots require winds;" it was Polycarp whom he charged to stand "firm as an anvil when it is smitten, inasmuch as it is the part of a great athlete to receive blows and be victorious."

And yet Polycarp has an even higher interest for us than springs from his friendship with the dying Ignatius, for in him "one single link connected the earthly life of Christ with the close of the second century,

* *Guardian*, July 3, 1889.
† Ibid.
‡ Dr. Westcott.
§ Another recently built church at Sunderland is dedicated to S. Columba of Iona.
‖ So Lightfoot, who dismisses the Roman January 26 as having arisen purely through error.

though five or six generations had intervened. S. John, Polycarp, Irenæus—this was the succession which guaranteed the continuity of the evangelical record and of the apostolical teaching." *

We can never read without a fresh thrill of quickened feeling the oft-quoted passage in which Polycarp's famous pupil Irenæus recalls his youthful intercourse with his revered master; incidents faithfully noted down—"not on paper but in my heart"—so that in old age he could remember them better than the events of recent occurrence; could still describe "the very place in which the blessed Polycarp used to sit, and his goings out and his comings in, and his manner of life, and his personal appearance, and how he would describe his intercourse with John and with the rest who had seen the Lord, and how he would relate their words. And whatsoever things he had heard from them about the Lord and about His miracles, and about His teaching, Polycarp, as having received them from eye-witnesses of the Word, would relate altogether in accordance with the Scriptures." †

It has been well said ‡ that "this impress of Polycarp, as of one whose greatness lay in his sacred remembrances of the mighty dead, is peculiarly essential to his character. He left no original doctrine behind him, nor did any original work that was preserved; every memorial of him presents him to us as a most pure and holy representative of greater men."

It has been pointed out § that we catch glimpses of Polycarp at "three different periods of his life—in youth as the disciple of S. John; ‖ in middle age as the companion of Ignatius; in declining years as the master of Irenæus;" and it is observed that "these three periods exhibit a continuous life. Polycarp repeats with emphasis in extreme old age the same lessons which he had learned with avidity in his tenderest years." Renan has described Polycarp as "ultra-conservative," a description which prompts Lightfoot to rejoin that "his was an age in which conservatism alone could save the Church," and that Ignatius had "rightly divined that he was the one man whom the season demanded." But to his own generation, to the men among whom he moved and taught, Polycarp was something far more than a mere depositary of even the most sacred recollections. The sight of the blameless life, the fervent and all-embracing intercessions, the steadfast clinging to the post of duty, the care for others, the forgetfulness of self—all this caused Polycarp to be a living epistle, witnessing to the truth of the faith which he professed.

And those who knew him best knew also the tenderest side of his nature. There was a very stern side, as we see plainly in his dealings with heretics, and in those stories of his Apostolic teacher on which he was most wont to dwell. To him heresy was altogether a fault of the will, not of the understanding, and to him heretics were evil-doers, with whom it was not meet to have any dealings. But where the difference was not

* Lightfoot.

† Irenæus; quoted also in Eusebius, v. 20.

‡ Scott Holland's "Apostolic Fathers."

§ Lightfoot.

‖ In Lower Asia, during the time therefore of S. John's residence in Ephesus.

one of principle he was the first to admit the right of each man to his Christian liberty; and though it must assuredly have caused him pain to witness in the Roman Church a method of reckoning Easter that was foreign to what he had learned from S. John's own practice—and no argument could persuade him to prefer the Western methods—yet he was content to acquiesce peaceably in a difference of opinion. He and the Roman Pontiff discussed the point, and though neither convinced the other, there was no break in their friendship. Polycarp, at the other's request, celebrated the Eucharist in his stead, and they "separated from each other in peace." *

Ignatius had charged Polycarp to be gentle and sympathetic. "Bear all men, even as the Lord also beareth thee;" and in the one letter of Polycarp's which has come down to us, he does indeed show himself mindful of the counsel. How tenderly does he rebuke the sin of a certain presbyter at Philippi, one Valens, who appears to have given way to a spirit of avarice! "I am greatly afflicted for Valens;" and again: "My brethren, I am exceedingly sorry both for him and for his wife, to whom God grant a true repentance." Fervently he exhorts the Philippians—not as one who had authority over them, or as one who could "come up to the wisdom" of their first teacher, "the blessed and renowned Paul," but as one whose help they had themselves invited—to a forgiving temper, to that loving spirit which draws the erring brethren back into the right path; warmly too he commends his messenger Crescens, the bearer of the letter, and at the same time he bespeaks their good offices for Crescens's sister, "when she shall come to you."

Forty years had come and gone since Ignatius had parted from Polycarp at Smyrna and passed onward to his triumph; for forty years his friend had been patiently toiling on at the post where he was set; ever watchful, earnest, patient; redeeming the time, as though there were for ever ringing in his ears that noble saying of Ignatius: "A Christian is not his own, he must always be at leisure for God's work." What wonder was it that such a man as this should be beloved and venerated above the rest; that he should be called even by the heathen, "the father of the Christians;" that "even before his hairs were gray he should be treated with every honour by those about him;" so that when the infirmities of age increased upon him, the Christians were "wont to contend who should soonest" render him all the help he needed, even to the drawing off of his shoes. Had Polycarp of Smyrna died peacefully in the fulness of his years, he would yet have been lovingly remembered among the saints of God; but when to all the constant beauty of his long life was added the seal of martyrdom, we can well understand that his fame eclipsed that of other contemporary martyrs; so that, in the words of his own sorrowing yet triumphant Church, "he alone is chiefly had in the memory of all men, insomuch that he is spoken of by the very Gentiles themselves as having been not only an eminent teacher, but also a glorious martyr."

* Eusebius.

Polycarp's martyrdom stands out in strange contrast to that of his friend Ignatius. Of the one we know nothing but the mere fact; of the other we know all the separate details as they were treasured up in the faithful memories of his fellow-townsmen, and written at length in a circular letter, addressed primarily to the Christians of the neighbouring Church of Philomelium, but intended to be transmitted to other Churches. The genuineness of this document is happily fully allowed, and a wonderfully graphic history it is which has thus come down to us of the events of a few hours. It is a narrative which cannot be compressed without loss, and there is no touch in it that does not heighten the simple dignity of the venerable martyr. There is no impetuous courting of danger; nay, rather, for the sake of those who love him, he goes into hiding once and again; but when he is brought face to face with danger there is no shrinking; only a calm acceptance of his lot:—"The will of the Lord be done." So he goes down from the upper room and receives his captors as though they were his guests, bidding that food and drink should be prepared for them, and asking of them no other boon but an hour's liberty to pray without disturbance; and as the guards marked his stately bearing and listened to that stream of self-forgetting prayer, some of them began to wonder "why there should have been need of all this care to take so godly an old man," while some began to repent of the errand on which they had been sent. The same impulse moved the officers whose duty it was to bring him in their chariot from the village into the city, and with real concern they tried to make him see how small a matter it would be to say, "Cæsar is Lord," and so save himself. For a while he was silent; then, as they continued to urge him, he said plainly: "I am not going to do what you counsel me."

It was Friday evening when he had been arrested: by this time the day had broken, and the Saturday, which happened to be a special holiday among the Jews, had begun. The mob, Jews and Gentiles alike, demanded that the prisoner should be given to the lions; but the chief officer, the Asiarch,* refused, saying that the season for such spectacles was past. "Then it pleased them to cry out with one consent that Polycarp should be burnt alive." Now, as Polycarp was entering the arena, an unseen voice, heard by many, uttered the words, "Be strong, Polycarp, and play the man." Once again the pro-consul renewed his former entreaties: "Let him but swear by Cæsar's fortune and say, 'Away with the atheists!'" Those last words found an echo in Polycarp's heart, and with stern face and uplifted hand he repeated, "Away with the atheists!" The consul may have seen in this a sign of wavering, for he spoke further: "Reproach Christ, and I will set thee free." Then it was that the old man made that memorable reply which will live for ever among the victories of faith:† "Fourscore and six years have I served Him, and He hath done me no wrong; how then can I speak evil of my King and Saviour?" But

* Cf. Acts xix. 31, R.V.

† See the fine passage in Hare's "Victory of Faith."

still the consul urged him to "swear by the genius of Cæsar;" and then Polycarp, with characteristic straightforwardness, as though afraid that his former words might have been misunderstood, said: "It seems to me that in urging me to swear by the genius of Cæsar, as thou callest it, thou seemest not to know what I am; know then at once and without doubt that I am a Christian."

It was plain now to all that the aged bishop was immovable. For himself he desired only that the suspense might be ended: "Why tarriest thou? Do with me what thou wilt." So the crier proclaimed throughout the lists, "Polycarp has confessed himself to be a Christian;" and preparations were hastily made for getting together a fire. And when all things were in readiness, they would have nailed him to the stake, but he said, "Let me alone; for He Who gives me grace to bear the flame will enable me to stand unshaken without the help of your nails." "Wherefore they did not nail him, but only bound him" to the stake; and there he stood, "like a goodly ram, the leader of the flock, bound and ready for sacrifice," pouring out his glorious Eucharistic prayer even to the very moment when the faggots were set on fire.

So died Polycarp, "the faithful witness," and his disciples gathered up his bones, "more precious than the richest jewels," and placed them in safe keeping in a place where year by year they might "with joy and gladness" keep the anniversary of his martyrdom.

The fame of Polycarp, as was but natural, spread from Asia Minor into the daughter Churches of Gaul, where in the time of Gregory of Tours, and no doubt for long afterwards, his festival was observed with great solemnity. His name was in the Roman Kalendar no less than in the Kalendar of the Greek Church; but for some unexplained reason it is not to be found either in Bede's Martyrology or in the Salisbury Kalendar, and this naturally resulted in our having no single ancient English dedication in his honour. At last a new church in Liverpool, now made parochial, has chosen S. Polycarp for its patron; and whether or not there is any special reason for the choice, we may well rejoice to have thus brought before us anew a man who was so great in the eyes of his contemporaries that the very Jews declared that the Christians would "forsake the Crucified One and worship this Polycarp"—a strange and ignorant charge, which drew from those who heard it the splendid reply which is the very key to all Christian veneration for the saints: "As if it were possible for us to desert Christ Who suffered for the salvation of the whole world! For Him indeed we worship, as Son of God; but the martyrs we only love with all honour, as followers of the Lord, because of their supreme devotion to their Master and King. May it," so the noble passage ends —"may it be our lot to be found partakers and fellow-disciples with them."

SECTION II.—THE ANTE-NICENE FATHERS.

S. Hippolytus, B.M.* Aug. 13, 236.

Prudentius, a Spanish poet, who visited Rome close upon fifteen hundred years ago, has recorded for us his first vivid impressions when he visited the catacomb of S. Hippolytus the Martyr. "Not far from the city walls, among the well trimmed orchards," he descended by steep and winding steps, and found himself in the dark passages that led past the sleeping-places of the dead to the sacred altars of the living. The same sense of impressive strangeness must possess every imaginative and reverent pilgrim to the catacombs; but the Spanish poet and the pilgrim of our day see the same places under very different conditions. The modern visitor follows his guide through the silent deserted corridors, peopling as best he can the vacant places with the figures of the past; the fourth-century poet could scarcely thread his way through the fervent throng of worshippers who were crowding in from all the country round to keep the festal day of the honoured martyr who slept in that hidden sanctuary. From "early morning to the setting of the sun" the stream flowed on. There might be seen the peasant from the outskirts with wife and children; here the nobles in their garb of festive white; nobles and common folk jostled each other shoulder to shoulder in the narrow space, all impelled by the same desire to kiss the silver shrine which guarded the precious relics. Windows cut in the roof let in rays of sunlight upon the darkness, and made it possible to read the exquisitely carved tablet that told the name and story of the saint; but that story was yet more plainly set forth in a painting hanging within the cavern, a painting portraying the fearful death of an aged, white-haired martyr, who has been torn asunder by wild horses; showing, too, the weeping friends following along the blood-stained road and reverently gathering up the poor scattered members; and many of the pilgrims, as they gazed on this picture, wept for very pity at the sight.

Who, then, was this martyr whom the Church thus delighted to honour? What was his name, and what his story? Our poet has no doubt as to the answer. Hippolytus, Prudentius tells us, was a priest or presbyter occupying a leading position among the Christian community round about Ostia and Portus (the twin harbours of Rome), who suffered, for the sake of Christianity, the same fate as his classical namesake, Hippolytus, the son of Theseus, who was torn by wild horses. The sentence was prompted, Prudentius tells us, by the associations of the name; "but," says Archbishop Benson,† "it is more like a poet's or a painter's than a prefect's deed to tear an old Christian with horses, whether because of his own unluckily suggestive name,‡ or because of the tale of his namesake."

* This account of S. Hippolytus is based upon Bishop Lightfoot's work on the "Apostolic Fathers," and the quotations, where not otherwise stated, are from him.

† Quoted in Lightfoot's "Hippolytus."

‡ Hippolytus, from the Greek word ἱππολύτος = οἱ ἵπποι λυουσί, meaning "torn by horses."

We begin to doubt whether the picture was ever intended "to represent the actual event;" whether, in short, it had more than a symbolic reference to Hippolytus the Martyr; and our misgivings are strengthened when, two hundred years later, in the spurious Acts of the famous Roman deacon, S. Laurence (CH. XXVI.), Hippolytus reappears in the guise of S. Laurence's soldier-gaoler. He is converted by his sainted charge and follows him to death. Strange to say, this Hippolytus also is condemned to the very same punishment as his priestly predecessor; stranger still, he is buried in the self-same cemetery beside the Tiburtine Way that led to Tivoli, and is commemorated on the self-same day, August 13. At this point we begin to suspect that there is great confusion somewhere; these mythical horses are responsible for much of it, but not for all; and so we become aware that we have entered a famous labyrinth which has long been and still remains the despair of scholars.

At first sight the matter would seem to be still further complicated by the existence of yet another Hippolytus, the well-authenticated third-century theologian and controversialist of that name, who is reckoned among the Fathers of the Church. He, too, presents sundry difficulties on his own account, but he is notwithstanding a distinct historical personality. Now, if these three supposed namesakes, Hippolytus the Father, Hippolytus the Presbyter, and Hippolytus the Soldier, could be reduced to one single man, our task would be considerably simplified; and it is just this unification of the three conflicting personalities that has been attempted by Bishop Lightfoot.

Fortunately, the undertaking has been made somewhat easier by the Roman excavations of recent times which have brought to light once more the very basilica which Prudentius visited in A.D. 400. The costly shrine, the precious metals, the marble walls, have long since disappeared; but as of old the skylights in the roof throw light upon the subterranean darkness, and show the altar still standing there where the poet described it. The carved inscription on which Prudentius's eyes rested had long ago been carried away, and has been recovered from other sources; but even before the basilica was brought to light, the plot of ground beneath which it lay concealed had been plainly identified with Hippolytus by the discovery (A.D. 1551) in a part of the same field of a statue representing a figure sitting in a *cathedra*, or bishop's chair. The head was missing * and there was no name attached, but the long list of literary works inscribed upon the base of the chair—works well known to have proceeded from the busy pen of Hippolytus—solves beyond all doubt the question of identity. And curiously enough, the statue, though without date of any sort, bears upon its face evidence that it was erected within a few years of Hippolytus's death, if not actually in his lifetime. On one side of the chair is inscribed a table for calculating Easter for a given period. In the infancy of mathematics, to produce such a table was no everyday achievement, and it was

* The statue is now in the Lateran Museum. It has been restored, but the true head has unfortunately never been found.

reckoned among our hero's special titles to fame; but, unhappily, his chronology proved faulty, and already within six or seven years of his probable death his scheme had to be abandoned, and was not likely therefore to have been any longer treated with such conspicuous honour.

As will naturally have been inferred from the foregoing, Hippolytus was a bishop whose chief claim to distinction lay in his literary works—works exegetical and controversial, which have caused him to be ranked among the Apostolic Fathers. Enough of these writings remain to prove abundantly that in all the controversies of his day, Bishop Hippolytus took a foremost part. Throughout his whole career he stands forth as "the champion of purity in the Church—the severe opponent of any laxity which might endanger the virgin discipline of the Christian brotherhood." He was a man who cared passionately for his own ideals, and who spoke and wrote strongly—aye, intemperately—of those who differed from him; be they who they may, even his own ecclesiastical superiors, the successive bishops of Rome. With two of the Popes Hippolytus came into open conflict. In company with a third, it was ultimately his lot to be sent into banishment to the notoriously unhealthy island of Sardinia, and there to end his days. The circumstances that led to his banishment are imperfectly known, but the coupling of his name with that of the Chief Pastor of the Roman Church shows that he was regarded as a leading member of the Christian community. A still greater proof of the important place which he had attained in the estimate of his contemporaries was shown from another quarter, when shortly after his death his remains were brought back to Rome and laid in the cemetery on the Tiburtine road that still bears his name; in the very spot, as we may reasonably believe, that had been the frequent scene of his ministrations. This translation of the remains of S. Hippolytus the bishop is proved by the most venerable martyrologies to have taken place on August 13, a day constantly associated with the name of Hippolytus. The year is judged to have been about A.D. 238.

But how comes it, we may ask, that a man who had been not only under the ban of the civil authorities, but also in violent collision with his own leaders, could receive such exceptional posthumous honours? As to this last, it has been observed that "men treat with leniency the faults of one who has real claims to respect."* "Hippolytus," says Dr. Salmon, "was a man of whose learning the whole Roman church must have been proud; he was of undoubted piety, and of courage which he proved in the good confession which he afterwards witnessed." And as to the erection of the statue, if Bishop Lightfoot is correct in his supposition that the whole plot of land on which the statue was erected, and beneath which the cemetery lay, was the private property of Hippolytus himself, the civil power would not interfere with the uses made of it.

But in truth it is very difficult for us through all the mists of controversy that have gathered about the name of Hippolytus to appreciate how

* Dr. Salmon in D. C. B.

commanding a figure he was in his own day. "It has seldom happened," says Dr. Salmon, "in ecclesiastical history that one who enjoyed so much celebrity in his lifetime has been so obscurely known to the church of subsequent times." It was chiefly through his immense literary activity that he influenced his own generation; and his works, though well fitted to meet the interests and needs of the present hour, and tending to give "a great impulse to the study of God's Word," * were not of a nature to be read in after ages, except indeed by scholars and antiquarians. But in his own day his books attracted the attention of the entire literary world; and we happen to know that on the occasion of a certain sermon, which he preached in the very height of his controversy with one of his episcopal opponents, he had among his auditors no less a man than Origen.

Nor was Origen the only distinguished man with whom Hippolytus was brought into contact. In his younger days he had attended the lectures of Irenæus himself. "The position and influence of Hippolytus," says Bishop Lightfoot, "were unique among the Roman Christians of his age. He linked together the learning and traditions of the East, the original home of Christianity, with the marvellous practical energy of the West, the scene of his own life's labours. Not only was he by far the most learned man in the Western Church, but his spiritual and intellectual ancestry was quite exceptional. Though he lived till within a few years of the middle of the third century, he could trace his pedigree back by only three steps, literary as well as ministerial, to the life and teaching of the Saviour Himself. Irenæus, Polycarp, S. John—this was his direct ancestry. No wonder if these facts secured to him exceptional honour in his own generation."

Nor was it in his own generation only, for the name and fame of Hippolytus continued to loom large through succeeding ages; and yet fate has dealt very hardly with him. It is not merely that his real history has been forgotten, but that all manner of perversions of the real history have gone abroad. His episcopal office has been disputed, because his see is hard to define; and he has been accounted a priest rather than a bishop. Moreover, he, the jealous defender of the faith, has been solemnly accused of tampering with heresy, and with a heresy that did not come into being till he was laid in his grave; his conflicts with the Popes have caused him to be looked upon as himself an anti-pope; he has been credited with dying a horrible and fantastic death suggested by an old legend; and finally, he has been robbed of his rights in his own cemetery, and has had to see even his own last resting-place ascribed to another Hippolytus—Hippolytus, the priest of Ostia, of whom Prudentius sang.

But our contention is that the bishop and the so-called priest are but one and the same. That our Hippolytus was a bishop is perfectly plain from his own writings; but it is also plain from the evidence of the only contemporary document—that which records his banishment to Sardinia—

* Salmon.

that he was spoken of as "Hippolytus the Presbyter," the very term which is used in the inscription found in his cemetery and by Prudentius himself. Bishop Lightfoot is of opinion that the word "Presbyter" does not in this connexion "represent *office*, but that it expresses venerable dignity, such as is accorded to those who are depositaries of the wisdom of the past." Such a use of the term to denote a reverend elder is found not seldom in writers of the first centuries; sometimes applied to the Apostles, sometimes to their immediate disciples, and bearing much the same meaning as our "Fathers of the Church." And so, argues Bishop Lightfoot, Hippolytus, bishop though he was, "has a title of his own, more honourable than any conferred by any office; just as Bede is called the Venerable;" but in course of time the peculiar signification was lost, and the term was explained in its ordinary sense as designating the second Order of the Ministry.

But allowing that Hippolytus was a bishop, the question arises—What was the see over which he ruled? It is evident that he was near enough to Rome to take a leading part in all Roman affairs, but his name most often occurs in connexion with Portus, the harbour of Rome, some fifteen miles distant from the city; and one favourite theory has been that he was bishop of this place. Unfortunately, Portus was at no time a recognized episcopal see; but Bishop Lightfoot suggests as a solution of the problem that Hippolytus may have held the somewhat anomalous position—appointed thereto, we may suppose, before the accession of either of the two Pontiffs with whom he lived in such perpetual warfare—of a non-territorial bishop; specially intended to superintend the vast foreign population of soldiers, merchants, and seafaring men who thronged the harbours of Ostia and the yet more stirring Portus. "A bishop was needed who could take charge of this miscellaneous and disorderly flock. He must before all things be conversant in the manners and language of Greece, the *lingua franca* of the East, and indeed of the civilized world. Hippolytus was just the man for the place." This theory, moreover, agrees well with his own description of himself as "bishop of the Gentiles;" but if the arrangement was of a temporary and exceptional nature, it is easy to understand that later writers might have known nothing of it.

As to Hippolytus having been tainted with the particular form of heresy known as Novatianism, the chronological objection before alluded to sufficiently disposes of that; but it is conceivable enough that some confused knowledge of his standing feuds with the Popes should have led to a charge of heresy—a charge that was promulgated in very tentative fashion by his admirer, Pope Damasus, some hundred and fifty years and more after the saint's death, when the said Pope erected, in the cemetery which he had so carefully restored and beautified, that memorial tablet which Prudentius read. In that inscription Damasus puts on record what little he had been able to glean concerning the history of the martyr whose fame still clung to the basilica of S. Hippolytus. He does not shrink from acknowledging that "Hippolytus the Presbyter" is "reported" to have

been for a long time involved in the Novatian schism, but that in the end he repented him of his error, and on his road to martyrdom charged the Christian friends who accompanied him to follow the Catholic faith. "Our saint," adds he, "by his confession won the crown of martyrdom;" but with striking candour he concludes—and it is a proof how scanty was his knowledge of the matter—"Damasus tells the tale as he heard it. All things are tested and proved by Christ."

It will be observed that while Damasus looks upon Hippolytus as a martyr, he says no word as to the manner of his martyrdom. All that we know of the fate of the real Hippolytus is from an almost contemporary notice,* which runs thus: "At the same time Pontianus the bishop and Hippolytus the presbyter were banished to the unhealthy island of Sardinia." Sardinia was a convict station, notoriously unhealthy, and the official entry, by dwelling on its "unhealthiness," suggests that Hippolytus and his fellow-exile died in their exile—"a too probable result," says Bishop Lightfoot, "of such banishment to an octogenarian." If this were so we should regard him rather as a confessor than a martyr; but such was not the belief current in the fourth century, and in the fifty years' interval between Pope Damasus and the poet Prudentius an elaborate theory as to the manner of his martyrdom had grown up, and we find ourselves confronted with the story of the prefect and the wild horses. We have seen that Prudentius accounts for the dreadful sentence by the explanation that it was suggested to the prefect by his victim's classical name; but Prudentius did not himself invent the form of martyrdom; he merely gave currency to the popular opinion of his time, which in its turn was moulded by the picture displayed in the basilica.

Here at last we come to the origin of the confusion, and we have now to inquire what was the meaning of this picture. This picture at least, if nothing else in the whole perplexing story, was plainly suggested by the famous myth, and very high authorities† are agreed that "the most probable explanation seems to be that the manner of Hippolytus' death being unknown, and some concrete representation being necessary, this early Christian painter selected the fate of his mythical namesake as 'a pictorial mode of writing above the shrine HIPPOLYTUS MARTYR.'" The next step was easy enough; the symbolical character of the painting would be quickly misunderstood, and it would come to be considered—as indeed we know that it was—the representation of an historical fact.

So far it has been an intricate but not impossible task to blend into one personality S. Hippolytus the Father and S. Hippolytus the Presbyter. A new source of dire confusion before long presents itself in the tendency to regard our saint as a mere satellite to the greater light, S. Laurence the Deacon (CH. XXVI.), and as one of the companions of his martyrdom. A comparison of dates shows the statement to be a pure anachronism, for Hippolytus had been dead full twenty years at the time of S.

* "Liber Pontificalis;" supposed date A.D. 255.

† Archbishop Benson and Bishop Lightfoot.

Laurence's martyrdom. The evidence of dates notwithstanding, this new complication was at one time received with immense favour, and it therefore demands our attention. Curiously enough, the confusion appears to have originated from a purely accidental coincidence of time and place, and for the right understanding of it we shall require some slight acquaintance with Roman topography. Just opposite the cemetery of Hippolytus so often described, divided from it only by the highway leading to Tivoli, was and still is the cemetery of S. Cyriace, more often called, from the famous martyr who slept therein and who gave name to the church in the midst of it, the *Laurentian* cemetery. Both cemeteries alike formed part of an estate known (probably from the name of some former owner) as the *Ager Veranus*. Though situated so close one to another, the several cemeteries and basilicas were wholly distinct; but it was easy enough for pilgrims to cross the road from the one side to the other, and more especially would this be the case in the festal month of August, when the feast-days of the respective saints were observed; S. Laurence on the 10th of the month, and S. Hippolytus on the 13th. Multitudes would then pour forth from Rome, some with the express intention of visiting the shrine of S. Hippolytus on the northern side of the road, a yet greater number bent on worshipping in the shrine of S. Laurence on the southern side. Great indeed had been the honours once paid to the memory of S. Hippolytus; but after a while his special claims to fame somehow ceased to be remembered. As it has been said, "A sponge passed over the records of Hippolytus and his times; and only a confused smear remained of a once exceptionally vivid and characteristic portraiture." Pope Damasus did his best, and with considerable temporary success, to revive the popular veneration for his memory, but we have already seen how meagre was his own information. It was impossible, however, for a learned divine like Hippolytus to excite the same passionate enthusiasm as a youthful martyr like Laurence the Deacon. The story of S. Laurence's good confession and his triumphant death was too grandly simple to be forgotten, though it might be burdened with a mass of unimportant and probably apocryphal additions. "It is no marvel then," says Bishop Lightfoot, "that the aureole which encircled the heads of other neighbouring saints and martyrs —even of the famous Hippolytus himself—should have paled in the light of his unique splendour." The ever-increasing admiration for S. Laurence found outward expression in successive rebuildings of the church that bore his name; and at the same time the ever-growing magnificence of the church on the southern side of the way exercised "a fatal influence on the decadence and obliteration of the humbler cemetery and shrine" of S. Hippolytus, which was suffered to fall into complete ruin.

But Hippolytus had one possession which was far too valuable to be forgotten or neglected—the reputation, namely, of his strange and horrible death. This and the memory of his supposed priestly calling alone survived; and it was told how among the companions of the sufferings of S. Laurence the Deacon was Hippolytus the Presbyter. So closely indeed

was his story interwoven with that of the more famous martyr, that the stately church of S. Laurence, which was reared by Pope Pelagius II. towards the end of the sixth century, was dedicated not only to S. Laurence himself and to his venerated master, Bishop Sixtus (see story of S. Laurence, CH. XXVI.), but also to S. Hippolytus ; * and the idea of this triple dedication was still further emphasized by a mosaic set up in the apse, in which Hippolytus in his priestly vestments is represented, together with the Apostles Peter and Paul, and his fellow-martyrs Sixtus and Laurence.

But so far, whatever else S. Hippolytus had lost, he had retained his ecclesiastical status ; of this, too, he is now to be robbed, and when next we meet him it is in the novel guise of a soldier. The ninth-century martyrologist Ado has preserved for us the so-called Acts of SS. Laurence and Hippolytus, which seem to have been specially written to serve "as a guide-book for the pilgrims to this Ager Veranus "—this burying-ground which contained so many precious relics. Needless to say, these Acts gave countless details of the lives and deaths of the martyrs which were not to be found in more trustworthy documents. The story of S. Laurence, in particular, is embellished with additions wholly unknown to S. Ambrose or S. Augustine ; and amongst other things we hear how his steadfast bearing in the hour of trial so wrought upon the feelings of two of the soldiers who were set to guard him, that both alike sought baptism at the hands of their prisoner ; both of them were put to death in consequence ; and both of them were buried in the cemetery of the Ager Veranus. The name of the one soldier was Hippolytus, the name of the other was Romanus ; and it is not a little strange that they have this further point in common : Romanus, like Hippolytus, is a genuine historical character—a martyr in the Diocletian persecution—and like Hippolytus also, not a soldier, but an ecclesiastic, a young deacon of Antioch.

How comes it, then, that both these reputed companions of S. Laurence should have been transformed into soldiers ? In the case of Romanus the explanation seems simply this : that figures drawn from Christian warfare and intended purely as metaphors have received a literal interpretation, and so have served "as the bridge of passage from Romanus the cleric to Romanus the soldier." Upon a mural tablet in S. Laurence's church the two names stood in close juxtaposition : "Hippolytus," and "Romanus Miles." The tablet omitted the usual title "Presbyter," but gave prominence to the inevitable story of the wild horses; to the history of Romanus, on the other hand, it added nothing at all, and it is by no means improbable that before long the proper name was wholly forgotten, and the words taken to mean that Hippolytus was "a Roman soldier."

However the transformation came about, it was joyfully accepted, and though there seems to have been some slight difficulty in reconciling the new career with the established tradition that had represented Hippolytus

* Bishop Lightfoot conjectures that this triple dedication may possibly have belonged originally to a yet earlier period, and have been attached to the fifth-century church of Pope Sixtus III., of which the later church was nominally only an enlargement, though practically tantamount to a rebuilding.

as a priest, this was ingeniously got over by some phrases in the spurious Acts, in which the judge orders his victim to be stripped of the dress which "he wore as a Christian," and to "resume the profession of a soldier which thou didst always follow."

Nothing was now lacking to fill up the measure of our saint's popularity. "Hippolytus the presbyter" had already made his way into France; "Hippolytus the soldier" was a yet more welcome guest, and we may see an unmistakable sign of that popularity in the way in which his name stamped itself upon the nomenclature of the country, for to this day we meet it in France both as giving name to a little town, and as a baptismal name. France with her "S. Hippolyte" has kept wonderfully near to the original form of the somewhat unmanageable appellation, but she likewise knows him under the abbreviation of "Bilt." The Italians have turned him into "Polto;" in the far East he becomes "Iflites;" in Africa he is with difficulty recognized as "Abulides;" while in our own Hertfordshire he simply drops the aspirate and stands forth as "Ippolits" or Eppallets," * or in the mouths of the village rustics is further shortened into "Pollits."

We have little space to linger over foreign churches that bear the name of S. Hippolytus—not even over the most interesting of them all, the ruined church at Portus, a place which "by history and tradition alike is more closely identified" than almost any other spot with the real Hippolytus. Murray's "Handbook of Rome" gives a hasty description, first of the ruined church with its mediæval bell-tower, and then of the once famous patron, and immediately passes on to call attention to the "Farm of S. Hippolito" hard by, famous for its breed of *horses*. It is an odd chance that even at this distance of time S. Hippolytus cannot escape from his association with horses!

Something must, however, be said of the French Abbey of S. Hippolytus in the neighbourhood of St. Denis, which boasted the possession of the body of the saint, brought, it was said, straight from the cemetery at Rome in the eighth century. The claim was hotly disputed by Rome, and no less hotly defended by the famous Abbey of S. Denis, to which in course of time the sacred deposit had been translated. The dispute came to a crisis in the twelfth century when the then Pope, Alexander III., was visiting St. Denis, and chanced to inquire whose bones a certain reliquary contained. When told that they were those of S. Hippolytus, the Pope replied, undiplomatically enough, "I do not believe it, I do not believe it. I supposed that he still lay in the City." "He had," says Bishop Lightfoot, "only too much reason for his scepticism, for he might have known that Rome itself contained no less than three bodies of S. Hippolytus. The saint himself, however, would stand no trifling. His bones rattled and rumbled in that reliquary, like the roar of thunder, till the Pope cried out in terror, 'I believe it, my lord, I believe it, my lord; do keep quiet.'" And in the end the distinguished visitor had to

* Clutterbuck's "Hertfordshire."

atone for his ill-judged scepticism by placing a marble altar in the oratory of the saint.

It was probably about two hundred years after the Pope's discomfiture at St. Denis—that is to say, about the middle of the fourteenth century—that the pseudo-Hippolytus made his appearance in Hertfordshire, and about this same period also that he became the patron saint of Ryme Intrinsica in Dorsetshire.* There are only these two counties which possess any dedication to this saint so highly venerated on the continent. Unfortunately, both churches, though now made parochial, were originally only chapels-of-ease, the first dependent upon Hitchin,† the second dependent upon Yetminster; and as usual in the case of chapelries, we are at a loss to account for the special origin of the dedication-name. With characteristic forcibleness the saint in both instances impressed his name upon the surrounding district. In Dorsetshire a corrupted form of Hippolytus lingered for centuries as a baptismal name: the registers of Holnest, a parish some few miles from Ryme, show in 1607 the baptism of "Epowlett" Beere, and twenty years later the burial of Agnes, wife of "Epollet" Rutter.‡ In Hertfordshire all that part of the mother-parish of Hitchin which lay round about the chapelry became gradually known by the name of the saint as "Pollits," "Ippolyts," "St. Ibbs," or more formally "St. Ippolits." How much of his varied biography S. Hippolytus brought with him into Hertfordshire is doubtful; at least, we have good evidence that the wild horses were as usual in great prominence; but alas for our saint! the story underwent strange changes in the telling of it, and John Norden the antiquary, who published his "England: A Guide for Travellers," in 1625, was confronted with a version of the same at Ippolyts that was worthy of the well-known game of "Russian scandal." He was informed then that S. Hippolytus "was in his lifetime a good tamer of colts, and as good a horse leech; and for these qualities was devoutly honoured after his death, as all passengers by that way on horse-back thought themselves bound to bring their steeds into the church, even up to the high altar, where this holy horseman was shrined," etc. Another early informant adds that the horses were brought up to the altar through the north door, and that the floor of the church was boarded for the greater convenience of the horsemen. Clutterbuck, the compiler of the standard History of Hertfordshire, strongly discredits this "ridiculous story," and shows that by the beginning of the present century all such traditions had utterly died out; but in defence of Norden we may point out that it would be harder for him to invent such a strange rigmarole than to retail what he had actually heard; and further, it must be remembered that superstitious practices are apt to linger on in quiet places long after the belief that prompted them has died out.

Thus at last we have threaded our way through the complicated

* The first known mention of the name occurs in an ecclesiastical document dated 1405.

† Cussan's "History of Hertfordshire."

‡ Private letter from the Rev. C. H. Mayo, Vicar of Longburton, Sherborne, 1896.

labyrinth that was once described by a former distinguished Vicar* of Ippolyts as "the Hippolytus tangle;" and we have seen how hardly a reverend and learned Father of the Church has been treated; how his true claims to fame have been ignored, and how he has been remembered only by virtue of the military profession with which he had nothing to do, and the fantastic martyrdom which he never suffered.

S. Cyprian, B.M. Sept. 14,† 258.

From the wild confusions and myths that have grown up around the notable figure of S. Hippolytus, it is refreshing to turn to the daylight distinctness in which may be seen every act and word of his younger contemporary Cyprian,‡ Archbishop of Carthage. This is not the place in which to enter upon the later controversies that have gathered round the name of the great African Father —far-reaching questions concerning episcopal authority and Roman supremacy, the nature of Baptism, and the sinfulness of separation from the visible Church. It is enough for our present purpose to try and set him before our imagination as he moved up and down among his own people; the trusted leader, as much loved as he was revered; ruling, teaching, sympathizing, encouraging; showing by his life among them for fourteen years an example of powers all consecrated to one high end; showing at length by his joyous acceptance of martyrdom the willing sacrifice of life itself.

At the time when first his faithful deacon and biographer Pontius begins his narrative, Cyprian was already one of the foremost citizens of Carthage, a distinguished lawyer noted for his rare gifts of oratory, and popular throughout Carthage society; enjoying then, as he enjoyed to the end of his career, the friendship of the families of most illustrious birth and standing. He was a man of wealth, possessing in the suburbs of the city his own well-appointed villa standing in the midst of beautiful gardens, a pleasant country home where we have at least one glimpse of him entertaining his friends. In this year—A.D. 246—Heathenism with all its open as well as secret evils was still paramount in the busy pleasure-loving city; but even then Christianity was a steadily growing power, a factor in the life of the city that could not escape the attention of the active-minded lawyer. He came under the influence of a devout presbyter named Cæcilian; he read the books of the Christians; he examined into their doctrines, and most of all into that doctrine of *conversion*—of change of heart, of habit, of affections—which seemed to him well-nigh impossible. For himself, knowing "the clinging vices" of the old bad life, he "despaired of better things;" but the time came when by his own experience he learned, as he himself tells us, the power of the second birth. Then all things became new; "doubtful things began to become certain, dark things to be enlightened; what before had been thought impossible to be capable of attainment."

* The late Professor Hort.

† In the Anglican Kalendar commemorated on September 26; see p. 221.

‡ More strictly "Thascius Cyprianus," or possibly "Thascius Cæcilius Cyprianus;" but it is enough for our purpose to give the name by which he was and is commonly known.

It was little wonder that the Christian community hailed with enthusiasm such an accession to their ranks, or that the newly baptized Cyprian passed rapidly through the stages of deacon and presbyter, and in two years' time was called upon to fill the vacant office of bishop, or "pope," to use the local term. In the whole province of North Africa there was no diocese of such importance as Carthage. Its bishop exercised metropolitan authority over all the fourscore and more sees belonging to the different cities. It was his task to summon councils, to lead opinion, to hold communication with the leading foreign Churches—with Alexandria on the one hand, and Rome on the other. His duties were those of statesman as well as chief pastor, and the qualities demanded of him were just those which Cyprian had in rich abundance. His wide culture, his social standing, his knowledge of the world, his legal training,—all these external advantages, dominated by the one single desire to serve the Church of Christ upon earth, gave him a degree of influence not only within but beyond the limits of the Christian society which none of the neighbouring bishops could ever have attained. Gladly then they followed his lead, whether right or wrong—"an army of bishops, moving as one man under him."* Some few there were indeed who both opposed his election and never ceased to cause him trouble, but the majority trusted him to the utmost.

It was no easy task which awaited him. A whole generation of Christians had grown up who knew nothing of the testing of persecution. In the year 248, when, to quote Archbishop Benson's graphic description, "the figure of the well-known advocate, now for some time missed from court and forum, and grown familiar to Christians in the semicircle of presbyters, took the white linen-covered chair of the illicit assembly in some merchant prince's basilica," there were but a few months left of the "forty-eight years' peace which had assisted the extension of the Church without promoting either its devotion or its organization." Habits of laxity had grown up which were an ill preparation for the persecution that was now by order of the Emperor Decius about to overtake the whole Church. In vain the bishop enforced his favourite truth that "In the heavenly camp both peace and strife have their own flowers with which the soldier of Christ may be crowned for glory." The storm burst and found too many all unprepared to meet it. Some "were conquered before the battle," † and "came voluntarily to the capitol" to offer the saving sacrifices; others sought to obtain from the civil authorities certificates of their acknowledged conformity to the established religion.‡ Others, on the contrary, trusting in their own strength, courted apprehension, and

* Archbishop Benson in D. C. B.

† The quotations, where not otherwise stated, are from Cyprian's own writings.

‡ These certificates were known as *libelli*, or tickets; hence the designation of "Libellatici" often given to those who availed themselves of their use. Two such certificates belonging to this very Decian persecution have lately come to light. They are addressed to "the Commissioners of the sacrifices;" they state how the personages therein named and their families were "constant in ever sacrificing to the gods," and they desire the magistrates to sign the documents, which are signed accordingly.

then, under the terrible pressure of torture, gave way. Such needless running into danger was not approved by their chief. For his own part he thought it best to withdraw into retirement, and he denounced the practice of going in crowds to visit those who were already imprisoned, as tending to promote excitement and so to increase official suspicion. His prudent action drew down upon him much censure, and it was freely whispered by some enthusiasts that it was prompted by cowardice. The charge was spread abroad as far as to Rome, and the bishop felt it due to himself to write his defence to the presbyters and deacons in that city, to explain that the motive for his flight had been "consideration not so much for my own safety as the public peace of the brethren, lest by my overbold presence the tumult might be still further provoked." "Nevertheless," adds he—and the records of his letters and his gifts abundantly support the claim—"although absent in body, I was not wanting either in spirit, or in act, or in my advice, so as to fail in any benefit that I could afford my brethren, in anything that my poor abilities availed me."

In truth, the charge of cowardice was one of the vainest that could well have been brought against that daring spirit. The Roman clergy rightly acknowledged in their "Father Cyprian" the strength of a mind "conscious to itself of uprightness, accustomed to be satisfied with God for its only judge, and neither to seek the praises nor to dread the charges of any other;" and Cyprian himself, in writing to his friend Cornelius (CH. XX.), the then Bishop of Rome, to encourage him in his stand against the anti-Pope Novatian and his followers, unconsciously lets a good deal of his own indomitable boldness appear. "If, dearest brother," says he, "evil men may accomplish by daring and desperation what they cannot do rightly and equitably, there is an end of the vigour of the episcopacy and of the sublime and divine power of governing the Church; nor can we in fact be Christians, if it is come to this, that we are to be afraid of threats." If thus they give place to the violence of heretics, what more is left but that "the Church should yield to the Capitol, and the priests depart" and make place for "the images and idols"? These are brave words, and they are not the empty boasts of one who is himself set in a position of security; even as he wrote he had ringing in his ears the clamours of the populace as they demanded anew what they had so often asked before, that the proscribed bishop should be brought into the circus "for the lions." Truly enough could Cyprian say, even while his actual martyrdom was in the far distance: "We are still placed in the battle-field; we fight daily for our lives."

It is not difficult to see in Cyprian's letters the intense burning fervour of his nature; one can see also the vehemence, the power of stinging sarcasm, that must have made him a formidable opponent when he was a pleader at the Bar. Once only, however, in all the large collection of his letters that have come down to us, in replying to a supposed friend who had too lightly given credence to the calumnies that were circulated about the Bishop of Carthage, and with cruel hastiness condemned him unheard, does

Cyprian give vent to his stream of polished sarcasm; but that once is, as Archbishop Benson says, sufficient to show that if Cyprian were charitable it was a "charity with a will." For the rest there is in his letters a tone of restrained force, of mingled dignity and tenderness, that agrees well with his biographer's description of his bearing, as at once dignified and gentle, his aspect both "grave and joyous."

The archbishop's literary gifts were always at the service of his beloved people; and the various writings of his which have come down to us were all composed, some in the form of speeches, some as pamphlets, to meet special needs as they arose. Such were the famous treatises "On Unity," on "The Lapsed," on the right use of the Lord's Prayer, and many others, every one of which was charged with some direct practical teaching.

During the few years of calm that followed the Decian persecution there was work enough to satisfy even the energy of a Cyprian. First of all came the question of restoration of discipline; of dealing with those who had unhappily failed under trial—the so-called "lapsed." Counsels were much divided; the severe party inclined to perpetual excommunication; the other extreme demanded instant and complete indulgence. It lay with Cyprian "to steer the middle course of the Church in a steady path."* Patiently he judged each case on its merits, fearlessly refusing re-admission to those who haughtily claimed it as their right, yet no less fearlessly insisting that the way of return should be tenderly kept open for those who sought it with persevering penitence. "Let no one," he urged, "cast down more deeply those who are down;" and to the penitent himself he held out the inspiring hope: "The soldier will repeat the fight, made braver for the battle by his very suffering."

If any one could so misread S. Cyprian's whole character as to construe this divine compassion for sorrow-stricken, fainting souls into a careless indifference for the preservation of the Church's purity, they must surely understand him better when they see how, in a mistaken defence of that purity, he separated himself from the Catholic Church at large by insisting upon re-baptism in the case of such as had been baptized by heretics. Strange it was that he who valued unity so highly should have failed to see that by his action he was doing much to endanger that precious unity. Yet if from very "hatred against heresy" Cyprian was "carried aside"† into uncatholic error—an error that had all the more weight by reason of "the worth and regard"‡ of him that taught it—it is only just to remember that in theory Cyprian always maintained the right of each bishop to act according to his own free judgment, though in practice his sole judgment became temporarily the rule of the North African Church.

In the midst of these theological questions Cyprian found time for much practical philanthropy, and notably for the raising of a fund to ransom the large number of captives who had been carried off by the

* Pontius's Life.
† Hooker, E. P.
‡ Ibid.

Berber tribes situated round about Numidia. The distribution of this money was entrusted to the bishops of the several districts concerned. In his graceful letter accompanying the £800 which he had raised, Cyprian expressed his fulness of sympathy with the sufferers, his gratitude to the bishops for having afforded the givers the opportunity of being "sharers in your anxiety," and takes pains to secure that the smaller donors shall get their meed of thanks. In the first enthusiasm of his conversion Cyprian had interpreted literally the command to sell all that he had, and had parted with all his property, even to his beautiful gardens ; but these were bought up by friends and restored to him. Afterwards he came to feel that the right distribution of his wealth was no less a duty, and letter after letter shows him giving out of his private means to the relief of distress in some form or other.

So far we have seen Cyprian as the father of his own people ; now we are to see him as the benefactor of pagan and Christian alike. In the year 252 the dreaded plague, which had already decimated Alexandria and many another city, made its appearance in Carthage. Where it once entered there it lingered year after year, a scourge of whose awful virulence we in Europe can hardly form any conception. A horrible selfish panic mingled itself with the actual danger and cruelly intensified it. The civic authorities were paralyzed ; they ordained special sacrifices to Apollo, but did little besides. Then it was that the fearless leader of the Christians stepped into the breach ; he called a meeting of his own community, and being assured of their loyal co-operation—the gifts of the wealthier, the personal services of the poorer brethren—organized a scheme for the care of the sick and the burial of the dead, without distinction of creed. "We call God Father ; we ought to act as God's children." "Let us answer to our birth ;" such was the animating motive which again and again in speech and writing he pressed upon his people. Yet some there were whose hearts failed at the near approach of death. To comfort such he wrote his beautiful treatise "On the Mortality," in which he gently rebukes those faithless ones who showed by their fear of death that they were "unwilling to go to Christ." He reminded them how this sickness was as a time of training for Christians, and sought to raise their drooping thoughts to "our country Paradise, where a great number of our dear ones is waiting for us, and longing for us."

But there were others, more highly wrought, who mourned over the sickness chiefly because it deprived them of their hope of martyrdom. He reminds such that "God does not ask for our blood but for our faith." And yet the sickness was slowly but surely opening a road to martyrdom at first unlooked for. The persistent abstention of the Christians from the sacrifices to Apollo caused them to be regarded with increasing suspicion as the possible cause of the protracted calamity. The growing anti-Christian feeling in Carthage was strengthened, moreover, by a like feeling that was gaining ground more and more in the imperial counsels at Rome under certain strong influences that were being brought to bear upon the Emperor

Valerian. A new policy of suppression was about to be tried, a bloodless policy, so it was intended to be, which should effect its purpose by making it penal to hold Christian assemblies, and most of all by condemning the leaders—that is, the bishops and presbyters—to banishment, so leaving the people shepherdless.

On August 30, 257, Cyprian was summoned to the presence of the pro-consul, informed of the new regulations, questioned briefly as to his own position, and interrogated as to the presbyters residing in the city. As to himself, he answered unhesitatingly that he was "a Christian and a bishop." Concerning others, he merely reminded the pro-consul that there were "very good regulations against informers," and therefore declined to answer. He received with his accustomed dignity the sentence of exile which was then pronounced on him without delay.

The place appointed, where the closing year of the bishop's life was to be spent, was a little town some fifty miles from Carthage, isolated indeed, but pleasant; nor were the conditions of his exile in any way severe. He was allowed to associate with whom he would, and to follow all his ordinary occupations. Very different in this respect was his lot from that of some of the other bishops, who were condemned to labour in the mines under circumstances of the utmost hardness. Their grateful answers show us that in their distress they had no greater earthly comfort than in Cyprian's letters. He entered as usual into each detail of their sufferings, sorrowing for them, yet glorying on their behalf that they were now called to "fulfil in deed what they had before taught in words." And indeed his various letters to the confessors are a storehouse of ennobling consolation, as when he writes to encourage those who shall be called upon to suffer in loneliness, apart from the sustaining presence of their brethren: "He is not alone who has Christ for his companion. . . . Christ everywhere looks upon His servant fighting. . . . The glory of martyrdom is not less that he has not perished publicly. . . . God looks upon us in the warfare; His angels look on us; Christ looks on us. . . . Let us be prepared for the struggle."

His own struggle was not far off. Upon the night of his arrival at the place of exile, he had a vivid dream that he was once more sentenced to death, but that the judge had reprieved him until "the morrow." That interval he interpreted to mean one year, and it became a fixed point in the minds of himself and his friends that he should suffer in a year's time, and that this was his interval for final preparation.

A year later, in August, 258, there could be no further doubt that the moment for which he had been so long waiting was at hand. Private intelligence reached him of the new edict of deathly severity that had just been promulgated, and of the consequent martyrdom at Rome of the bishop Sixtus and four of his deacons (CH. XXVI.). Cyprian in return tells his correspondent that in their own African Church the persecution was being pressed on, and desires that "every one of us may think less of death than of immortality." A little later he was summoned to

Carthage, and bidden to remain a prisoner on parole at his own house *till* such time as his cause should be heard. His friends—heathen no less than Christian—urged him to flee, but he held that this was no longer his duty as once it had been. It was his earnest hope for the honour of his Church that it might be vouchsafed him to make his last confession openly in his own beloved Carthage, and it was all in keeping with the man's habitual mastery over external circumstances that it was virtually he himself who determined the time and place of his martyrdom. Yet more earnestly he desired that at that great crisis he might say "what the Lord will wish to be said at that hour."

On the night of September 13—his friends could not fail to note that the next day, "the morrow," would be the exact anniversary of his memorable dream—the summons came. Cyprian was driven straight to the pro-consul's house, but found that officer too ill to give him a hearing before morning. No indignity was offered him, and he spent the peaceful last night in the company of his chosen friends; the whole people meanwhile keeping faithful vigil without. When morning dawned he was led forth to the court-house,* a great multitude following him, so that, in the graphic words of his biographer, he seemed like "a centurion of God" leading "a numberless army" that looked "as if they were on the march to take Death itself by storm."

The trial was mercifully brief: a few direct questions simply answered, then the formal indictment setting forth that the accused had been—and his disciples gloried in the most true charge—"a standard-bearer of the sect, an enemy of the gods;" one who must be made an example to his people, that by his blood discipline should be ratified. Then followed the sentence of decapitation, and Cyprian's calm reply: "Thanks be to God." That involuntary utterance was his sole yet all-sufficient "message" to the Church.

Little time was allowed for farewells. He was forthwith hurried away to the place of execution still followed by the sorrowing crowd, many of whom climbed up into the surrounding trees to see the end. There was no attempt at rescue. The Christians knew too well that this was their leader's triumph hour; even though he stood among them silent, unable to speak to them of all that was in his heart. The officers on their part did not seek to repress the demonstrations of sympathy; they even left to two of his clergy the task of bandaging his eyes. The executioner drew near, and Cyprian, "with his usual largeness of ideas about money, desired his friends to give him some twenty-five pieces of gold."† Then he bade them hasten; but the hands of the executioner trembled so that they could not do their office, and the centurion, stepping forward, gave the death-stroke in his stead.‡ With a solemn joy the Christians, still all unmolested, came and went to view the mortal remains of their leader;

* We have two separate accounts of the trial and martyrdom—the official reports of the pro-consul as well as Pontius's Life.

† Benson's "Cyprian."

‡ Ibid.

and at even they laid them with "prayer and great triumph" in a cemetery close to the city gates, where in more peaceful days a basilica bearing the martyr's name was raised to his honour. Another "memorial church of S. Cyprian" marked the place where he suffered, and there was yet a third close to the shore, interesting to us as the place where Monnica wept and prayed on the night when her son was clandestinely sailing for Rome.*

There is no saint whose "birthday"—to use the old exultant term of the early Christians—is more clearly established than S. Cyprian's. The 14th of September is more than commonly associated with his name, and yet our Prayer-book Kalendar has unfortunately transferred the commemoration to the 26th day of the same month; no doubt with the object of not clashing with the observance of Holy Cross Day. From the time of Bede up to the sixteenth century our English Kalendars followed the universal example of commemorating S. Cyprian, together with his friend S. Cornelius of Rome,† upon Holy Cross Day. Archbishop Parker and his colleagues, however, making it their principle not to commemorate more than one event on a single day, dropped out S. Cornelius altogether, and transferred S. Cyprian to September 26,‡ a day already assigned in the Kalendars to another S. Cyprian, an entirely fabulous personage known as "S. Cyprian the Magician." § S. Cyprian the Bishop was therefore happily substituted for S. Cyprian the Magician—unquestionably a good exchange; and though we must regret our loss of the correct anniversary, we may be thankful to have retained the true S. Cyprian on any terms.

S. Cyprian's name was inserted in the Canon of the Mass, and so great at first was the Roman reverence for this great martyr that it seemed as though he were going to be a splendid exception to the general rule that saints of the African Church received scant recognition from either Rome or England. But the event has proved otherwise. His name remains, it is true, in the Kalendars, but Rome of to-day has no church in his honour, and we in England can trace but one single ancient dedication to him, while there are at least two dedicated to his far less memorable friend, the Roman Cornelius (CH. XX.). Kirk-Leatham is a large parish on the east coast of Yorkshire, not far from Redcar. Here in old days there stood a chapel known as "S. Cyprian-on-the-Sands," a not inappropriate dedication for a saint who was known to all sailors in the Mediterranean, and who had given his own name to the September gales, the so-called "Cypriana." ‖ But, alas! S. Cyprian's chapel has long been destroyed,¶ and if we would seek an actual commemoration of this great personality we must look to the newly-built churches that are springing up year by year, such as S. Cyprian's in Marylebone, and others of the same name in Kent, in Lancashire, and in Worcestershire.

* Augustine's "Confessions."

† As to the true date of S. Cornelius's death, see life of that saint, CH. XX.

‡ Benson's "Cyprian."

§ Baring-Gould, September 26.

‖ Benson.

¶ The parish church is dedicated to S. Cuthbert.

SECTION III.—CHAMPIONS OF THE NICENE CREED.

S. Hilary of Poitiers, B. Jan. 13, 368.

The Feast of S. Hilary, like the Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin or the Feast of S. Michael and All Angels, has become a well-known point in our civil reckoning, and "Hilary Term" suggests a familiar note of time to every lawyer, though probably the majority would be at a loss to give any account of Hilary himself. The association itself, needless to say, is a purely accidental one; but it is not altogether inappropriate, for S. Hilary of Poitiers was of considerable importance in his lay capacity, either as an official attached to the court of the provincial governor or as a municipal magistrate, before ever he became a bishop. He is the more interesting to us because, like S. German, like S. Ambrose, like many another of the saints, he was distinguished as a layman before he was distinguished as an ecclesiastic.

His was a brilliant, many-sided nature, throwing itself with energy into whatsoever it took in hand; and if he has not risen to the very first rank among the Fathers of the Church, the cause may lie in this very versatility. In every direction he has been eclipsed by some other, and yet by the greatest masters alone. As a defender of the Catholic Faith against the Arians, his strenuous labours are half forgotten in the splendid fame of S. Athanasius; as a commentator and theologian he is inferior to S. Augustine; as an ascetic he is distanced by S. Jerome; as a missionary he stands far below his younger friend, S. Martin; as a religious poet he is not equal to S. Ambrose; as an historian he is not to be named with our English Bede.

But if S. Hilary was not pre-eminent in any one direction, he was useful in many. He was essentially one of those men of whom it may be said that they "served their own generation by the will of God." Nor would it be just to overlook one rare quality in Hilary which he possessed in a high degree: no one who knew the sacrifices that the Bishop of Poitiers had freely made for the sake of his creed could doubt the sincerity of his religious convictions; and he had the singular power of imparting to others his own fervour; yet for all this Hilary never allowed either his judgment or his charity to be impaired by heat of controversy. He was truly one of those who "labour for peace," and in an age when catch-words were rife on all sides he resisted the temptation to carry on warfare by that easiest of methods, and set himself resolutely to search for the common ground of belief that so often underlies differences of expression. "The zealous Hilary," says Gibbon,* in introducing a passage in which the Bishop of Poitiers deplores the unhappy dissensions among Christians, "unwarily deviates into the style of a Christian philosopher." Philosophy was assuredly no new study to the scholarly Hilary, who had been brought up in all the liberal culture of a well-educated pagan; but his passionate pleadings were born more of Christian charity than of cold philosophy.

* "Decline and Fall," vol. iii.

In the middle of the fourth century the martyr-age was past for those living beneath the protection of the Roman Empire; but there was much of hardship still to face, and Hilary—as Gibbon acknowledges—had his full share of such hardships, thus giving him an ample right to "the honourable title of 'Confessor,' bestowed on those who struggled for the faith, though they may not have been called upon to resist even unto blood." *

And although we are past the martyr-age, we are still traversing a very early period of Church history—a period when paganism and Christianity were still living together side by side, and thoughtful laymen like Hilary might pass from the old to the new Faith without any marked change of outward circumstances.

Once more, we are traversing a period when the famous Council of Nicæa had already met, but when its work was still new; when the Nicene Creed had not yet become a sacred heirloom, but was still an almost untried weapon, newly fashioned to meet the pressing needs of the day, and meeting them so effectually that Hilary could declare that though he had actually never known the Creed till after he became a bishop, he had yet drawn out for himself from the Bible its distinctive teaching.† It is impossible to enter into the spirit of those times without remembering that that Arian controversy which to us is apt to seem so tedious, so abstruse, was to those who took part in it, and more especially to the Eastern Christians, full of most vital interest as touching the very groundwork of their faith.

The intellectual activity of those days, the universal sense of trouble and unrest, may be to some extent estimated by observing that during the fifteen years of Hilary's episcopate not less than thirty ecclesiastical Councils were held, an average of two a year; so that, as Hilary himself bitterly complained,‡ "every year, nay every moon, we make new creeds to describe invisible mysteries." And again: "We make creeds arbitrarily, and explain them arbitrarily. . . . The partial or total resemblance of the Father and the Son is a subject of dispute for these unhappy times. . . . We condemn either the doctrine of others in ourselves, or our own in that of others; and reciprocally tearing each other to pieces, we have been the cause of each other's ruin."

Nor was this keen intellectual excitement confined to theologians; witness the brilliant satirical description which Hilary's contemporary, Gregory of Nyassa, gives of Constantinople: "The city was full of these discussions—the streets, the market-places, the drapers, the money-changers, the victuallers. Ask a man how many oboli; he answers by dogmatising on generated and ungenerated being. Enquire the price of bread, and you are told, 'The Son is subordinate to the Father.' Ask if the bath is ready, and you are told, 'The Son arose out of nothing.'" §

If in the West there was less inclination, not to say less capacity, for

* Cazenove's "S. Hilary."

† With reference specially to the clause, "of one substance with the Father."

‡ In the famous "philosophic" passage quoted by Gibbon.

§ Quoted in Stanley's "Eastern Church."

such subtle disputations, there was no less serious a danger that plain people would become hopelessly entangled in the bewildering meshes of controversy, and be persuaded without perceiving it into errors of belief that might have far-reaching and disastrous consequences. It was the special work of the clear-headed scholarly Bishop of Poitiers to serve as an interpreter between East and West, and to point out to the multitudes who looked to him for guidance the difference between essentials and non-essentials, and amid the labyrinth of conflicting opinions to keep clear the old pathway of Catholic truth. It was a task for which his natural disposition and his Roman training both combined to fit him, and perhaps no man living could have done it so well.

So far we have said very little as to Hilary's personal history, but in truth the outward events of his life were so entirely moulded by the cause for which he fought that they would be hardly intelligible without some understanding of that cause. When first we meet him he is, as we have seen, a leading citizen of Poitiers, a married man with one only daughter, and still an adherent of the old faith in which he had been brought up. He himself attributed his conversion to a careful study of the Scriptures, more especially to the prophecies of Isaiah and the first chapter of S. John's Gospel. The Christian doctrines of the Unity of the Godhead and of man's immortality satisfied at once his reason and his deepest spiritual aspirations. There was not with Hilary any great moral conflict to be passed through; it was rather the happy acceptance of a Faith to the truth of which his conscience already bore witness.

For a time he continued to follow his accustomed profession, but when the Bishop of Poitiers died, the unanimous wishes of the Christian community turned to Hilary, layman though he was, as the fittest person to be his successor; and according to a custom not very uncommon in those early days, he was rapidly passed through the successive steps of deacon and priest, and raised to the rank of bishop (A.D. 353). The report of the sanctity of the new bishop drew to him a very earnest young disciple, originally a soldier by profession, who was like Hilary in desiring to devote himself wholly to the service of God. This was none other than the famous S. Martin, afterwards Bishop of Tours (CH. XXIV.). Hilary was quick to discern in him the promise of future usefulness, and this was the beginning of an unbroken friendship between the two men.

It was no light task to which Hilary was called. The Arian heresy was now in favour in high places: the Emperor Constantius was imbued with it, and many of the Gallican bishops were tainted by it. A Council held at Béziers soon brought into clear relief the strength of Hilary's convictions and made him a marked man. Not long afterwards an edict was issued banishing him to far distant Phrygia in Asia Minor, and he had to leave wife and home and go forth solitary into exile. The precise ground of his accusation was never made clear, but Hilary believed that his enemies had circulated gross slanders as to his private life.

His first care in his exile was for his bereaved flock at Poitiers, and he

wrote to them repeatedly, earnestly imploring them not to be shaken from the Catholic faith. His disappointment was proportionate when months passed into years and no cheering word of response ever reached him from home. Heart-sick, he was ready to give up writing, when at last a welcome budget arrived, accounting for the cruel silence by the difficulty of discovering his whereabouts; telling how all his clergy had stood firm, even under open persecution and bodily ill-usage, and entreating him to make clear to their comprehensions the real bearing of the endless controversies that were incessantly raging round them. No more congenial task could have been proposed to Hilary, and this was the occasion of his most important literary and theological work, the treatise entitled "On the Synods of the Catholic Faith against the Arians." Though primarily intended for the instruction of his own diocese—and Hilary might justly make his boast to the emperor that though an exile he was still to all practical purposes a bishop in Gaul—it was yet addressed to his "fellow-bishops" in many different quarters of the empire. "The bishops of the British provinces" are specially mentioned, and we, remembering how S. Hilary has for centuries been commemorated in these islands, may be glad to think that the needs of our Church were present to his mind, and that our representatives had their share in the greeting: "To my most beloved and blessed brethren and fellow-bishops Hilary, the servant of Christ, wishes eternal salvation in God and our Lord."

In the third year of Hilary's exile (A.D. 359) the Council of Rimini met—that memorable council at which the skilful Arians contrived so completely to outwit the orthodox majority that they unknowingly agreed to heretical conclusions, and in the famous phrase of S. Jerome, "The world awoke and groaned to find itself Arian." Under ordinary circumstances Hilary would have taken his part with the other Western bishops at Rimini, but for the convenience of the Eastern bishops the council was divided into two sections, of which the second met at Seleucia in Asia Minor, and our Phrygian exile received a summons from the civil authorities bidding him appear at the Eastern meeting-place. What the Arians had won at Rimini by force of tactics they were able at Seleucia to claim by virtue of mere numbers, and it was the extreme wing of the party—men with whom even one so moderate as Hilary could hold no terms—that was here chiefly represented.

The gathering was a stormy one. For one or two days Hilary attended the sessions; then, finding himself in a hopeless minority, and shocked and pained by the profane analogies irreverently brought forth in illustration of the most sacred mysteries, he withdrew from the discussion. Possibly his silent protest had more effect than he supposed. It seems to have been intimated to the emperor that the banished bishop was doing more harm to the Arian cause in the East than he would be likely to do in his own slower-thinking West, and though his sentence was not formally revoked, he received a hint that he was free to return home. He availed himself of the permission, but travelled very slowly, embracing every possible

opportunity of confirming in the faith those who were still staunch, and endeavouring to bring about a better understanding with the so-called semi-Arians, many of whom were virtually at one with the Orthodox party, except that they could not accept the definition "Homoousion," * but clung to their own watchword "Homoiousion." †

Hilary had to suffer the reproach of all moderate men. He was often misdoubted by his own friends; and men could not understand how he could be so conciliatory in one direction, so unyielding in another, not perceiving the immense distinction he drew between what he considered mere intellectual error and those opinions which he considered tended to the subversion of belief and the growth of moral evil. Such he believed had been the result of the extreme Arianism which he had witnessed among the Eastern bishops; and where Hilary believed that there was moral blame, there he could see no possibility of entering into friendly relations. By nature he was, as we have said, of a charitable disposition, and a peace-lover; but he was fearless withal, and when he held that occasion called for it, he could address himself in no measured terms to an adversary, be he an heretical bishop or the emperor himself. He was a man who would have gloried in an open confession of his faith, and who owned to oftentimes feeling conscious that martyrdom would have been easier to face than the more specious dangers of his own softer age. ‡

And now, after an absence of nearly six years—two of them spent upon the return journey, which was, as we have seen, a mission in itself—Hilary was restored to his home, where he was joyfully greeted by wife and daughter. To this period of Hilary's life belongs his memorable letter to his daughter Abra. § This letter with its pathetic sequel affords us our one and only glimpse into Hilary's home life, and is at the same time a powerful illustration of the deep-rooted asceticism of the man triumphing over natural affection. We will give the story in the stately language in which it was once familiar to thousands of English readers in Jeremy Taylor's "Holy Dying." "When S. Hilary went into the East to reprove the Arian heresy, he heard that a young noble gentleman treated with his daughter Abra for marriage. The bishop wrote to his daughter that she should not engage her promise, nor do countenance to that request, because he had provided for her a husband fair, rich, wise and noble, far beyond her present offer. The event of which was this: she obeyed, and when her father returned from his Eastern triumph to his Western charge, he prayed to God that his daughter might die quickly; and God heard his prayers—Christ took her into His bosom, entertaining her with caresses of holy love, till the day of the marriage supper of the Lamb shall come.

* "Of one substance," as in the Nicene Creed.

† "Of *like* substance." It is the close resemblance between these two Greek words that provoked Gibbon's sneer: "The profane of every age have derided the furious contests which the difference of a single diphthong excited between the Homoousians and the Homoiousians."

‡ See Cazenove's "S. Hilary" in D. C. B.

§ The authenticity of this letter has been disputed, but, according to Dr. Cazenove, on insufficient grounds.

But when the bishop's wife observed this event, and understood of the good man her husband what was done, and why, she never let him alone till he obtained the same favour for her; and she also at the prayers of S. Hilary went into a more early grave, and a bed of joys."

There is little more to tell. From his now desolate home the Bishop of Poitiers went forth again on a second mission to Italy, having as always for his one object the promotion of unity based upon Catholic truth. From Italy he returned to his native Poitiers, where the last three years of his life were spent in uneventful peacefulness, ruling his well-loved diocese. He died in the year 368 on January 13, the day on which he is still commemorated in our Prayer-book Kalendar.

Ever since that time "Hilary" has been a popular baptismal name in France, and a glance at any French atlas will show its frequency as a geographical name.* But it is not with S. Hilary's popularity in his own France, but rather with his commemoration in England, that we are immediately concerned; and on this point there is a good deal to be said.

We have three several dedications to S. Hilary in this country; in Lincolnshire, in Cornwall, and in Cheshire. All three are widely separated the one from the other, and there is reason to suppose that they represent three distinct channels of thought and influence. As a saint of the Roman Kalendar, commemorated in all the service-books and locally honoured at Poitiers, it was only natural that S. Hilary should find his way into England, at any rate after the Norman Conquest. The Lincolnshire church of Spridlington is commonly known simply as "S. Hilary's," though sometimes also as "SS. Hilary and Albinus," reminder of a bygone time when the parish contained two separate churches both alike dedicated to French bishops, S. Hilary of Poitiers and S. Albinus or Aubin of Angers (CH. XXIV.). The church of S. Albinus no longer exists, though the name has fortunately been retained, and the presence of these two favourite French patrons makes it tolerably certain that Norman influences were at work in Spridlington.

But the *Roman* Church had no monopoly of veneration for S. Hilary of Poitiers; he was equally dear to the Celtic Church, and this by reason of a curious personal association. Among the great missionaries of the Celtic Church whose fame is deeply rooted on the continent, is the Irish S. Fridolin.† S. Fridolin's first halt was at Poitiers, where doubtless he was shown the treasured transcript of the Greek Gospels said to be written by S. Hilary's own hand.‡ Here at any rate he acquired a reverence for S. Hilary which he never lost, and which continued to be "the characteristic of some of the earliest Scottish missionaries on the

* It has been suggested that part of the popularity of this name may be due to the Bishop of Poitiers's later namesake, S. Hilary of Arles. See Cazenove's "S. Hilary," to which the foregoing account of the saint is very largely indebted.

† This saint probably flourished about the sixth century, but though the facts of his career are well established, his date cannot be accurately determined, as the only landmark is the name of the French king, Clovis, of whom unluckily there were two (see D. C. B.), divided from one another by nearly two centuries.

‡ Fleury, vol. iv.

continent."* On leaving Poitiers S. Fridolin pressed on by way of Strasburg into Switzerland, where he testified his devotion to his newly chosen patron by founding churches in his honour, first at Glarus, and afterwards at Seckingen near Basle, in which latter neighbourhood "a circle of churches dedicated to S. Hilary or to S. Fridolin himself, serves as a proof of the reality of this history."† We are told that "Glarus still retains in its name" the traces of this visit—a statement which is more easily intelligible when we remember that the Celtic form of the name Hilary was "Elair," no very distant remove from "Glarus." The continental reverence for S. Hilary reacted upon the Church in the British Islands, and we find dedications to S. Hilary as far north as the Shetland Islands, and in a parish in Aberdeenshire, where we find "S. Hilary's Well," corrupted into "Teller's Well." In spite, however, of such misrenderings of his name, there is no doubt as to the saint intended, for in an ancient Scottish martyrology we find January 13 assigned to "Elair, Abbot of Poitiers."‡ The substitution of "Abbot" for "Bishop" is an interesting error, coming as it does from a nation to whom from long reverence for the great head of the Church at Iona the title of Abbot carried far more weight than that of Bishop. Our second English dedication to S. Hilary is the Cornish parish of that name near Marazion, a dedication which we may reasonably attribute to this wave of Celtic reverence for the saint of Poitiers.

But what are we to make of our third example, at Wallasey in Cheshire? It is plain that it must be studied in conjunction with the not inconsiderable group of Welsh churches of the same name, and it is more than doubtful whether any of these can be rightly attributed to our S. Hilary. The key to the position seems to lie in the form of the saint's name before referred to, "Elair," which lends itself very readily to a confusion with the favourite Welsh saint "Elian." "S. Elian the Pilgrim," as he was called, is traditionally said to have come from Lindisfarne into Anglesey to the court of the Welsh Prince Caswallon, a powerful chieftain, whose reign is assigned to the middle of the fifth century. Caswallon held the new-comer in high esteem, and built a church for his ministrations, which in after days was called by the saint's name, and became a noted place of pilgrimage.§ Llaneilian is near the sea-coast, not far from Amlwch, the little watering-place now growing up into popularity, and the neighbouring headland, "S. Elian's Point," is an additional reminder of the history of the evangelization of Anglesey. Modern maps give honour where honour is due by rendering the name in its native form; but mediæval usage boldly translated it into "Hilary's Point," a confusion which is repeated again and again in Welsh churches. Llanilar in Cardiganshire, a church which is also ascribed to "S. Hilary," lies apart from the rest, but the remaining three are all very compactly situated in the adjacent counties of Carnarvon, Denbigh, and Flint. In all of them the churches are said to be dedicated

* Forbes.
† Ibid.
‡ Ibid.
§ Lewis.

to "S. Hilary," though the native name for the churchyard wells—"Fynnon Eilian" (Eilian's Well)—indicates plainly enough the true patron. In one of the Denbighshire parishes we learn that "the well is sometimes resorted to for the practice of invoking vengeance upon the heads of such as have given offence," * an association which ill becomes our peace-making S. Hilary; but it would be unjust to judge even the true S. Eilian's disposition by this circumstance, for a power of merciless banning was one that Celtic Christians were only too fond of attributing to their favourite saints. Eglwys-Rhos, close to Conway, is yet another church of S. Hilary. Like Llaneilian in Anglesey, which it almost faces, it is situated upon a promontory; and like Llaneilian also it was the residence of S. Eilian's royal patron, Caswallon. It is difficult to study carefully the position of these Welsh dedications to S. Hilary and then the position of Wallasey in Cheshire, just across the water, without coming to the conclusion that the patron was originally the same. Wallasey—that is, "the Welshman's Island" †—lies upon that narrow neck of land between the estuaries of the Mersey and the Dee which is now attached to the mainland, but which was originally an island. There, in the midst of the waters, rose "two rocky islands, the parishes of West Kirkby and *Kirkby-in-Walley*" ‡—the latter always so designated till the fifteenth century, when it was abbreviated into its present form of "Wallasey." The written history of these parishes begins only with the Norman Conquest, when the whole district was partitioned out amongst the different Norman nobles; and if we had nothing else to guide us, we might suppose that S. Hilary of Poitiers was now first introduced into this part of England. But the use of the Celtic word "Kirkby" to signify "church town," is a proof that the foundation was of earlier date, and the fact that the patron saint of the twin parish of West Kirkby is none other than the Irish S. Bridget, prepares us to accept at Wallasey a patron of Celtic choice. The church stands on "high rocky ground above the houses," § in just such a situation as was dear to Celtic builders, and one which bears some resemblance to S. Eilian's other churches in Anglesey and Carnarvonshire. But whether originally intended for S. Hilary of Poitiers or not, there is no doubt that Wallasey now belongs to him by prescriptive right,‖ just as much as the Cornish parish of St. Hilary, or the Lincolnshire Spridlington; and we could not wish for any of the three churches a worthier patron.

S. Martin. See CH. XXIV.

S. Athanasius, B. May 2, 373.

S. Hilary has brought us into the very heart of the Arian controversy and shown us something of the importance of the work that was then done once for all by the defenders of the faith. Glad indeed we may be of the link thus afforded us with that memorable period; but nothing can compensate us for having no adequate

* Llaneilian-yn-Rhos. See Lewis.

† Irvine's "Notes on the Parish Churches of Wirral."

‡ Ormerod.

§ Ibid.

‖ The same may perhaps be said of all the Welsh parishes except the Anglesey Llaneilian, which alone amongst all the group adheres steadily to its true patron, S. Eilian.

recognition of the foremost champion of the Catholic cause, the man who from almost his own times was honoured with the title of "Athanasius the Great"—the man whose every utterance was so weighty that there was a sixth-century saying: "Whenever you meet with a sentence of Athanasius and have not paper at hand, write it down upon your clothes." * Gibbon, in his stirring account of the heroic Bishop of Alexandria, notes that "in a church dedicated to S. Athanasius" the scene of "the intrepid primate boldly encountering his angry sovereign as he passed on horseback through the principal street of Constantinople," would afford "a better subject for a picture than most of the stories of miracles and martyrdoms." † There are countless scenes in the adventurous life of S. Athanasius that might equally lend themselves to such a purpose; the misfortune is that the churches dedicated in his honour are so exceedingly rare. Neither in Rome nor in England has he been commemorated as he ought. Rome perhaps remembers—she may well desire to forget it—that she did not always stand by Athanasius in his hour of need. There is, it is true, a church in Rome bearing the name of "S. Atanasio," but it is of late origin, founded in 1577 for the use of the Greek population in the city.‡ Unfortunately, England has in this matter followed the lead of Rome, and we have no single pre-Reformation dedication to S. Athanasius. It is something gained that now at last in the nineteenth century the omission should have been made good; but such recent commemorations cannot but be wanting in the deeper interest that attaches to the venerable dedication-names that have come down to us bearing with them the weight of centuries of history.

The life of Athanasius from first to last abounds, as we have said, in picturesque scenes and dramatic incidents, beginning with that very earliest glimpse of him, a boy at play among other boys on the seashore, and he, the leader of the sport, acting the part of bishop and baptizing some of the lads—an incident on which Keble has seized as characteristic of the future saint—

> "Some youthful Athanase, e'en now
> Upon his future task intent;
> His Creed rehearsing to the roar
> Of billows on the lonely shore,
> Or with a child's deep earnestness
> Showing his mates how saints baptize and bless." §

And when the boy grew to manhood, his career was a series of adventures as romantic and varied as ever befell a hard-pressed fugitive; concealed now in a disused well, now in the city home of some high-born

* Stanley's "Eastern Church."

† "Decline and Fall," ch. 21.

‡ Murray's "Rome."

§ "Lyra Innocentium." Canon Bright (D. C. B.) doubts the story as it is found in Sozomen, because the names and circumstances as there detailed are inconsistent with the known dates of history; but it is likely enough that the incident is itself true, though the details may be incorrect.

lady; now lodging in the lowly cells of the hermits of the desert. No princely exile ever drew to himself more devoted adherents than "the royal-hearted Athanase;" none was ever more worthy of such devotion.

It was the man's own commanding personality and not his position that made him the centre of attention throughout his forty-six years' episcopate; that made him alike a rallying-point for the friends of the Church and a target for her foes. The keen-eyed Julian the Apostate estimated aright the influence of this one persecuted man. "Julian," says Gibbon, "who despised the Christians, honoured Athanasius with his sincere and peculiar hatred." No adversity could crush that dauntless spirit nor make it "bate a jot of heart or hope." It was ever his way "Still to bear up and steer right onward."

Of that long episcopate of his, close upon fifteen years—that is, nearly one-third of the whole—were spent in exile; much of it in hiding, in daily peril of apprehension and death at the hands of his unremitting and powerful foes, the Arians. The intervals of peace were broken and uncertain; yet in those intervals the great Patriarch of Alexandria turned his mind to the ordinary duties of a chief pastor—for example, the missionary needs of the heathen in Abyssinia, and the sadder internal disputes at home—as though he had a mind devoid of care. And yet these years of so-called peace were largely occupied in defending himself against malicious and groundless charges. They were accusations of a kind that the man's whole moral nature made simply incredible; nevertheless, because they were made officially by those in authority, they had one by one to be laboriously disproved.

And yet the daily harass could not rob Athanasius of his natural gaiety, nor turn his fund of dry humour into bitterness. Now and again a significant smile or a half-jesting reply would serve his purpose as well as hours of argument—as, for example, when asked his opinion of death-bed baptisms, he replied with "an apologue which admitted of no rejoinder,"* representing an angel inquiring of the late Bishop of Alexandria: "Peter, why do you send me these sacks (these wind-bags) carefully sealed up, with nothing whatever inside them?" Still more memorable was his telling defence when he was called to answer publicly the charge of having first mutilated and then murdered a supposed rival. Athanasius bided his time, caused diligent search to be secretly made for the man, and at the critical moment produced him, dramatically enough, in open court; summoned witnesses to identify him, and then, after gravely exhibiting his two hands in succession, contented himself with observing: "I suppose that no one thinks that God has given to any man more hands than two." The like readiness is shown in his famous reply to his pursuers on the Nile, when asked if he had seen Athanasius: "He is very near you."

When fresh trials threatened Athanasius, and when for the fourth time he received orders to leave his see and go into exile, he could still cheer the fainting hearts around him with the hopeful words: "It is but a cloud

* Stanley's "Eastern Church."

which will soon pass." But when the danger was actually upon him, how majestic was his bearing, how splendid his faith! See him when the midnight vigil in his crowded church is suddenly invaded by soldiers clashing their arms and discharging their arrows; when death seemed imminent. See how he first calms the panic of the trembling people by bidding them join in repeating that triumph song of old, "His mercy endureth for ever," then quietly dismisses them to their homes! We can picture the scene; the diminutive figure occupying his accustomed "throne" at the extreme end of the church, and by the power of that unwavering firmness, by that awe-inspiring beauty of countenance,* controlling the tumult; refusing for his own part to escape while his people were in danger—"I said I would not do so until they had all got away safe"—and remaining at his post till he fainted, and was borne out unconscious.

But in his gifts of leadership, aye, and of personal attractiveness, Athanasius has had many equals; that which lends worth and dignity to all his conflicts is that they were never tainted by any slightest touch of self-interest or personal aggrandizement. Never did he let himself lose sight of the spiritual grandeur of the cause for which he suffered—that cause which, as he rightly saw, was vital to the very existence of Christianity. Yes, it was purely for truth that he fought—not for triumph, nor for party; for, like S. Hilary, Athanasius would thankfully hold out the hand of fellowship to the more moderate of his opponents, the so-called semi-Arians, in spite of the differences that divided him from them. The honour of his Incarnate Lord was beyond all else dear to him, and for this he strove by word and deed and pen. In his writings he sought to draw out the deep things of God declared to us in those sacred Scriptures in whose constant study he found his greatest consolation; and we know how from that time to this those writings have influenced the religious thought of Christendom. We know, too, how his name has become associated, though quite erroneously, with the Latin hymn of a much later date—the so-called Athanasian Creed—which sets forth anew, sometimes in the very words of the great master, the truth which it was the mission of his whole life to proclaim, the mysterious union in one nature of the "perfect God and perfect Man."†

So single-minded was Athanasius's devotion to the one high end, so unceasing his struggles, that the fervent praises of his ardent hero-worshipper, S. Basil, do not sound exaggerated when, towards the close of the elder saint's troubled life, he pours out his admiration in an enthusiastic letter to the veteran whom he had never been privileged to see face to face, calling him "a truly grand and apostolic soul, who from boyhood had been an athlete in the cause of religion."‡

And if the question arises, Was it all worth while, that life of severe, unending struggle? let us look for answer to the witnesses of his own

* Gregory of Nazianzen describes him as of "almost angelic beauty of face and expression." See Stanley.

† A phrase borrowed direct from Athanasius's writings.—D. C. B.

‡ S. Basil's Letters.

day, to friends and foes alike—to the Julians as well as to the Basils. Let us look also to the witnesses of our own day, and especially to one not more naturally disposed than Gibbon to admire an ecclesiastical champion as such. "Carlyle himself," it has been said, "came to see that if the Arians had won, Christianity would have dwindled into a legend." *

But what need is there to seek to sum up in imperfect words the character and career of Athanasius, when it has been done once for all by Hooker in his immortal portrait of the sore-tried champion of our faith, "who by the space of forty-six years his enemies till the last hour of his life never suffered to enjoy the comfort of a peaceable day. . . . Crimes there were laid to his charge many, the least whereof being just had bereaved him of estimation and credit with men while the world standeth. His judges evermore the selfsame men by whom his accusers were suborned. Yet the issue always on their part shame, on his triumph. . . . Only in Athanasius there was nothing observed throughout the course of that long tragedy, other than such as very well became a wise man to do and a righteous to suffer. So that this was the plain condition of those times: the whole world against Athanasius, and Athanasius against it; half a hundred of years spent in doubtful trial which of the two in the end would prevail, the side which had all, or else the part which had no friend but God and death, the one a defender of his innocency, the other a finisher of all his troubles."

Surely with these words ringing in their ears English Churchmen will become more and more conscious of the debt of gratitude which all Christians owe to S. Athanasius the Great, and we shall surely see a sign of that gratitude in the increasing number of churches founded in his honour, though at present it would seem, so far as our lists go, that we can reckon only one such dedication, the newly built church of S. Athanasius at Kirkdale, a district of Liverpool. It is much to be regretted that this church does not observe any patronal festival on May 2, the anniversary of the saint's death, and the day on which he is commemorated alike by the Latin and the Greek Churches.

SECTION IV.—THE GREEK FATHERS.

S. Basil the Great,† B. Jan. 1 and June 14, 379.

S. Basil in a very famous passage likens his correspondent, the great Athanasius, to a man standing on some high watch-tower,‡ looking out over the sea and beholding with watchful eye the many ships battling with the waves. The image of the lighthouse is well fitted to Athanasius; for Basil we may find a

* Froude's "Life of Carlyle in London," vol. ii., quoted by Canon Bright in his "Three Great Fathers," to which book and to the same writer's article in the D. C. B. this sketch is largely beholden.

† For the account of S. Basil, see Precentor Venables's article in D. C. B.; Newman's "Church of the Fathers;" the Rev. Blomfield Jackson's "Prolegomena" to the edition of S. Basil's works in Wace's Nicene Library; and, above all, S. Basil's own letters.

‡ The marble lighthouse of Alexandria, "the Pharos," must surely have been before Basil's mind as he wrote.

more apt comparison in that bark which elsewhere he himself pictures: "cut off in a mid-ocean of troubles," the billows breaking above it, and yet, "though at the last pitch of peril," still "holding out with all possible earnestness;"—"holding out in Christ Who strengthens us."

Here we have brought before us in a single sentence "the saintly Basil's purpose high," and also the conflict which beset him on all sides. S. Basil, the Archbishop of Cæsarea in Cappadocia, was a noble champion in the same cause for which Athanasius and Hilary spent their lives. He was no less staunch an opponent of Arianism than the other two: the Creed of Nicæa was to him the symbol of all that he held most precious; but in some respects his task was even harder than theirs. Basil's position in the far east of Asia Minor was very lonely. We have the testimony of S. Hilary that the standard both of faith and morals was low among the Phrygian bishops with whom he came into contact during his exile. Heresy had made more way in the East than in the West, and of the men with whom S. Basil mixed, those who equalled him in either intellectual powers or force of character, were for the most part either pagans or heretics. Private affection and support were never wanting to him, but so far as public action was concerned, he had to lead many a forlorn hope.

Like his hero Athanasius, he was called to stand alone "contra mundum," but he had not the buoyant temperament which makes it possible lightly to rise above storms of calumny. Prematurely aged by continuous ill health, accounting himself "an old man" at forty, harassed from early manhood by a chronic and depressing ailment, it was little wonder that he should sometimes be ready to cry out, "I seem to have no one on my side. I can but pray I may be found among the seven thousand who have not bowed the knee to Baal." Such despondency was surely natural enough. Natural, but "injurious to the soul," as Basil told himself; that which is above nature is the heroic spirit in which he laboured on; neglecting none, even the homeliest, of his many duties. His troubles pressed heavily upon him, but he had learnt the consolation which he preached to others; he knew by experience that "even while we are in the act of praying God will say to us, 'Lo I am with you.'"

The exceptional intimacy of our knowledge of Basil ought always to be borne in mind in forming our estimate of him. He is shown to us not only in his heroic moments of confessorship, calmly confronting a hostile emperor, or with dignity rebuking the insolence of a powerful courtier, but in all the searching frankness of family life. He is shown to us not only in his formal treatises and sermons, but in the careless freedom of familiar letters. His portrait has been drawn for us with an honesty and a minuteness that makes us know both his virtues and his failings as we might know a brother's; and how nobly Basil bears such knowing! It is a rare and beautiful picture of Christian family life that is sketched for us in the writings both of Basil's own brother and of his brother-like friend,* the two Gregories. We become acquainted with

* S. Gregory of Nyssa and S. Gregory of Nazianzus.

three successive generations—the grandparents who for the sake of the faith had taken joyfully the spoiling of their goods; the parents whose wealth was lavished in building a chapel in honour of the local martyrs, the famous "Forty Soldiers of Sebaste" (see S. Blaise, CH. XXV.); the ten children, five of whom have left their mark upon the history of the Church. Boyish impatience might occasionally resent the prolonged religious observances which were so great an element in the home training,* but the children never lost the impress of that early training, and in after years they fully recognized its value. When long afterwards Basil was called upon to defend his religious consistency, he could say deliberately: "The teaching about God which I received as a boy from my blessed mother and my grandmother Macrina, I have ever held with increased conviction." There had been no change of principle, only the childish teaching had grown with his growth, attaching itself to the riper reason of manhood.

But of all the members of that happy household at Annesi† none is so wholly lovable as the eldest daughter, named after her grandmother Macrina, she who comes before us as the darling and support of her widowed mother, the tender guardian of the younger children, the faithful friend and counsellor of her elder brothers. Step by step we follow Basil through school and college. His school was at Cæsarea, the capital of Cappadocia, afterwards to be his bishopric. Here he attracted the kindly notice of the old archbishop, and here, too, he formed the friendship which was to colour his whole life, with his fellow-student, the famous Gregory, commonly known as S. Gregory of Nazianzus.

Then came a period of study at Constantinople, followed by five important years of University life at Athens. In these years the young scholar from Cappadocia was brought into contact with all that was intellectually most brilliant. Julian, the future emperor, Celsus, Libanius‡—all these are to be reckoned among Basil's early friends, and with all of them he was well able to hold his own, proudly disproving in his own person the proverbial stupidity of Cappadocia. But of all his friends none was so dear to him as his old school comrade, Gregory of Nazianzus. The pair were inseparable—

> "Had all things common, and one only soul
> In lodgment of a double outward frame,"

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* Basil's younger brother, Gregory of Nyssa, has left on record his own youthful distaste for the night-long vigils at the time of the yearly festival.

† Situated in the province of Pontus on the Iris river, not far from Neo-Cæsarea.

‡ The genuineness of Basil's correspondence with Libanius has been questioned, but not, as it would appear, on sufficient grounds; and the letters, if genuine, show how great was the intimacy between them. The three letters between Basil and the Emperor Julian are in like manner disputed. Julian's second letter contains the famous passage: "I have learned to know and condemn what once I read;" and in Basil's answer we have the retort: "What you read you did not understand. If you had understood you would not have condemned." There is a ring of splendid fearlessness which is very characteristic of Basil.

as sang the poetical Gregory.* Gregory tells, too, of that which gave strength to their union—

> "Our special bond, the thought of God alone,
> And the high longing after holy things."

Great things were expected of the brilliant young University student, and when the ordinary time of departure came, he was pressed to remain longer at Athens; but he had resolved to take up the profession of rhetoric in his own country, and to this end he returned home. From the townsfolk of Neo-Cæsarea he received a regular ovation, and they urged him to set up as a teacher in their midst. Is it to be wondered at that his home belongings saw signs in the young man of a little conceit? His sister Macrina had the courage to tell him of it, and gently to warn him against the spirit of worldliness which she feared for her darling brother. Her pure aspirations called forth all that was noblest in him, and he was now moved to seek for baptism, which, according to the frequent practice of that age, had been deferred till such time as he should spontaneously desire it.

Macrina, too, instilled into her brother her own enthusiasm for the ascetic life, and it was determined that before pledging himself to his intended career, he should travel to Jerusalem and Egypt, with the avowed purpose of studying the monastic settlements which were so marked a feature in those parts. The result of his travels was that Basil returned to his Pontine home fully resolved to devote himself to the direct service of God in the solitary life. The purpose formed at eight and twenty was never lost sight of; the manner of life was somewhat modified by circumstances. The hermitage became in time a cœnobium, where men like-minded with himself lived with Basil, dividing the time between manual labour and prayer and evangelistic work.

A little later, and Basil, now in Deacons' Orders, left his monastic settlement in the charge of one of his brothers, and himself went down to Cappadocian Cæsarea, the scene of his school life, and there gave all the help he could to the successive archbishops; first to the old man Dianius, whom as a lad he had learnt to reverence; and then to his successor. There were difficulties in both posts which only tended to illustrate Basil's high sense of duty. Upon the death of the second of these two bishops, Basil himself was appointed, though not without considerable opposition, to the vacant see, an office which he continued to hold until his death some nine years later (A.D. 379).

Such are the bare facts of his uneventful outward life, a life henceforth devoted to the care of his diocese and to the supervision of all its interests, temporal and spiritual. There are journeys still, constant and wearisome, and no small additional burden to a man in chronic ill health, but they are all within the limits of his extensive archiepiscopal charge, all undertaken at the call of duty. Such is the outward life: the inner life he

* See Newman.

unconsciously reveals to us in those three hundred letters which are his completest memorial.

All through his life letters were a great source of enjoyment to Basil. Cut off as he was from the congenial society to which he had been accustomed, it was a relief to him to pour himself out upon paper, and so to keep in touch with old friends. His own letters are easy and graceful, as when he writes to a fellow-bishop: "You owe me a good turn, for I lent you a kindness which I ought to get back with interest. Pay me then, my friend, by paying me a visit." His friends' replies, however much he might complain of them as "laconic," were worth a great deal to him, and more generous communications were proportionately welcome. "When I take your letter into my hand, first of all I look at its size, and I love it all the more for being so big; then, as I read it I rejoice over every word I find in it." Sometimes he owns with a sigh that letters are but "lifeless things," but a cordial greeting from a tried friend makes him exclaim: "One can see your soul in your letter, for no painter can so exactly catch an outward likeness as uttered thoughts can image the secrets of the soul."

Letters attached his old friends to him; they also won for him unseen friends. He accounted it as "one of the greatest of God's gifts" that he was enabled to know the great men of his time—Athanasius, for example, and Ambrose—by correspondence, if not face to face. Did Athanasius but know the power of his letters he would "never lose a single opportunity of writing." And yet, what were letters compared to personal intercourse? If but one such meeting could be "added to the story of his life," he would deem it sufficient compensation for all his former afflictions.

In the earlier letters, written when he was making trial of his solitary life in his self-chosen retreat not far from his old home at Annesi, there is a pathetic undertone through all the surface playfulness. He describes in glowing terms to his friend Gregory the charms of his picturesque mountain glen on the Iris river—the description has often been quoted as one of the earliest examples of appreciation of picturesque scenery for its own sake. Again and again he extols "the quiet," which with God's aid he is "cultivating in abundance," as the best means whereby he may "cling to God." So he holds bravely to his discipline, but in his honesty he confesses to Gregory that he has not yet been able to "get quit of myself." "I carry my own troubles with me. So I have not got much good out of my solitude." He urges his friend to come and share his life. Gregory comes for a time, and while there throws himself heartily into all Basil's pursuits—devotional, industrial, and literary; but the miserable fare and the general discomfort were not to his taste, and in one of his amusing letters to his friend, he jestingly recalls the trials of the new experience: "The dwelling without roof and without door—the hearth without fire and smoke; that sad and hungry banquet, for which you called me from Cappadocia." Then, too, "the ungarden-like garden

void of pot-herbs," in which "vine-dresser I and dainty you laboured together." "I have remembrance," he writes, "of the bread and of the broth—so they were named—and shall remember them. You indeed will set it out in tragic style yourself, taking a sublime tone from your sufferings. But for me, unless that true Lady Bountiful, your mother, had rescued me quickly I had been dead long ago, getting myself little honour, though much pity, from Pontic hospitality." *

So wrote Gregory, jesting yet admiring; but Basil's dream of having him for his constant companion was never to be realized. As for Basil, though he joined in the laugh against himself, he was secretly disappointed. He was always expecting more of his friend than he was able to give, and the friendship at last unhappily broke down under the prolonged strain. Basil, in the days of his episcopate (for certain tactical reasons of his own, into which we need not here enter), appointed Gregory to be bishop of an insignificant and out-of-the-way place, a little posting-town, important only as the junction of three great roads, and in all other respects highly disagreeable. We may readily believe that Basil felt that he was serving the best interests of the Church in the appointment, and there is much dignity in his defence of his action. "I too was anxious that our brother Gregory should have the government of a Church commensurate with his abilities; and that would have been the whole Church under the sun gathered into one place. But as this is impossible, let him be a bishop not deriving dignity from his see, but conferring dignity on his see by himself. For it is the part of a really great man not only to be sufficient for great things, but by his own influence to make small things great."

Unluckily, Gregory did the worst thing he could under the circumstances; he did not refuse the call, but he obeyed reluctantly, and nursed to the end his sense of grievance. There was no vulgar quarrel, but intimacy was gone for ever. Gregory retained his old admiring attitude. Years afterwards, in his funeral oration on his friend, he acknowledged that Basil had "slighted friendship" only out of a sense of higher duty; yet even at that sacred moment he could not refrain from stigmatizing his behaviour as "extraordinary and unfriendly," and dwelling on his own pain. The alienation was the more grievous because Basil in his laborious troubled life as archbishop needed all the loyal co-operation he could have to lighten his burden.

And first there were all the ordinary labours connected with the charge of an extensive archdiocese; labours increased by the difficulties of travelling, especially in the winter season. Jealousies between neighbouring dioceses had to be delicately appeased: there was "the necessary visitation of parishes in my district;" there were orphaned churches to be tenderly consoled for the loss of some valued pastor exiled for the faith; above all, there was the all-important work of teaching the teachers, for the country clergy were, very generally speaking, inexperienced men

* Newman.

of humble standing, who divided their time between the duties of their sacred office and their accustomed secular calling. Themselves, it might be, but newly baptized, and by long use blunted to the horrors of many a heathen practice, they were set over a flock who were still exposed to all the old bad influences. To raise the standard of morals for both teachers and taught was no less a part of Basil's pastoral work than to uphold the unity of the Faith.

There is a noble directness in his course of sermons on the Creation delivered in his own church at Cæsarea—sermons delivered twice a day to congregations largely composed of working men, who came morning and evening with their wives and their little ones at the invitation of their archbishop, "to stand around the vast and varied workshop of divine creation." The sermons, as was natural, were largely scientific, and though the science may seem to us quaint and out of date, it was in accordance with the most advanced knowledge of the day. Basil's interest in all scientific questions is apparent in his private letters, and it is said that, except in the matter of geography, he "is abreast with the science of his time."* But the science was never allowed to obscure the spiritual teaching, and in the homely applications drawn from beast and insect and flower, there was always some special lesson for the most ignorant listener. The mothers bending over their silk-weaving at home might see in the caterpillar a parable of the resurrection; the children might learn, as they watched the ways of the young storks, a lesson of tenderness to aged parents.

Very impressive to a bystander must have been the great volume of sound that rose up from the whole church—"the voices of men, of children, and of women, rising up in prayer to God, mingling and resounding," to use the preacher's own image, "like the waves which beat upon the shore." In the early mornings Basil was careful not to overstep his limits of time, lest any of the many artisans whom he saw crowding around him should be unduly hindered from their day's work; but at evening, when the willing hearers again collected to "lend their time to God" before dispersing to their suppers and their nightly amusements, he was under no such restriction, and once and again the growing darkness took him at unawares: "Evening which long ago sent the sun to the west imposes silence upon me. Here then let me be content with what I have said, and put my discourse to bed."

In addition to the duties of his office, Basil was overwhelmed with business both private and public. He was a first-rate man of business, and was never too much occupied to serve a friend, at whatever expenditure of trouble to himself. Now he is helping a widowed mother to safeguard the interests of a young heir, now a friend who has got into difficulties as a trustee; now he has the still more delicate task of reviewing a friend's book and giving an opinion which shall be at once candid and kind. Among the troubles brought to him we find such familiar-sounding

* The Rev. B. Jackson's "Prolegomena."

grievances as the inequalities of rating, the right of charitable institutions to be exempted, and the special burdens of clerical taxation.

Basil was, generally speaking, on excellent terms with the Government officials of his district, and his good offices with one or other of these officials were in constant request. An undertaking more trying than most was that of pleading on behalf of an acknowledged offender. Basil did not shirk the task, but he was absolutely straightforward, and prefaced his appeal for clemency with the avowal: "This man has been an intimate friend of my own, and is like a brother to me. Why should I not speak the truth? When I learned the reasons for his being in his present troubles, I said that he had only got what he deserved." The saying of Aristotle, "A friend is another self," comes fitly from the mouth of Basil, who made his friends' interests so completely his own that we find him writing to a magistrate "not to be surprised at my calling my friend's property my own."

Nor was it only private troubles that thus aroused his sympathy. The sufferings of the rural population in the iron-producing districts of Taurus, taxed utterly beyond their means, evoked an energetic protest; and no citizen in all Cappadocia took more to heart than did the archbishop the division of the province and the transfer of the chief city of government from Cæsarea to some other place. "My country in her troubles," he wrote, "calls me to her side; you know, my friend, how she suffers."

But no active labours on behalf of others could ever divert Basil from the constant intercessory prayer which he regarded as his chief work. "To forget you in my prayers," he writes, "is impossible, unless first I forget the work to which God has called me." Many a tender letter of sympathy or congratulation, of counsel or of spiritual encouragement, addressed to mourners, to church workers, to penitents, to young men in the full tide of life, was the outcome of these prayers.

The common religious life of worship and service which had been his ideal in the old days of the Iris river settlement was worked out at Cæsarea on a more elaborate scale. The church, surrounded by the dwellings of the brethren, became in time the nucleus of a great philanthropic settlement, with its well-organized hospital, its leper-house, its workshops for industrial training, its staff of guides for travellers, its lodging—not for the bishop and clergy alone, but for the Imperial officials and their escort. Not least in importance in Basil's eyes was the guest-house, which gave him an opportunity of natural and easy intercourse with young professional men, soldiers, it may be, or barristers, and so of winning them to higher aims. The institution grew so vast that it became known as "the new town," or in later days, in memory of the founder, as "the Basileiad."

But all work of this description, though never ending, was congenial enough; the trial lay in the perpetual struggle against the rising tide of Arianism. Personal danger had no terrors for Basil. When the Emperor Valens came into Cappadocia with the avowed object of removing the

Catholic bishops and filling their places with Arians, Basil met first the threatening chief officer, Modestus, and then the emperor himself, with absolute fearlessness. His dauntless bearing could not but command respect. "No one yet," said the Prefect, "ever spoke to Modestus with such freedom." "Perhaps," was the bold reply, "Modestus never yet fell in with a bishop, or surely in a like trial you would have heard like language." * From henceforth that officer became Basil's friend, and the vacillating emperor was awed into an understanding that it was best not to interfere with the Archbishop of Cæsarea. One of his subordinates once attempted something of the sort, and found himself beholden to his intended victim for his rescue from the angry mob. The citizens of the two Cæsareas were at heart profoundly attached to their famous fellow-townsman—many of the younger men indeed showed their admiration by an obvious imitation of his ways and mannerisms, even to the very cut of his beard; nevertheless, in small matters they reserved to themselves an old friend's privilege of being often provokingly critical and captious.

For Basil himself there was never much personal danger, but he had the constant distress of seeing the sufferings of his people in other districts —congregations dispossessed of their ancient places of worship; flocks bereaved of their pastors; the sick and dying forced to accept the ministrations of Arian clergy; and, most grievous of all, many under stress of trial falling from the purity of their first faith. The persecution was all the harder to bear because the persecutors "put forward the name of Christ," and so to the outside world the sufferers had none of the glory of martyrdom. We can understand the mood which prompted Basil to cry out for "the good old times," when the undivided Church presented a united front to the bloody persecution of idolaters.

And yet it was not even from the Arian party that the cruellest trial came. There was treachery within the camp; men whom Basil had trusted and honoured to the utmost paltered with the truth; for expediency's sake they signed some of the many floating heretical creeds. They sought to stand well with both sides, and being tainted with heresy, they sought to cover their own defection by implicating the archbishop in their unsteadfastness; or, as Hooker quaintly puts it, "because the light of his candle too much drowned theirs," they were glad to lay hold upon such "colourable matter" as they could find.† With marvellous ingenuity they wove a tissue of statements, half true, half false—and "a lie which is half a truth is ever the blackest of lies." They circulated in garbled form a letter which twenty years before he had written, "as layman to layman," to one who afterwards became a notable heretic; ‡ they urged that he frequently used theological terms which were capable of very diverse interpretations. Such insidious attacks could hardly be repelled. It was like "struggling in a night battle, without being able to distinguish

* Newman.
† E. P., v. 11.
‡ Apollinarius.

between friends and foes." Sometimes Basil set himself to answer each charge categorically; sometimes he contented himself with the simple assertion, "Truth is fighting on my side;" and he spoke well. Time and truth have proved his work—work that has been not less lasting and valuable than that of the earlier champions of the Faith, only somewhat different. Since the days of Athanasius the centre of conflict had slightly shifted. It was now the Godhead, not of the Son, but of the Holy Spirit, that was most in peril; and it was for this article of our Christian Creed that Basil contended with a passionate loyalty worthy of Athanasius himself. The "Gloria Patri" was to him as a very trumpet-call, summing up all that he held most dear; but the words had not yet crystallized into their present unchangeable form, and it was made an offence against Basil that he occasionally varied his ascription, sometimes saying "with" or "through" in place of the more customary "and." But what to him was the glorious fulness of meaning of that doxology is best shown by his own words: "We must as we have received even so baptize; and as we baptize even so believe; and as we believe even so give glory. Baptizing we use the name of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost; confessing the Christian faith we declare our belief in the Father, and in the Son, and in the Holy Ghost; ascribing glory unto God we give it to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost."*

Nevertheless calumny continued to rage, and weak and suffering as he was in body, Basil would well-nigh have been overwhelmed, save only for his unwavering conviction that "Hope in God is the strongest of all things." "Ere long," he wrote to the troubled Church of Antioch, "our Champion will appear. Expect tribulation after tribulation; hope upon hope; yet a little while, yet a little while. Thus the Holy Ghost knows how to comfort His nurslings by a promise of the future."

Basil could comfort others, but who was there to comfort him? Once and again he appealed to the bishops of the Western Church, but from them he got no help and only scant sympathy. In the West the prospects of the Church were already brightening, but the troubles of Cappadocia seemed to them remote, perhaps uninteresting. Truly Basil was left desolate—one dear friend in exile, another hopelessly alienated, another proved faithless. His surviving brothers indeed were loyal to the core, but one was immersed in business, and the good blundering Gregory was never to be relied on for any matter that needed delicacy of handling. Those closing years, when each month brought some fresh increase of illness, would have been dark indeed had it not been for the untiring devotion of a much younger friend, the Bishop of Iconium,† who became to Basil in the five remaining years of his life as "a well loved son." He sent him gifts—well meant if not always quite appropriate, as when he sent sweetmeats, and had to be playfully reminded by Basil that his teeth were gone and "his days for munching were over"—and with delicate tact drew him into the employment that was most perfectly congenial to him—

* Hooker's translation of Ep. 159. † Amphilochius by name.

writing long letters on Biblical exposition. It was he, too, who prevailed upon Basil to write his great treatise on "The Holy Spirit," and bestowed upon the method of its publication an amount of loving thought that was deeply gratifying to its author. Basil had once pathetically owned that he "really hungered for affection," and it is pleasant to think how fully this want was supplied in his last days.

And still he toiled on to the very last against ever-increasing illness. On January 1, 379, when he was known to be dying, "his death-bed was surrounded by crowds of the citizens, ready to give part of their own life to lengthen that of their bishop." * He rallied sufficiently to be able to ordain some of the most faithful of his disciples, and to speak a few words of exhortation to the bystanders, and with the words, "Into Thy hands I commend my spirit," he passed away.

In the Greek Church S. Basil is commemorated on the actual day of his death (January 1), but the Roman Kalendar assigns to him January 14, the traditional day of his consecration.†

Ancient English dedications to S. Basil are sadly rare; but happily we can at least claim two such, not to speak of a quite modern dedication which is not without interest of its own. The parish of Toller Fratrum in Dorsetshire belonged to the Knights of S. John of Jerusalem.‡ Is it too bold a surmise that some of the Brotherhood when travelling in the East may have experienced the benefits of the Basileiad at Cæsarea, and in gratitude for the same dedicated their church at home to its sainted founder? Until the Turks entered into possession there was little in the slow-moving East to break the continuity of centuries; and there is no sufficient reason for supposing that Basil's foundation was not still carrying on in the Middle Ages the work for which it was designed in the fourth century.

It would be pleasant to extend the same guess to the Monmouthshire church of Bassaleg, which looks on the surface as though it must have reference to our saint, and to persuade ourselves that some wandering Celt on his return from Eastern pilgrimage had in like manner brought home the memory of the Cappadocian saint. But, in the first place, such importation of saints from without is contrary to the early practice of the Celtic Church, though to some extent allowed at a later period; and further, experts § tell us that it is doubtful in the extreme whether the church is really dedicated to S. Basil at all, although it is freely conceded that it now belongs to him by prescriptive right. If philologists are to be trusted, it is one of those cases where, instead of the parish taking its name from the saint, the saint has been evolved out of the name of the parish. The true spelling, of which Bassaleg is a corruption, is said to be *Maesaleg*, and this is interpreted to mean "the field of Alectus," from *maes*, a field, and Alectus, a Roman general, who once fought in the neighbourhood. Such

* Gregory of Nazianzus, quoted in D. C. B.

† "Prolegomena."

‡ Hutchins's "Dorset."

§ Private letter from the Rev. J. Jones, Vicar of Bassaleg, who had consulted a Welsh antiquary of repute, the late Octavius Morgan, Esq.

is one theory; there are others, but they all seem to agree in this, that *Basil* is a pure afterthought, and cannot be looked upon as the key to the difficulty. At what period he was adopted as patron is unknown, and very possibly the name became gradually attached to the church without any formal dedication. Certainly there is no trace of any parish feast on S. Basil's Day. There is an alternative dedication to the Holy Trinity which does not rest on any better authority than that to S. Basil, and which must obviously be of comparatively recent origin, as such an ascription was unknown in the early days of the Celtic Church.

The district of S. Basil's, Deritend (near Birmingham)—a temporary mission church,* merely licensed, not yet consecrated—owes its name to an early benefactor, the late Bishop Philpott of Worcester, who made choice of the Greek Father out of a sense of the great benefit which he had derived from the study of S. Basil's works.† And thus the influence of the Fathers lives on from age to age, and a Birmingham church of the nineteenth century links us with the Eastern Church of fifteen hundred years ago.

S. Chrysostom, B. Jan. 27, 407.

In the summer of 1890 the consecration of a new church in Bradford dedicated to S. Chrysostom gave the bishop of the diocese ‡ the opportunity of telling his hearers § something of the true greatness of their patron saint. He put them in mind how Chrysostom knew what it was to "do something for Christ," how he "cast his life in the venture." "He saw," said the preacher, "his career as a lawyer and knew that meant the accumulation of fresh wealth and the gaining of fresh honour. He possessed capacities and talents that might have landed him in the foremost place among his fellow-men. But he turned aside from all, and took his place among the storm and peril which surrounded his Master. He rebuked the strongest and the most powerful in the land. He saw his Empress in all the weakness and voluptuousness of her life frowning upon him, but he could dare to act despite her frowning, and thought it better to die in exile with his honour untouched and his faith unblemished, than to pay unnecessary homage which would have harmed her soul and degraded his character." Between those two sacrifices there lay a long untroubled interval, rich in successful work gratefully acknowledged by his fellow-men; but always we see in Chrysostom the same readiness to choose, wherever choice must be made, the higher and the harder path.

The early life of Chrysostom has many points of resemblance with that of Basil. There are the same strong Christian influences at home; there is the same thorough education; and curiously enough, Libanius, the distinguished heathen orator, is a link between the two saints. He had been, as we know, a fellow-student of Basil at Athens; now at Antioch, thirty years later, we find him as the tutor of that John of Antioch whom

* 1897.

† Private letter from the Rev. F. Mackenzie, late Incumbent of S. Basil's, Deritend.

‡ Dr. Boyd Carpenter, Bishop of Ripon.

§ From the "Monthly Record" of the parish, July, 1890.

we call Chrysostom, and so recognizing the merits of his pupil that when asked to name his successor he replied, "John, if the Christians had not stolen him from us."

But the Christians and the Christian faith had taken lifelong possession of the ardent young student. His conversation from childhood up was blameless, and those enemies who in later days sought to rake up some ground of accusation against him could find no blot upon his pure youth. Like Basil, he too became inflamed with desire for the ascetic life; first in the gentler form of a monk in a Syrian hillside community, and next in the austerer form of a solitary in a mountain cavern. After six years, he too, like Basil, left what he always calls the far easier life of a monk to take up the duties, first of deacon and then of priest in a great city.

So, with health shattered and nerves overstrained, but with a deeper intensity of spiritual purpose, he comes back to his native Antioch, where he is already known and respected, and soon makes himself a power there by that wonderful eloquence of his, which in the next generation was to gain for him his inseparable surname of "Chrysostom," *the golden-mouthed.* That "gift of speech was" one day, as Newman says, "to be his ruin"—his ruin at Constantinople, but his glory as an instrument for good in the happy eighteen years at Antioch.

How proud Chrysostom was of his city with her ancient Christian memories; how bent on recalling it to its noblest traditions; how profoundly *real* in all his sermons; how watchful to "buy up the opportunity"! His homilies, like everything he wrote—even his private letters—bear witness to that close knowledge, that deep love of Holy Scripture, which is Chrysostom's greatest glory. Such a knowledge and such a love he would fain have implanted in the hearts of all who listened to him. He reminds those who cannot read how much they may gain by earnest attention to the public reading of the Bible in church; but he urges upon all who can read the privilege of making "a church of their home," and reading God's Word both separately and with their families. Let them not neglect so plain a duty on the ground that manuscripts are rare and costly. Many of the poorer classes were constantly making this excuse, that they had no Bibles. "I would like to ask them," said Chrysostom in one of his sermons, "whether any man would let himself be hindered by poverty, however great, from possessing the necessary tools of his trade? Is it not singular that in the one case he never thinks of laying the blame on his poverty, but does his best that it may not hinder him; while in the other, where he is to be so great a gainer, he complains of his poverty." *

Listen for a moment to the preacher as he illustrates his favourite theme of the glorious freedom of those who have learnt what it is to "have familiar speech with God."† "When Christ came," thus he speaks in another of his sermons, "He purified the whole world; every place became a house of prayer. Mark you, how the world has been purified. As it

* Quoted in Neander's "Church History," vol. iii.

† This phrase occurs in one of his letters.

regards the place we may everywhere lift up holy hands, for the whole earth has been consecrated, more consecrated than the holy of holies." Then passing with that simple directness which belongs to him to the practical application of his grand principle, he continues: "How can a man of business, a man tied to the courts of justice, pray and resort to the church thrice in a day? It is possible and very easy; for if you cannot easily repair to the church, you may at least pray before the door; and that even though you may be tied to the courts of justice; for it needs not so much the voice as the disposition of the heart. . . . Place and time are no hindrance. Though you bow not the knee, though you beat not the breast, though you stretch not your hands to heaven, but only manifest a warm heart, you have all that belongs to prayer. The wife, while she holds in her lap the spindle and spins, can with her soul look up to heaven, and call with fervency on the name of the Lord. It is possible for this man to offer a fervent prayer while he is on his way alone to the market; for that other, who sits in his shop and sews leather, to lift up his soul to God; and the servant who makes purchases, goes errands, or sits in the kitchen, has nothing to hinder him from doing the same thing."

In those days Chrysostom's greatest trials were very much those of any earnest-minded popular preacher who is at the same time a highly sensitive man. The people throng to hear him and interrupt his preaching with tumultuous applause, and then forthwith they disperse and hurry off to the dangerous joys of the circus, and forget all that they have so lately applauded. His hearers are fervid, impressionable; but the impression is only short-lived. One moment they praise the preacher extravagantly; the next they criticize him with merciless keenness, forgetting that "being but a man it is to be expected that sometimes he will make mistakes;" and accusing him, "as if they were judging an angel."* And all the time Chrysostom was keenly conscious that he was no angel, but only a man laden with infirmity; and, with the candour that is throughout one of the most engaging features in his character, he acknowledges his irritability, his over-susceptibility to praise and blame, and the need of perpetual struggle against these defects.

But there came a time when criticism was silenced, when the light-hearted population flocked into the church in anxious penitential mood, in the hope of gaining from the great preacher some store of hope and consolation. This was in the eight weeks of terrible suspense after the three hours of riot in the streets of Antioch, when the populace, in a fit of sudden rage at some new financial measure, had wreaked their anger on the statues of the Emperor Theodosius the Great and of his beloved empress. The momentary madness past, the city was left to ponder the fearful punishment which was like to follow so daring an outrage. The task of interceding with the justly offended emperor was entrusted to

* From Chrysostom's treatise "De Sacerdotio," quoted in Bright's "Three Great Fathers."

Flavius, the aged Bishop of Antioch; and during his absence, during the weeks of mourning when the theatres and baths were closed, when the Imperial officials were exhibiting their loyalty by dealing out indiscriminate punishment—dread shadow of what might be to come—it was then that the familiar voice of the trusted presbyter, John Chrysostom, day by day appealed to the anxious listeners, seeking to press home the lessons of this time of uncertainty and humiliation.

Easter Eve brought with it the glorious tidings of a free pardon from the generous Theodosius—tidings told in dramatic form by the preacher in his Easter Day sermon; but the special work of Chrysostom did not end when the rejoicings began, for it was his happy office to prepare for baptism a large number of catechumens whom the recent events had attracted from paganism to Christianity.

If the career of Chrysostom had closed here we should think of him only as the golden-mouthed John of Antioch—

> "From thee the glorious preacher came
> With soul of zeal and lips of flame," *

but there was to be yet another chapter in his history, and we are to see him in the Eastern capital,

> "A court's stern martyr guest."

The fame of the preacher had reached those in authority at Constantinople, and they determined to secure him as their archbishop. By a well-prepared stratagem Chrysostom was suddenly seized upon by the Imperial officers and carried off in the Imperial conveyances the eight hundred miles to Constantinople; and thus as a prisoner he entered upon his new sphere of work. It must be admitted that Chrysostom of all people had no right to complain of finding himself the victim of a "pious fraud." They were common enough in those days, and he himself had not only defended but practised them when it suited his convenience!

His consecration was deferred till his arrival in Constantinople, and then by a curious coincidence it took place on the eleventh anniversary (A.D. 398) of a day already memorable in his history, that 26th of February which had seen the historic riot at Antioch. Chrysostom had always peculiarly dreaded the responsibility of the episcopate, and from the outset he foresaw that the task imposed upon him would be of no common difficulty: yet he did not shrink from it. His predecessor had been a well-disposed *fainéant:* he was a thorough-going reformer. Yet at first it seemed as though he were to be as popular as in his native city. He entered upon his new charge with a child-like readiness to love and be loved, which was not slow in winning a response from the mass of the people. "I have only addressed you on one day," were the opening words of his second sermon, "and from that day I have loved you as much as if I had been bred up among you." † He was no less plain-spoken than at Antioch, but on the whole they liked his directness. Many of his censures

* Newman. † Quoted in Bright.

were aimed at a class above themselves, and for the rest, it has been justly pointed out that censures distributed among an entire congregation are apt to sit lightly on individuals. Preacher and congregation understood one another. With strangers the vast audience might show itself discourteous and riotous, but it would stand patiently for any length of time listening to the voice of the little figure seated at the raised reading-desk; and Chrysostom was not insensible to the compliment. The fashionable world, too, headed by the Empress Eudoxia, flocked to hear the archbishop, affording such an admirable field for pickpockets that Chrysostom recommended his audience to leave their purses at home.

For a while the courtly hearers were more amused than irritated by the minute denunciation of prevailing faults and extravagances; but as the novelty wore off, as certain persons in great places became uneasily conscious that the accusations were intended for themselves, the preacher incurred considerable odium. It is possible that Chrysostom's pulpit boldness might have been forgotten had he not been socially a failure. Partly on principle, partly also on account of his delicate health and the importance of adhering to one uniform meagre diet, he withdrew altogether from the public feasts; and this was great cause of offence. S. Basil would have been no less abstemious, and yet would have entertained his distinguished guests with a gracious hospitality that would have caused his own peculiarities to be forgotten. Chrysostom had not this happy art; indeed his manners were hopelessly against him. In the intimate circle of his own friends none could be more genial, more sympathetic; but among strangers he was fenced in an armour of brusque reserve that was chilling to the admirers who worshipped him from afar in the pulpit. "When you met him anywhere outside the church," complained a shoemaker, "you could seldom get him to stop and have a word with you."* And if these faults of manner injured him in the estimation of the laity, they injured him yet more grievously in the estimation of a large portion of his clergy. They had been too long accustomed to a lax rule; there were innumerable matters that rightly demanded the archbishop's interference, but that interference was too often displayed in an unconciliatory manner.

And the disaffection was unhappily not limited to his own clergy. It was shared by many of the surrounding bishops over whom in his reforming zeal he exercised a much-disputed authority. It was not in Chrysostom's nature to stand aside contentedly and witness wrongs that might easily be amended. A kind of Primacy seemed of right to belong to the capital of the Eastern Empire; but the claim had no recognized foundation, and was hotly resisted by many; and most of all by Chrysostom's malignant rival, the Patriarch of Alexandria. Gradually, almost imperceptibly, the clouds gathered. For a time Chrysostom stood high in the favour of the unprincipled empress; and he, who ever showed himself ready to believe the best of all men, believed in the sincerity of her professions, though it must be owned that to our Western habits of mind

* Bright.

the extravagant language of compliment which the archbishop employed towards her is scarcely more pleasing than his unmeasured invectives at a later period. It is much disputed whether S. Chrysostom was actually so ill advised as to compare the empress to Jezebel and Herodias; the sermons which so report him are declared to be spurious, but it was popularly believed at the time, and such language in his mouth is in no wise inconceivable.

The more pointedly the preacher denounced fashionable vices the stronger became the flood of fashionable hatred; and at the same time he was making himself enemies among the Arian party—enemies more powerful than the friends he was winning by his missionary endeavours among the Gothic tribes of Hungary and elsewhere. In truth, his downfall was predetermined in high places, and though a certain theological colour was afterwards given to the attacks upon him, the whole matter was really a revolt of empress and courtiers, disloyal bishops and clergy, against one who, Baptist-like, strove to set up amongst them a higher standard of truth and right.

We need not follow the successive steps of the plots against Chrysostom —the mockery of a trial where the judges were his known enemies and the degrading accusations utterly hollow. Before such a synod Chrysostom rightly refused to appear, and the sentence of banishment was passed in his absence. Yet for peace' sake he obeyed it without protest, though he knew full well that a word from him would have sufficed to raise the fury of the mob; and then—as afterwards on the occasion of his second exile —he sought to distract the minds of his friends from dwelling over-much on the personal aspect of the trouble. He besought them not to let partisanship for him prevent their giving their services to his successor; and he reminded them that "the teaching did not begin with him and it will not end with him."

So he went forth; and then came the short-lived triumph. The empress, terrified by the earthquake which her guilty conscience interpreted as a heaven-sent judgment, despatched messengers to implore him to return. "The Bosphorus," says Gibbon, "was covered with innumerable vessels; the shores of Europe and Asia were profusely illuminated; and the acclaims of a victorious people accompanied from the port to the cathedral, the triumph of the archbishop."

But before many weeks had gone by there was a renewal of plots against him, and the pride of the empress in arrogating to herself something like divine honours once more called forth his sternest rebuke. The empress now prevailed upon her feeble husband, the Emperor Arcadius, to exercise his power, and the archbishop was for several months a semi-prisoner in his own house, suspended from all official duties pending the arrival of the formal sentence of deposition.

There is no need to dwell on the agony of that protracted time of waiting, when the archbishop had almost daily to hear of some fresh outrage inflicted upon his faithful flock, both clergy and laity—the

"Johnnites," as they were termed—who were known to be loyal to their deposed chief. "He was indeed," says Cardinal Newman, "a man to make both friends and enemies; to inspire affection and to kindle resentment, but his friends loved him with a love stronger than death, and it was well to be so hated, if he was so beloved." The same passionate feelings, both of hostility and devotion, were shown towards the exile as he travelled slowly under the care of not unkindly guards to the place of banishment appointed to him in the remote province of Cilicia, the place which was to be his home for three years. Strangers "drowned in tears" stood respectfully to see him pass; private individuals placed their houses at his disposal; the skilful physicians of Cæsarea—trained, we can hardly doubt, in the Basileiad (see p. 240)—counted it a privilege to minister to him; while others—the unworthy Bishop of Cæsarea among the number—shrank from giving countenance to a personage so obnoxious to government.

Our knowledge of these three years is peculiarly intimate, thanks to Chrysostom's own voluminous letters, which bring before us not only his every passing circumstance but his every changing mood of mind. With the frankness of a child he details every discomfort—discomforts which told so heavily on his sensitive frame; while at the same time with tender gratitude he is careful to chronicle every alleviation provided for him by friends, absent or present. His passing moments of utter depression, the sanguine expectations that more naturally belonged to him—all these are laid bare with a perfect simplicity that is in itself very endearing, apart from the unmurmuring sweetness that lends it a higher beauty. His soul was free from all tinge of personal resentment; he counted himself happy when he could change an enemy into a friend; and for the rest, it was the conviction of his whole being that to those that love God all things work together for good. Certain phrases were so often on his lips that they became recognized watchwords among his friends. Such for example was his oft-repeated "There is no real calamity but sin," and that yet more frequent doxology, "Glory be to God for all things."

The hope of returning to his see never wholly faded out of Chrysostom's mind; but meantime there was much that he could do by letter to guide and support the churches; not in troubled Constantinople alone, but in his well loved Antioch, and in the newly converted districts of Phœnicia. Never perhaps had he been more powerful for good than in these years of exile and bodily distress. In the oft-quoted words of Gibbon: "The respectful attention of the Christian world was fixed on a desolate spot among the mountains of Taurus."

But such a respectful homage was displeasing in the extreme to his implacable foes at Constantinople. They would fain be rid of this Chrysostom, but dared not kill him outright. The fragile exile had openly declared that another journey such as he had once undertaken would be his death; it was determined therefore to banish him to the

coasts of the Black Sea, to a desolate and far-away region, where even if he survived the fatigues of the journey, he was not likely to stand against the rigours of the climate. No one who is familiar with the history of Henry Martyn can fail to be struck by the likeness * between those two tragical journeys, and it is pathetic to remember that both these saints of God ended their sufferings at the very same spot. The modern Tokat,† where Henry Martyn lay down to die, is built upon the ruins of the ancient Comana Pontica ‡ where S. Chrysostom breathed his last. In the fifth century there stood there a little wayside chapel in honour of some martyr, served by certain brethren. Here Chrysostom and his guards halted on the last night of his life, and he entreated to be allowed to prolong his stay a little. But the brutal guards forced him on some four or five miles farther under the burning sun, till the extremity of his illness made it clear to them that the dying man must needs be taken back to the shelter of the chapel.

The last scene shall be told in the words of his contemporary biographer,§ who must have learnt it from eye-witnesses. "When he got there he asked for white vestments suitable to the tenor of his past life, and clad himself in them from head to foot, and then gave away his old ones to those about him. Then having communicated he made the closing prayer '*On present needs*.' He said his customary words, 'Glory be to God for all things,' and having concluded it with his last Amen, he stretched forth those feet of his which had been so beautiful in their running, . . . and shaking off this mortal dust, he passed to Christ." The year was A.D. 407, and the day the 14th of September, an anniversary already precious to the Church as the "birthday" of S. Cyprian. His recognized festival, however, is on January 27, the day on which, thirty-one years later, repentant Constantinople sought out his remains, and brought them back in solemn shame to the city whence the living archbishop had been banished in disgrace.

That last prayer of the dying saint, "for all things needful," falls upon our ears like an echo of the familiar words in the prayer that is for ever associated with the name of Chrysostom: "Fulfil now, O Lord, the desires and petitions of Thy servants, *as may be most expedient for them*." In all probability his only real connexion with this prayer is that it is found in the liturgy of Constantinople which passes by his name, a liturgy which he to some extent edited and shortened for more convenient use in his own great Cathedral church. The direct authorship of this beautiful collect, then, cannot be ascribed to him, but the association is now too firmly riveted to be easily forgotten.

There is, alas! no single dedication to this great Father of the Church of earlier date than the first half of the nineteenth century—that at Peckham; but new churches in his honour are springing up in our midst, in

* Cf. Newman.

† Murray's "Asia Minor."

‡ In Pontus, not far from the Iris river so often mentioned in S. Basil's life.

§ Palladius, quoted in Newman.

Liverpool, Birmingham, Bradford, and elsewhere; and we can hardly doubt that the majority of the worshippers in those churches find in the so-called "Prayer of S. Chrysostom" their best loved, perhaps their only, bond with the heroic Archbishop of Constantinople.

SECTION V.—THE LATIN FATHERS.

S. Ambrose, B. April 4, 397.

Among the crowds who Sunday after Sunday in the year 385 filled Milan and hung upon the words of the eloquent Bishop Ambrose were listeners of widely different moods. Some there were who drank from the lips of the preacher "the pure water that springs up unto eternal life;" others there were who cared little for his matter, yet critically compared his style with that of the best orators of the day, and allowed that it stood the test.* Among such dispassionate hearers was Augustine, the African professor of Rhetoric, newly come to occupy the vacant chair at Milan, eager to make acquaintance with the great man who was the virtual ruler of Milan.

Ambrose had now been bishop for more than ten years, and his commanding influence had been proved in a hundred ways, though the most memorable incident in his career was still in the future. Assuredly Augustine had heard before ever he came to Italy of Ambrose, the son of one of the four great prefects of the Empire, who had given early promise of following his dead father's footsteps and rising to civil distinction. He must have heard the strange story of his election to the bishopric of Milan; how he, still an unbaptized catechumen, entered the church with his troops simply in his official capacity as Governor of the province, "to quell the rising fury of the partisans of the two rival candidates; and how, while he soothed the people with his wise words, a little child suddenly called out, 'Ambrose is bishop,' and the words were caught up and carried round the church by the rapturous acclamation of the multitude." † Doubtless, too, Augustine had heard that favourite story of the swarm of bees which flew harmlessly in and out of the mouth of the future preacher as he lay sleeping in his cradle; a portent, as it was said in the light of after days, of the eloquence that was one day to be his.

But it was not these bygone stories that chiefly excited the new-comer's interest in the great champion of the Catholic party. Augustine was fresh from Rome, and all Rome was ringing with the question whether or no the banished altar surmounted by the winged figure of Victory standing upon the globe—the so-called "Altar of Victory"—should be restored to its ancient position in the Senate-house. The heathen senators, with Symmachus the distinguished prefect of the city as their spokesman, pleaded for its restoration, not merely for its own sake, but as a link with the glorious past of Rome. They urged that it had been allowed to

* For all the references to S. Augustine and the quotations from his writings, see the "Confessions."

† Hodgkin.

remain even under the rule of the christian Valentinian I.; and their pleading might have prevailed had the christian party had a less commanding leader than the Bishop of Milan, whose influence with the Imperial court was so great. To Ambrose there could be no question of compromise on such a point; be the historic associations what they might, they could not outweigh the fact that the winged Victory was the symbol of Heathenism. Again and again the discussion was raised, and each time the dying paganism was defeated. Augustine was well acquainted with the noble Symmachus, and indeed owed to him his appointment at Milan; he would be all the more eager therefore to know also the prefect's formidable opponent—his opponent, and yet, as there is reason to believe, his personal friend.

So much of Ambrose's history was already known to Augustine by hearsay; he had not been long in Milan before he was witness of an exciting drama in which the bishop was the central figure. The empress-mother Justina had made her appeal to Ambrose to give up for the use of the Arians one of the two Milanese churches. Such a surrender was impossible to Ambrose. The empress had it in her power to take by force what buildings she chose; for him to hand over either the one or the other of them would be interpreted by both parties as a sign that in his eyes there was no cardinal distinction between Arianism and Catholicism. Whatever else he had, Ambrose declared, was at the disposal of his sovereign, but the churches were not his to give; come what might he was prepared to die rather than betray his trust.

The bishop was the idol of the city; the Imperial troops themselves were suspected of being secretly on his side; it would have been easy for him to excite a powerful opposition against the empress, but he firmly forbade anything beyond a sustained passive resistance. It was a hard trial, but the people were obedient to his lightest word; and when, in the Holy Week of the year 385, and again in the same sacred week of the year following, Justina made determined efforts to carry her point, she found herself on each occasion confronted by a steadily disciplined host, who held both churches in peaceful occupation by day and by night, passing the long hours in prayer and singing, or in listening to the stirring words of their indomitable chief. A guard of soldiery was placed around the churches; they were needless;—the adherents of Ambrose remained at their post like sentinels on duty; and the Arians, warned by the fate of one of their presbyters who had been mobbed in the street and only rescued by the orders of the imprisoned bishop, were afraid to enforce their claim.

So the struggle went on day after day, to the intense excitement of those without; but the empress dared not push matters to extremes. The feeling of the city was plainly against her; and both times, before Good Friday was reached, the guards were withdrawn, and the persecution suddenly collapsed. Among those who "lived in prayer" the while, "taking a chief part in those anxieties and watchings," was Augustine's

mother. As for himself, he owns that he had no interest in the spiritual meaning of the long conflict, but the "alarm and commotion of the city could not but stir him," and could not but quicken his admiration for the intrepid leader. He had heard him in the pulpit; he had watched his bearing in time of trial; and now as a frequent visitor to his house he was learning to know the great man under yet another aspect.

The reception-room of the bishop was like the crowded audience-hall of some royal personage. None were refused admittance; none were announced; but when the great man was seen to be at liberty, one after another of the waiting multitude would press forward "full of his own business," and seek advice from the wise counsellor in their midst. The bishop had grown used to living in public, and his people, on their side, had grown used to interpret his ways. When they perceived him absorbed in a book, "refreshing his mind, free from the noise of other men's matters, and disinclined to be disturbed," they kept a respectful silence; and if the reading was protracted beyond its usual brief duration, they withdrew.

Augustine had the advantage of not coming as a complete stranger. Ambrose welcomed him cordially for the sake of his friend Monnica, and would often "break forth in her praise, congratulating me on having such a mother;" and Augustine on his side was warmly grateful for the good will and the "fatherly manner" of him whom "so many persons of rank honoured." He began to love him—"not indeed as a teacher of truth, but as a person who was kind to myself." But the intercourse did not pass beyond certain formal limits. Ambrose praised the young man's mother, but seemed not to realize "what a son she had in me;" and the hurry and crowd in which the bishop's life was necessarily spent, prevented Augustine from "seeking at his hands what I wished as I wished." It may have been inevitable—Augustine always loyally maintained that it was inevitable. "I certainly," says he, "had no opportunity of consulting that holy oracle of Thine about the things I desired, unless it might be done in a very brief manner. But these my perplexities needed one with much leisure to whom they might be poured forth, which he was never found to have." So he excuses his hero; and yet we doubt whether a Cyprian or a Basil would have been so blind to the signs of spiritual tumult in the young man's mind. Something of the same lack of insight into another's special needs is perhaps indicated by Ambrose's reply to Augustine's letter asking what portion of Holy Scripture he should read in preparation for his baptism. "He directed me to the prophet Isaiah. . . . But I not understanding what I first read of this book . . . put it by, to be taken up again when more expert in the Lord's words."

It is somewhat remarkable that Ambrose who possessed such strong artistic gifts should not likewise have possessed the quick sympathies of the artist temperament. His delight in both music and poetry is well known; and it is well known, too, how he turned both arts to account in the service of religion. Very early editions of our Book of Common Prayer, with their

heading of the *Te Deum*—"The Hymn of S. Ambrose and S. Augustine in English"—bear witness to the popular tradition that this memorable song of praise was the joint composition of the two saints at the time of Augustine's baptism. Needless to say, there is no historic ground for such a belief; but Augustine has left on record his own deep sense of gratitude for the verses written by Ambrose,* which came into his mind as he lay upon his bed sorrowing for the death of his mother. Other critics may find in Ambrose's verses a certain coldness;† Augustine felt no such want, for he penetrated to the true "passion," "the burning fire,"‡ which underlay the austere rigidity of form.

It was characteristic of Ambrose to conceal his deepest feelings. In the sacred task of hearing confessions this reserve seems to have been very much broken through. At such times his biographer testifies he would "rejoice with them that did rejoice and weep with them that wept, for he would so weep with one that acknowledged his errors as to force him to weep also." So, too, the gentler side of Ambrose is revealed in his relations with his dearly loved brother and sister. In the life of that sister, S. Marcellina (CH. XLVII.), we catch glimpses of the bishop in his tenderest aspect.

Nevertheless, it is not in his dealings with individuals nor in his private friendships that Ambrose stands forth pre-eminent; rather it is on the broader stage of public affairs that he is seen to the greatest advantage. To write a complete history of the Bishop of Milan§ would be to write a history of the Italy of that day; for in all matters that concerned the welfare of his country, Ambrose for nigh upon a quarter of a century took a foremost part. His position was unique; he was not exempt from persecution, yet he was feared by his persecutors; he might be sentenced to exile, but if he thought fit to ignore the order no one moved a finger to enforce it. In like manner he never, says Hooker, "yielded to having the Causes of the Church debated in the Prince's Consistory." He excused himself to the Emperor (Valentinian), and being summoned "to answer for Church matters in a civil court he came not."‖ His noble "scorn of consequences" gave him a boldness which, together with his known disinterestedness, won for him a marvellous supremacy over minds of very different orders.

Ambrose belongs to that class of men whom the contemporary biographer of S. Cyprian happily describes as "needful men." He was needful to the two young emperors (Gratian and his half-brother, Valentinian II.), whose every aspiration for good he nourished, and whose policy he directed. He was needful to his bitterest enemy Justina, who in the intervals of her conflicts with him at home sent him on distant embassies, committing to his loyal wisdom the most delicate of negotiations touching

* The hymn beginning "Aeterne rerum Conditor."

† Archbishop Trench, quoted in Thornton's "S. Ambrose."

‡ Ibid.

§ The episode of the discovery of the relics of SS. Gervase and Protasius is not given here, as it is fully given in the history of those saints (CH. XIII.).

‖ E. P., bk. viii.

the welfare of the State. He was needful to the usurping Emperor Maximus, who appreciated at first sight the great qualities of the chosen envoy, and would willingly have won him to his cause. But not even the knowledge that under the reign of the usurper the Catholics would have the upper hand could tempt Ambrose to be untrue to his lawful sovereigns. "Even Maximus," he said proudly, "will clear me of this charge, since he will confess it was through my embassy he was kept from the invasion of Italy." And if the subtle inducement of advantage to the true faith failed to move his righteous soul, much less could any material bribe have power over the man. Wealth was to him "an object of contempt."* It was little to him to strip himself of his own property for the sake of the poor; but for the sake of the captives taken by Maximus he unhesitatingly sacrificed the precious sacramental vessels of the sanctuary. Above all, Ambrose was needful to Theodosius, deservedly called "the Great," inasmuch as he had realized "how hard it is for a ruler to meet with one willing to tell him the truth," and inasmuch as he honoured the one man who did fearlessly tell it to him at all hazards. "Ambrose," said he, "is the only man whom I consider worthy of the name of Bishop." And once more; Ambrose was needful, even in his declining years, to Stilicho, the renowned general, the faithful guardian of the tottering Empire, who declared that "the death of such a man was the death of Italy itself."

S. Ambrose did all that in him lay to call forth what was most manly in the amiable dispositions of a Gratian or a Valentinian, but it was in the Spanish Theodosius alone that he found the fulness of response for which he longed. The emperor and the bishop worked together for the good of Church and Empire more as colleagues than as sovereign and subject. We are told that it is to Theodosius at least as much as to Constantine that the "permanent alliance between Church and State must be attributed,"† and it was Ambrose who was his teacher. But it was Theodosius who "showed the way to persecute successfully,"‡ and here also—we may not deny it—Ambrose was his teacher. In all the painful succession of edicts forbidding to Arians and heathens alike the exercise of their religion, depriving them of many of the most ordinary civil rights, we must regretfully acknowledge the hand of Ambrose. Toleration was no virtue in his eyes, and he had less sense of simple justice than the emperor; for when Theodosius would have compelled the Christian rioters in a certain city to compensate the Jews for the damage done to their synagogue, Ambrose publicly "preached at him"—to use the emperor's own expression—and persuaded him to change his decision.

Both in his intolerance and in his use of violent invective when denouncing an enemy, Ambrose shows himself a man of his time and not above it. Here he disappoints us; but when it comes to a plain question of moral right and wrong he never disappoints us. Call to mind the memorable scene of his reception of Theodosius, when with still dormant

* Gibbon.
† Hodgkin.
‡ Ibid.

conscience the emperor, in despite of the bishop's written warning, presents himself with all his splendid retinue in the cathedral at Milan; his soul stained with the atrocious massacre of those seven thousand innocent victims at Thessalonica. We know the story well: how Theodosius at first tried to brave it out and pleaded the sin of David in extenuation of his own act. "If you have sinned like David, repent like him," was the stern answer; and the emperor withdrew abashed, even weeping, feeling the truth of the rebuke, yet too proud to own himself in the wrong. So for eight long months he held aloof, and Ambrose on his side made no sign. A less upright man might have yielded to the temptation to conciliate even by compromise so mighty a penitent; a more tender one might have striven to break down the barrier of pride and false shame; Ambrose was content to wait. Then came the Christmas time when the emperor, no longer able to bear the misery of isolation, and finding that the intervention of his worthless minister Rufinus availed him nothing, humbled himself, and went in person to the bishop's house, there to seek the forgiveness for which he yearned. Yet even now Ambrose made it clear to him that forgiveness could only be bestowed after open acknowledgment of sin. The place, the garb, the posture of the meanest penitent—no humiliation was to be spared the royal sinner by reason of his rank; and besides this, as a lasting reminder of his fall, Ambrose imposed upon the emperor a condition, wise and statesmanlike, which should bring lasting good out of the terrible evil that had been wrought. "Since passion was the cause of thy fall, O Emperor, prepare a law which shall interpose an interval of thirty days between the signing of any capital sentence and its execution. In these thirty days if passion not justice dictated the decree there will be a chance for reason to be heard." *

Such a just and merciful law was wholly in accord with Ambrose's deep sense of the sacredness of human life. That sense was shown in his earnest care to avoid bloodshed in the early struggle with Justina; it was shown when, regardless of court etiquette, he forced his way into the presence of Gratian to obtain a reprieve for a prisoner too hastily condemned to death; it was shown when he upheld the rights of sanctuary against his friend Stilicho; it was shown yet more unexpectedly when he (like S. Martin) refused to hold communion with the large body of bishops who in the name of religion had put to death the so-called heretic Priscillian. Gibbon, who says in epigrammatic fashion that "the cause of humanity and that of persecution have been asserted by the same Ambrose, with equal energy and with equal success," praises what he calls Ambrose's "humane inconsistency" in this matter of Priscillian; but in truth it was no "inconsistency," only the loyal and consistent application of a lifelong principle. All Ambrose's severest measures had for their one aim the reclamation of the heretic, not his extirpation; his true life, not his premature death.

Ambrose held the see of Milan for twenty-three years, and to the last

* Hodgkin.

he laboured indefatigably for his country and his Church. Even when mortal illness had seized upon him his mind was occupied with their interests. The young deacons without, who were incautiously discussing his successor, were startled as they named a certain name to hear from within the sick chamber the vigorous comment thrice repeated, "Old but good." Count Stilicho sent a deputation of the noblest men of the city to the bishop's dying bed, to ask if prayer might be made for the continuance of a life so precious to the State. Ambrose's indirect answer to the pathetic appeal was given in the words: "I have so lived among you that I am not ashamed to live on; but I am not afraid to die, for we have a gracious Lord."

It was Holy Week—a season already memorable in Ambrose's history. At midnight on Good Friday he became visibly worse, and received the last sacraments, and in the early morning of Easter Eve (April 4,* 397) the great Christian warrior passed to his rest.

"Sant' Ambrogio" is still the hero of his own Milan. His "ritual" is jealously adhered to in place of the ordinary Roman ritual accepted elsewhere; and memories of him and his great deeds surround the traveller on all sides;† but in England it is more than doubtful whether we can claim any genuine ancient commemoration of him.

Ombersley, near Droitwich in Worcestershire, has not infrequently been ascribed to S. Ambrose, probably on the evidence of such spellings of the name as *Ambresley*, for example, which occur in some pre-Reformation records. It is to be feared that Nash's "County History" is indisputably in the right in giving the more familiar "S. Andrew" as the true patron; but nevertheless it is not impossible that the parish does take its name from an Ambrose, not our Bishop of Milan indeed, but a Celtic prince Ambrosius, the son of Constantine of Britain (CH. XXXV.), whose name is also thought by some to linger in the Wiltshire Amesbury and in the Oxfordshire Ambrosden. Opinions, however, are divided on this subject,‡ and if we are obliged to relinquish our episcopal patron, the claims of the other Ambrose—the great antagonist of Vortigern—are less immediately interesting to us.

Of modern churches to S. Ambrose there are at least five, four of which are in Lancashire, and the remaining one at Bournemouth.

S. Jerome, P.§ Sept. 30, 420.

If we had no dedication to S. Jerome we should be deprived of a unique and highly picturesque figure, for there is nothing else in the Lives of the Saints that quite matches the accomplished scholar, the man of the world, the brilliant satirist, in the seclusion of his cave at Bethlehem, the centre of an admiring circle of learned ladies.

* The day on which he is commemorated in our Anglican Kalendars.

† Murray's "North Italy."

‡ Private letter from the late Mr. Kerslake, who considered the derivation from Ambrose "ingenious but not probable."

§ All the quotations from Jerome's letters are taken from Dean Fremantle's edition (published in Parker's "Post-Nicene Fathers"). Use has also been made of Cutts's "Life of S. Jerome," S.P.C.K.

Jerome is at once so far removed from us and yet so near. He lived when there were "giants in the land;" he was the contemporary of Athanasius and Chrysostom, of Ambrose and Augustine. He who had witnessed the formal abolition of paganism by the Roman senate witnessed also the fall of the city into the hands of the barbarians; but through all he stands aside and sees history in the making rather than makes part of it, and looks upon things around with the contemplative interest of an antiquary. As a boy he visits the catacombs with the same sort of curiosity that a modern tourist might show. The vices he rebukes among his Roman hearers are those of a selfish culture, a love of ease and display, a dangerous tendency to gossip; and he is half glad to turn away his eyes from the present to lose himself in the simpler life of the Egyptian anchorites, to study their past; while the outcome of all his extensive learning is to marshal the authority of the Past rather than to add new light to the world's store. But though Jerome's ideal may be the life of some simple hermit, learned only in the things of religion, he can never divest himself of the broader culture in which he has been steeped. He may condemn classic lore, yet it haunts his memory and enriches his letters; and Jerome in his cave is less unlike than he would fain suppose himself to the well-known Jerome of Roman society.

In one respect Jerome differs from the men with whom we most readily compare him. Although "a Christian born of Christian parents," he does not seem to have enjoyed the blessings of a happy home training such as fell to the lot of a Basil or an Ambrose. We know little indeed of his early years. We know nothing of his mother, but we do know that he was estranged, not without fault of his own, from his mother's sister. His only brother was twenty years younger than himself; and his only sister, instead of drawing him on to further heights of holiness, needed a brother's hand to lead back her wandering steps. He inherited landed property from his father, and his circumstances were easy and luxurious; but when he came to Rome from his home in north-east Italy to take his chance among the hundreds of gay and careless students living like himself in lodgings and attending professorial lectures, there were no sacred home memories to keep him from giving way to the temptations that surrounded him on every side.

A revulsion came, and came speedily; and with earnest penitence and purpose of amendment the young student sought for baptism. We know nothing whatever of the circumstances that led to this change, save that it was Jerome himself who gave the impulse for good to his immediate companions, not they who communicated it to him. For the rest of his life Jerome had an overwhelming sense of the dangers from which he, like "a shipwrecked mariner," had been rescued. A sense of his own peril and that of others also never left his mind, and it was almost inevitable that in his eyes there should be but one path of safety—the ascetic life. He misdoubted even things innocent in themselves, and he to whom the pure joys of Christian family life had been so imperfectly known could never

estimate aright their unspeakable value, or recognize their God-given grace; yet perhaps those who know most of the iniquities of Roman society in the fourth century will best allow for the reaction that exaggerated and warped all Jerome's views of life.

For three years Jerome and a band of friends lived together in a sort of community life at Aquileia, and there Jerome "entered definitively upon the twin pursuits of his life, Scriptural study and the fostering of asceticism." * But the society broke up and the friends dispersed. Jerome never, as Dean Fremantle observes, had the same influence over men as he had over women. He now yearned for something harder than he had yet experienced, and five years of a hermit's life in the Syrian desert supplied the rough discipline for which he craved. He has left us a vivid picture of the bodily hardships he there endured, and a no less vivid picture of his mental struggles. He confesses that he experienced in his own person the truth of the famous line: "They change not mind but sky who cross the sea." Characteristically enough he consoled himself with literature, and began to publish; and characteristically enough also he became involved in controversies and disputes even in the desert, and was thankful to quit it and go elsewhere.

He came to Antioch, and there, much against his will, was ordained priest; but at heart Jerome remained a mere monk, and never exercised his priestly functions if he could avoid it. When at length he returned to Rome in the year 382, his scholarship had gained for him a recognized position, and the then Pope, Damasus, made great use of his services.

At Rome Jerome became the intimate friend of a high-born and wealthy widow, the Lady Paula, the names of whose illustrious ancestors—the Scipios, the Gracchi, Æneas, Agamemnon—read like an epitome of all classic history and song. Jerome's friendship embraced all Paula's children, and spread through the circle of her noble Roman friends, among whom we must specially make mention of the Lady Marcella. Too true to the best traditions of their race to be satisfied with the idle pleasure-loving existence to which the conventions of the age condemned them, these women responded eagerly to Jerome's praise of a simpler life, a life governed by rule, not by impulse. Convents for women were as yet unknown in the West, but Jerome set before his zealous disciples the ideal of a hard self-denying life to be lived by each one in her own home. Compared with their former selves they showed themselves, in Jerome's phrase, "positive heroines." To learn to use their own feet instead of being carried, to wait upon themselves, to lay aside cosmetics and all the fashionable adornments of their rank—this was the first and perhaps the hardest step in their new life. The long fasts, the frequently recurring hours of daily and nightly prayer, the diligent study of the Scriptures—to all these demands they responded with a joyous alacrity that called forth their director's admiring wonder, even while he spurred them on to greater efforts.

* Fremantle.

Very delightful must have been the meetings of the friends in the house of the Lady Marcella on the Aventine—those meetings of "the House of Ladies," as Jerome playfully called them—for the systematic study of the Bible, which some of them, under the inspiration of their scholarly leader, were learning to read in the original languages. Jerome was in his element here, explaining and guiding; yet he recognizes the intellectual power of his noble pupils, who always seized upon the most difficult points for interpretation, and the intellectual independence that would not content itself with the mere *ipse dixit* of any teacher. Sometimes Jerome, when he had a matter very much at heart, chose to express himself by letter instead of by speech, and from this time forward we detect in all his letters a tone of authority, the tone of a spiritual director. These letters were handed about from one to another, copied, learnt by heart, discussed, criticized,—alike by admirers and by enemies. They were, in fact, almost public property, and influenced the reading world quite as much as his more formal treatises. In those days, as Dean Fremantle observes, "no distinct line separated private documents from those designed for publication;" and thus it might unfortunately happen —and did actually happen in the famous correspondence between S. Jerome and S. Augustine—that the person to whom the letter was addressed was one of the last to read it.

It would be impossible to exaggerate the value of these letters, both as an unconscious revelation of Jerome's own vigorous, faulty personality, and also as a gallery of pictures of fourth-century manners and customs. If the caustic descriptions of typical offenders are still amusing to English readers of to-day, we may suppose how great was their piquancy to Roman readers, who would have the additional amusement of pointing to the various originals.

It is undeniable that Jerome's letters are apt to lose in spontaneity from the writer's consciousness of the celebrity to which they were destined. When a letter of sympathy to a friend on the death of his wife is deliberately postponed for two years, the first fervour of grief has inevitably cooled; and it is not surprising that, after a few formal condolences, the letter should resolve itself into a treatise on the advantages of remaining a widower. So, too, it is a little chilling for a troubled correspondent to have her consolations abruptly brought to a close with a recommendation to study what the writer has already said on the same subject to another correspondent; and we are inclined to doubt whether in the first hour of her grief a bereaved mother like Paula would have drawn all the comfort that Jerome supposed from his bold promise that her dead child's name should become immortal through his writings—a proud boast that has been abundantly justified.

The death of Paula's daughter just referred to marked an era in Jerome's history. This much-loved widow of twenty—Blesilla by name—was one of those who came strongly under Jerome's influence, and was noted even in that austere circle for her unmeasured austerities. Within

seven months of her conversion she was seized with mortal illness, consequent, it was believed, upon the hard life she had adopted. Blesilla had been the centre of a brilliant set, and her premature death roused the indignant sympathy of her former acquaintances. They did not hesitate to tax Jerome the Monk with being the cause of this tragedy. The sight of her broken-hearted mother's abandonment of grief gave some colour to the vulgar belief that both mother and daughter were the victims of his oppression, and the cry began to be heard, as Jerome himself tells us, "The monks to the Tiber!" Such taunts stung Jerome to the quick, and even in his panegyric on the youthful saint, he must needs dwell on the wrong done to himself by such unchristian lamentations.

About this time Pope Damasus died. A little earlier, and Jerome would have stood a good chance of being his successor, and he knew it. "Every one concurred in judging me worthy of the episcopate. Men called me holy, humble, eloquent." That hope was now gone for ever. "He had offended," says Dean Fremantle, "almost every class of the community by his unrestrained satire," and the untimely death of Blesilla gave the finishing touch to his unpopularity. His guileless platonic friendship for the Lady Paula became the subject of much ill-natured gossip; and, galled and disappointed, he began to turn his thoughts towards some country retreat where, free from the bustling and the backbiting of a big city, he might pursue a student life amid idyllic surroundings. The project was scarcely conceived before it was put into execution; and in August of the year 385 he left Rome for ever, to take up his abode in Palestine. His brother and several friends threw in their lot with him; but the brother afterwards revisited Italy, an indulgence which Jerome never permitted himself.

Meantime the same ideal had been suggesting itself to Paula and her unmarried daughter Eustochium; and nine months after Jerome's departure, they, with a little train of maidens like-minded with themselves, set sail for the East. To Jerome, who carried with him everywhere the tools of his calling, his writing materials and his library—now no inconsiderable collection—the change of abode was comparatively pleasurable. With Paula it was far otherwise. She had not only "despised her wealth," but with strangely perverted ideas of duty she was "deserting" her children, her youngest daughter and her little fatherless son. The "suppressed sobs" of the one, "the outstretched hands" of the other, rent her heart; yet with a firm courage she forsook all to enter that land which to her glowing imagination was verily "the land of promise."

At Antioch the two parties met, and before settling at Bethlehem made a pilgrimage to Egypt, in order to visit the homes of those solitaries of the desert whose manner of life had so powerfully influenced their own lives, and through them was destined to influence generations upon generations of Western Christians. The autumn of 386 found them settled at Bethlehem. Both Jerome and the Lady Paula were tolerably wealthy, though Paula's hopeless and deliberate mismanagement of her

finances eventually well-nigh resulted in the realization of her avowed wish that she might so spend her all as to be indebted to charity for her winding-sheet. Their plan was to build two separate monasteries—for men and for women—near to the sacred church that then, as now, surmounted the traditional "Cave of the Nativity" (CH. XVIII.), the very central spot of all their devotions.

During the three years in which the monasteries were being prepared, Paula made shift as best she could in a hostelry, while Jerome took permanent possession of another cave not far from that of the Nativity. It may be as well to observe here that the lion who occupies so prominent a place in old pictures of S. Jerome is a pure invention of the mediæval imagination; yet in such a life there were of necessity many hardships and many worries. Fortunately, the emigrants, the ladies especially, were buoyed up by their happy gift of always seeing the ideal side of their life. As they trod the scenes of the Lord's earthly life, the Gospel history seemed to be re-enacted before the eyes of faith. Jerome entered to some extent into their pious fancies, as when he writes that he is building a hospice for the entertainment of strangers, so that "if Joseph and Mary chance to come to Bethlehem they may not fail to find shelter." Nevertheless, Jerome could see more clearly than his companions that the earthly Jerusalem was very far indeed from being the Heavenly City. He believed indeed that it was "not for nothing that he, like Abraham, had left home and people;" yet he reminded his correspondent that "access to the courts of heaven is as easy from Britain as it is from Jerusalem."

The ladies lived in hopeful expectation that Marcella would see her way to joining their little Roman colony. In this they were disappointed; but other guests came and went, and the simple household cares incident upon the reception of visitors—the lighting of fires, the sweeping of floors, the boiling of cabbages, on all which Jerome dwells admiringly—afforded a wholesome variety to the graver duties of Paula's daily round. Nothing surprises us more than the facility with which guests came and went between Rome and Bethlehem, making less of the journey than we might be disposed to do to-day. The recluses never felt themselves out of touch with their old world, though their change of abode had set them free to regulate their lives according to their own ideal. Jerome showed himself a genial host to all his old friends, and only worked far into the night to make good the time stolen from his precious literary labours.

Much of this time was given to theological controversy—now with those who disputed his ultra-asceticism; now with our own countryman, the redoubtable Pelagius; now with some neighbouring bishop; and now with Augustine himself, the one disputant whose own sweet courtesy had power to charm even Jerome out of his habitual roughness into a sort of grim playfulness. For in controversy it must be freely owned that between his satire and his vehemence Jerome is apt to show himself at his very worst. In his unmeasured attacks upon an antagonist—too often, alas! an old friend changed by Jerome into an enemy—he wholly

forgets his oft-quoted maxim of the sage of old, "In nothing too much." His strictures on the Christian control of the tongue do not apparently extend to the control of the pen, and it is his delight if he can succeed in attaching to his opponent an enduring nickname.

From this aspect of Jerome it is a relief to turn to his uncontroversial labours; to the splendid perseverance with which he toiled year after year at his lifelong task of translating and illustrating the Holy Scriptures. By every means in his power he sought to fit himself for the work which he first took in hand at Rome at the bidding of Pope Damasus. "You urge me," he wrote in one of his prefaces, "to sit in judgment on the copies of the Scriptures which are now scattered throughout the world; inasmuch as they differ from one another you would have me decide which of them agree with the Greek original. The labour is one of love, but at the same time perilous and presumptuous, for in judging others I must be content to be judged by all."

The toilsome work of translation occupied Jerome for two and twenty years; while from his twentieth year up to the last twelvemonth of his life, he was engaged in transcribing or composing commentaries on different parts of the sacred volume. His greatest and most enduring gift to the Church was his famous Latin version of the complete Bible translated from the original tongues—the so-called Vulgate—which was for over a thousand years the universally accepted Bible of Christendom. He put his whole conscience into the work of translation, making it a sacred duty to adhere faithfully to the sense at whatever sacrifice of style, and labouring painfully after a simplicity of diction—in itself uncongenial to one steeped in classical literature—that should befit "the simple words of our Christian peasants and fishermen," those simple words that had such depths of meaning.

If Jerome was a great teacher he was no less an untiring learner, and missed no opportunity of profiting by the instructions of those from whom he had anything to gain. "At length," says he, "my head became sprinkled with gray hairs, so that I looked more like a master than a scholar." The acquisition of Hebrew cost him years of patient toil. He had begun it long ago in the desert; at Bethlehem he perfected himself from a rabbi, who was "in his own person a second edition of Nicodemus," and dared not give his lessons except "under cover of night." When he passed from Hebrew to Chaldee he found the difficulties so tremendous that even he was ready to despair. But he took courage from the repeated saying of a certain Jew, "Labour conquers all things," and set to work once more.

From very early manhood Jerome had suffered from a chronic weakness of the eyes. The crabbed Oriental characters were no small aggravation of the trial, and he was often obliged to be dependent upon the humours of an impatient shorthand writer, and had either "to say whatever came uppermost," or, if he wished "to think a little and hoped to produce something superior," to discover by "the clenched fist and

wrinkled brow" of the offended amanuensis that he was plainly conscious of having come for nothing.

As time went on Jerome's private correspondence became more and more extensive, and letters reached him from all parts of the known world asking advice on the most various topics. More than one parent appealed to the aged monk for guidance as to the education of their children; and it is charming to find the self-confident Jerome for once acknowledging his wisdom to be at fault when invited to lay down a code of regulations for "a little girl who cannot understand what you say, of whose mind you know nothing, and of whose inclinations it would be rash to prophesy. Will she," he continues, "hear the deep things of the Apostles, when all her delight is in nursery tales? Shall I urge her to obey her parents when with her chubby hand she beats her smiling mother? For such reasons as these my dear Pacatula must read some other time the letter that I send her now. Meantime let her learn the alphabet, spelling, grammar and syntax. Then when she has finished her lesson she ought to have some recreation. At such times she may hang around her mother's neck and snatch kisses from her relations." Jerome had no poetic liking for childhood in the abstract, and was keenly alive to the annoyance of the "crying of infants," but love will work wonders, and nothing can be more tender than his letter on the birth at Rome of Paula's first grandchild, congratulating the whole family on the possession of "such a rosebud." He goes into the minutest details as to her earliest steps in the paths of learning; the very first words the baby tongue should utter; the manner in which, by the use of ivory letters, reading lessons may be made a joy, not a penance; and he winds up with the proposal: "If you will only send Paula, I promise to be myself both her tutor and her foster-father. Old as I am I will carry her on my shoulders, and train her stammering lips." So he writes; yet all Jerome's training has for its end the making of a nun. That is to be the ideal set before each little maiden so soon as she can grasp its meaning. And since even such godly parents as Paula's daughter and her husband can hardly ensure such training, he urges them to give up "this most precious of gems" in her tender infancy to the charge of her grandmother and aunt at Bethlehem. At his bidding the sacrifice was made, and it was this second Paula who, seventeen years later, nursed Jerome through his last illness.

Whatever Jerome's faults, he was uniformly gentle and chivalrous to women. He delighted to publish his gratitude for the services which he had received in his scriptural studies from many women friends. He valued their comments on what he had written, and loved to link their names with his various compositions, many of them undertaken at their particular request as a substitute for the "sleepy commentaries" of which one lively lady complained. To help them he would cheerfully lay aside whatever he had in hand, patiently resuming it when the interpolated task was concluded. Many of these dear friends of his have been immortalized

by Jerome's exquisite memorial sketches—written for the most part in the form of letters to the bereaved relatives—which are among the most enduring portions of his voluminous writings.

But life, even in Bethlehem, was not all passed in such peaceful pursuits. Jerome shall tell in his own words something of the storms that swept over them from time to time. "Suddenly the whole East was terror-struck, for news came that the hordes of the Huns had poured forth and were filling all the world with panic and bloodshed. May Jesus avert from the Roman world the further assaults of these wild beasts! Everywhere their approach was unexpected; they outstripped rumour in speed, and when they came they spared neither religion nor rank nor age; even for wailing infants they had no pity. We were compelled to man our ships * and lie off the shore as a precaution against the arrival of our foes. No matter how hard the winds might blow, we could not but dread the barbarians more than shipwreck. Just at that time also there was dissension amongst us"—a misfortune, alas! too common wherever Jerome might be!—"and intestine struggles threw into the shade our battle with the barbarians."

This alarm passed, but there were other disturbances. Their troubles were still further increased by growing poverty, and the opening years of the fifth century witnessed the death of the revered Paula. The loss was a heavy one to the little community at Bethlehem; but all personal sorrows were soon to be overshadowed by the overwhelming calamity of the fall of Rome (A.D. 410). Jerome had been for a quarter of a century a voluntary exile from Rome, standing curiously aloof from all political events; but tidings such as these could not fail to stir all the patriot within him. And for him, moreover, the national ruin was mingled with private mourning. The Lady Marcella had died from the effects of cruelties practised by the invaders; Paula's son-in-law and many another of his friends had perished. "I was so stupefied and desolate," he writes, "that day and night I could think of nothing but the welfare of the community; it seemed as though I was sharing the captivity of the saints, and I could not open my lips until I knew something more definite; and all the while full of anxiety, I was wavering between hope and despair, and was tortured myself with the misfortunes of other people." For once even study failed him; his commentary on Ezekiel was left untouched. The aged scholar felt himself filled with "a longing to turn the words of Scripture into action; not to say holy things but to do them;" and this natural instinct found its outlet in comforting the multitudes of homeless, destitute fugitives from the Imperial City, who day by day flocked into Bethlehem. "We cannot," says he, "relieve these sufferers; all we can do is to sympathize with them, and unite our tears with theirs." Yet all that could be done Jerome did ungrudgingly, and "not a single hour, nor a single moment," passed in which he and his helpers were not occupied in relieving the crowds of brethren, till "the quietness of the monastery was changed into the bustle of a guest-house."

* The colonists had taken temporary refuge at Joppa.

In time the old labours were resumed, and patiently continued for nine years longer, when illness abruptly stayed his hand in the midst of an unfinished work, "still full of energy and of his old controversial vigour." * But they were years of loneliness, for Paula was gone, and Paula's daughter Eustochium; and though in his lingering illness he was lovingly tended, it was by a younger generation, and glad must he have been when his own call came (September 30, 420), and he was laid to rest beside his two loved friends.

When we take into account the extraordinary influence upon the entire mediæval Church of Jerome's ascetic views; when we consider how he fostered the monastic temper, and thus prepared the way for Benedict's carefully defined system, we may well marvel that more churches have not been dedicated in his name, and that it should have been left for the Celtic districts of our island to do him honour. The only known English dedication to S. Jerome is at Llangwm in Monmouthshire, where he is commemorated under his Latin form of "Hierom," a form which, as may be seen from our Sixth Article of Religion, lingered long amongst us. Across the Welsh border we find two other parishes similarly named "Llangwm," the one in Pembrokeshire (where the patron is again described as S. Hierom), and the other in Denbighshire,† where he is anglicized into "S. Jerome." There can be little doubt that in all three cases the name of the parish contains the name of the saint, and of the same saint. The most natural supposition is that the intended patron was originally some national hero whose true name has in course of time been merged in that of the celebrated Latin Father; but since Mr. Rees, in his learned and exhaustive work,‡ makes no such suggestion, we may well be content to take the name in its most obvious connexion, and with it all the noble associations that cling around the story of the recluse of Bethlehem; and if we choose we may please ourselves with the plausible fancy that the knowledge of S. Jerome was introduced into Britain by some Celtic pilgrim to the East, who had found in Jerome's guest-house at Bethlehem "the welcome which Mary and Joseph had missed."

S. Augustine of Hippo, B. Aug. 28, 430.

The name of S. Augustine is borne by some twenty-five of our ancient English churches, and by about the same number of modern churches; but it is doubtful how many of these are to be ascribed to the great Latin Father; doubtful, indeed, whether any one of the whole number—except a single modern church at Stockport which keeps its festival on August 28—can rightly be so ascribed. There are, however, as we shall see, a few which may more reasonably than the rest be associated with the Bishop of Hippo; and in the prevailing uncertainty we shall allow ourselves the benefit of the doubt; for this great teacher, the power of whose influence it is so hard adequately to estimate, is a patron whom we can ill afford to lose from amongst us.

* Fremantle.
† Lewis.
‡ "Welsh Saints."

It has often been said that S. Augustine is the greatest Christian teacher that the world has seen since the days of the Apostles. With the exception of the Apostles, it is not too much to assert that no one man has exercised so great or so lasting an influence upon religious thought as the Bishop of Hippo. So many-sided is his teaching, that Churches the most mutually antagonistic agree in calling themselves followers of Augustine, each one taking hold of some separate point in his theological system. He is accepted by the Roman Catholics as one of their greatest saints, and yet he is the founder of all the principal Churches of Protestantism. The doctrine which Luther held to be the very hinge of Protestantism—that of justification by faith—had been clearly set forth by Augustine; the Calvinists drew from his works a defence of their favourite doctrines of predestination and irresistible grace; the Jansenists, while denying all sympathy with the Calvinists, appealed to the same authority in their quarrel with the Jesuits; and lastly, he is "in a most true sense the spiritual father of all the reformers of the sixteenth century," * and through them of the evangelicals of a later day.

Taking the Pauline Epistles as his guide, Augustine set himself to construct a complete system of theology, and in the execution of this task he did not shrink from handling the most difficult problems. Others have followed in his footsteps, but Augustine was one of the first to attempt to thread "the wandering mazes" of

> "Providence, Fore-knowledge, Will and Fate—
> Fixed fate, free-will, fore-knowledge absolute,"

and therefore his opinions on these points are continually referred to, even where they have not been accepted as a warranted part of Catholic belief.

But of this we may be sure—if our mediæval forefathers dedicated churches in honour of S. Augustine of Hippo, it was not from any conscious sense of their indebtedness to him theologically, nor was it for the "force and speculative character of his thought, or for the eloquence and sensibility he brought into scholasticism." † If they built any churches to him at all, it was either for love of the man himself, or yet more indirectly for the sake of that great Monastic Order which owed to him its inspiration, its name, its rule of life.

Looking, then, at S. Augustine with the eyes of church-builders of the Middle Ages, we shall be justified in leaving on one side the great controversies which occupied so large a space in his history; only in so doing we must remind ourselves that we can never hope in the least to understand S. Augustine's personal history unless we realize that all those controversies, instead of being external incidents in his career, were the expression of his innermost convictions. F. D. Maurice has powerfully said in describing Augustine's search for truth: "All his knowledge was purchased by the fiercest personal struggles. Whether he resorted to the

* Sermon by the late Rev. E. J. Rose, Vicar of Weybridge.

† Mary Sibylla Holland.

Manichees or to Plato or to the Bible, it was that he might find an interpretation of himself. Of no one can it be so truly said that his lore was from within and not from without;" * and this personal element is no less strong in Augustine's defence of truth than in his search for it. And how all this is made real to us in that marvellous book of the "Confessions;" that matchless "story of his conversion, in which for the first time the history from day to day or from hour to hour of the human soul is given —surprising its vaguest desires, its most secret emotions." † Is there any other autobiography that brings us into such close relation with its writer? which enables us so to see with his eyes, to feel his feelings, to live his life? We must not yield to the temptation to linger over the well-known story as Augustine has set it forth step by step in the pages of the "Confessions." There we trace his whole history from early childhood to the moment of his baptism; and when the last note is sounded and the long storm of sin and doubt and inward conflict has given place to the serene peace of that solemn farewell at Ostia on the eve of Monnica's ‡ death, we lay down the book with the same sense of blank that we experience when a close daily intimacy is suddenly cut short. Something more indeed is given to us later in Augustine's own record of the conversations that passed between himself and his honoured mother and a band of intimate friends in that quiet seven months' interval of preparation for baptism, which a modern poet has called "S. Augustine's Holiday;" § but how meagre is all our knowledge of the remaining forty years of his life! There was, it is true, but little of outward events during those forty years of diligent pastoral labours—first as priest and then as bishop in his native Africa. His literary works are with us in abundance to speak for themselves, and foremost among them stands that noble Christian Apology to which, amid the confusions and terrors of a falling Empire, he devoted thirteen years of labour, and which by a splendid inspiration he entitled "The City of God," inasmuch as it was designed to set forth that "heavenly and divine commonwealth whose king is truth, whose law is purity, whose mode of existence is eternity." ‖

And yet we feel that a biographer who, like Possidius the bishop, lived in Augustine's house and ate at his table and formed one of the happy group of young men who lived a simple common life under the leadership of their beloved chief, and were by that most genial and inspiring of teachers trained for the future duties of the episcopate—we feel that such an one might have recorded for us much of the easy flowing talk that made of every meal a festival when it had Augustine for its president. Possidius is but a poor reporter, yet now and again he sets down some incident or saying, or it may be some little social custom, that faithfully reproduces the spirit of his great-hearted master. We catch glimpses of

* "Moral and Metaphysical Philosophy."

† Mary Sibylla Holland.

‡ This spelling of the name, which is now coming into frequent use, is a return to the form used by S. Augustine himself.—D. C. B.

§ Archbishop Alexander.

‖ From one of Augustine's Epistles, quoted by Canon Bright.

the plain but open-handed hospitality, the gay talk ranging over all sorts of topics, limited only by a reverence—then too often wanting—for the Holy Name, and by a kindly charity for the absent. We see the integrity that shrank from any appearance of bettering his own social condition by his ecclesiastical standing; the justice that would not let even the Church itself be enriched at the cost of private rights; the patience that sacrificed hours of his precious time to the hearing of civil causes in the hope of checking litigation; the sensitive response to the half understood monitions of the inward voice that caused him to break off the thread of his prepared sermon and speak on present-day difficulties in the hope of benefiting some one hearer;* the brotherly care which provided for his own sister the headship of a community of women, and took pains to draw up for her use a code of rules.

Something of all this we do get from the faithful Possidius, but it is sadly meagre. The saint reveals himself more clearly in his letters, even in his sermons and treatises. There it is that we learn to know "his subtle and vigorous mind, the astonishing imagination which he carried into theology, the depth and simplicity of his emotion, and the peculiar reflective sadness which the Christian religion was developing in humanity." † We see the straightforward honesty which denounces all the sophistry of "pious frauds;" the generosity which, in refuting the work of his greatest antagonist, Pelagius, respects the anonymity which is an open secret, in the hope that so he may make it easier for the writer to return into the paths of truth; we see the deferential sweetness that prevails over the sour irony of the aged Jerome.

It would, of course, be both idle and dishonest to deny that there is a harsher side to S. Augustine's nature; and yet we cannot but feel that his instincts were broader than his systems, and that his famous phrase, "Love, and do what you will," is more truly characteristic of him than that other phrase, "Compel them to come in," with which in later years he reconciled his reluctant conscience to the supposed duty of applying penal measures to heretics.

With the loftiness of spirit that belonged to him, Augustine could grasp what so many of his contemporaries failed to grasp, the grand principle, "There are differences of administrations, but the same Lord." While for his own part he adhered rigidly to the ascetic life, he could thus write concerning the blessings of married life, and write moreover to a widower who had deliberately renounced his first purpose of binding himself to celibacy, and had taken to himself an Arian bride. Augustine's correspondent was none other than the famous Count Boniface, at once the defender and the betrayer of Africa. "Now, however," writes the bishop, "since thou hast married a wife (who came to thee in all innocence and simplicity of heart, though thou after those words of thine shouldest not

* He had the happiness of learning afterwards that that impromptu sermon had been a message of peace to one at least among the congregation.

† Mary Sibylla Holland.

have asked her to come), I can no longer give thee the same advice, but I do exhort to faithfulness though not to celibacy. . . . However, from loving God, not the world, from acting loyally and working for peace in these very wars (if thou must still be engaged in them), from turning the good gifts of this life to good account, and refusing to do aught evil for their sake, from all these things a wife is no hindrance, or ought to be none." *

The pressure of those wars of which he wrote to his friend Boniface was to weigh heavily upon himself. The irresistible onward rush of the barbarians did not spare the prosperous province of Africa. Hippo was among the cities that held out the longest, and the weary siege was protracted for fourteen months. At the outset the question was much agitated how far under the circumstances it was lawful for the clergy to save themselves by flight. In this, as in other matters, Augustine's decision showed his fine sense of proportion. Flight, he declared, was perfectly lawful when no duty was thereby neglected; but care of the flock must ever be the pastor's first consideration. "O that then," cries he in generous warmth, "there may be a quarrel between God's ministers *who* are to remain and *who* to flee, lest the Church should be deserted, whether by all fleeing or all dying." † But for himself, the one privilege which the old man claimed was that of continuing to serve in the post of greatest danger; and thus he remained in the city; counselling, sustaining, comforting, those within the walls, and in particular the repentant Boniface.

Very solemn now was the talk at that pleasant table, where the master had always loved to pour out his thoughts. "We used continually," says his biographer, "to converse together about the misfortunes in which we were involved, and contemplated God's tremendous judgments which were before our eyes, saying, 'Thou art just, O Lord, and Thy judgment is right.'" Once Augustine let them see something of his own inmost wishes, saying to them: "Know ye that in this present calamity, I pray God to vouchsafe to rescue this besieged city, or else to give His servants strength to bear His will, or at least to take me to Himself out of this world." And, says Possidius, "we followed his advice, and both ourselves and our friends and the whole city offered up the same prayer with him;" and, adds he, "in the third month of the siege he was seized with a fever, and took to his bed and was reduced to the extreme of sickness." Augustine was an old man now of seventy-five years or more. He had made it his aim for a long while past to withdraw himself as far as might be from all unnecessary cares, spending the time thus saved in studying and writing and preaching; but now he desired that all the time which remained to him should be spent in that humble preparation for death, without which, as he had often said, it befitted no man, not even the most tried Christian, to depart from this life. With his own hand

* Quoted in Hodgkin.

† Quoted in Newman's "Lives of the Fathers."

he wrote out large the penitential psalms and had them placed against the wall where his eye might rest upon them; and so, says Possidius, "he used to read and weep abundantly." He begged that his sick-room might be kept from all needless distractions, and "this," says his old friend, "was strictly attended to, and all his time given to prayer, . . . and we stood by, beheld, and prayed with him." For ten days they kept their loving watch, and then on the night of that 28th of August (A.D. 430), which our Anglican Kalendar, ever since the time of Bede up to the present, has associated with the name of Augustine, the vast and free spirit of the great Bishop of Hippo passed away.

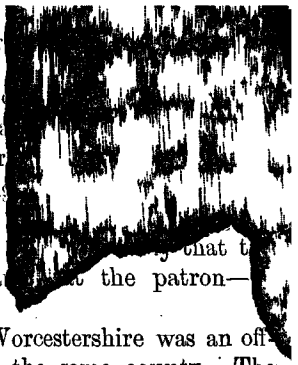
So we think of him "satisfied" at last; and our thoughts find expression in Browning's lines on Michael Angelo—

> "How will he quench thirst,
> Titanically infantine,
> Laid at the breast of the Divine"—

a bold image, which Augustine himself had long ago anticipated in his words recalling the insatiable questionings of his loved friend, Nebridius: "Now he does not apply his ear to my mouth, but his spiritual mouth to Thy Fountain; and drinks in wisdom as much as he can receive, according to his thirst; happy without end."

When we consider all that Augustine is in himself, and all that we owe to him, we shall be the more anxious to persuade ourselves that we have a right to include him among our patron saints; but it is undeniable that Augustine of Canterbury, both in his capacity of Benedictine monk and from his personal associations with this country, is likely to be the greater favourite of the two from the point of view of the mediæval church-builder. On the other hand, it may be reasonably urged that from the beginning of the twelfth century onwards the Augustinian monks were a great power in England, and at first sight it would seem only natural to attribute all such "Augustine" dedications as can be traced to this influence to the glory of their founder, the Bishop of Hippo. The inference is a natural one, but it is doubtful if it is warranted. The late Mr. Thomas Kerslake, whose authority on such matters stands very high, was of opinion that "all English St. Augustines, except modern High Church ones, are St. Augustine the Less of Canterbury. The Augustinian monasteries had not St. Augustine for dedication. There are about two a little confused, but I believe by mere coincidence. They were under the Rule of St. Augustine of Hippo, but do not seem to have had the dedication sentiment towards him." * This absence of the "dedication sentiment" is pointedly illustrated by the case of S. Augustine's church at Alston Moor in Cumberland. The parish was appropriated in the twelfth century to the Augustinian Canons of Hexham; † but a fair which is held there on the *last Thursday in May* is a strong indication that the real patron of the church was Augustine of Canterbury, whose feast is observed on the 26th of May. Mr. Kerslake, however, somewhat

* Private letter. † Nicolson and Burn.



understates the number of dedications liable to be
direct connexion with some Augustinian mon
Cathedral at Bristol, now known as "Holy Tr
Priory of Augustinians, and dedicated to S. Au
church of "S. Augustine the Less", adjoining
a distinction between the two saints; but it is
distinction referred only to size and dignity, a
he who he may—was the same in both cases.

"S. Augustine de Wick" at Dodderhill in Worcestershire was an off-shoot of the Augustinian Priory † at Wick, in the same county. The beautiful church at Hedon, in the Holderness district of North-east Yorkshire—locally called "the king of Holderness" ‡—is of like monastic origin; § so is Ashen ‖ in Essex, but at Ashen there is confusion upon confusion. In modern lists the church is rightly stated to be dedicated to S. Augustine, and the dependence of the parish upon the Augustinian Priory of Stoke Clare would seem to be some sort of justification for such a dedication, but, as a matter of fact, the original dedication is unknown. The late rector made diligent search ¶ in parochial registers and other ancient documents, but without discovering the patron saint; nor was there any village fair to guide him in his search. In 1859 the chancel was entirely rebuilt, and was dedicated to S. Augustine, but unfortunately to Augustine of Canterbury. It is obvious that in this particular case the monastic associations have had no bearing upon the dedication; yet enough examples have been brought forward—and probably their number might be multiplied—to show that the Augustinian monks at least took pleasure in indirectly perpetuating the *name* of their founder. How far they placed their churches under his direct invocation is another matter, and this second point can only be proved by a careful scrutiny of the different feast-days, which unhappily are not always easy to ascertain.

Meantime, in this unsatisfactory condition of uncertainty we shall rejoice in our one certain dedication to this saint, modern though it be; ** and we shall venture still to cherish the belief that some few of our Augustine churches were founded with the intention of doing honour to the great memory of that child of prayers and tears, the blessed Monnica's world-famous son.

S. Gregory the Great.

S. Gregory the Great, the last of the Latin Fathers, is better represented than any of the other three; but his story will be told elsewhere among the Bishops of Rome (CH. XX.).

* "Eng. Illus."

† Ibid.

‡ As S. Patrick's at Patrington in the same district is termed "the queen of Holderness."

§ Appropriated to the Augustinian Priory of Bridlington.—Lawton.

‖ Dependent on the Priory of Stoke Clare (see Morant), which belonged to the Order of the Augustinian Hermits.

¶ Private letter from the Rev. E. H. Deane, Rector of Ashen, 1897.

** S. Augustine, Stockport.

N VI.—THE ENGLISH FATHERS.

XVIII.

years go on, we shall see an increasing number of
ers of the Church. Fresh names, moreover, will
obably be ad hose already on our list, and all such additions
ght to be hailed w gratitude as tending to spread a knowledge of the
reat Teachers of Christendom.

CHAPTER XX.

BISHOPS OF ROME.

PAGE.	NAME.	DAY.	YEAR.	CHURCHES.	
275	S. Clement, D.C.	November 23 ...	cir. 100 ...	56	
288	S. Fabian, M.	January 20 ...	250 ...	—	*See dd.*
290	S. Cornelius, C.	September 14 ...	252 ...	2	
294	S. Silvester, or Sylvester, C.	December 31 ...	335 ...	1	
296	S. Gregory the Great, D. ...	March 12 ...	604 ...	29	*See also dd.*

THE Bishops of Rome commemorated amongst us are not numerous, but they are an interesting set, embracing as they do two such great names as S. Clement, the Apostolic Father, and S. Gregory the Great. They give us also S. Fabian the Martyr, S. Cornelius, the exiled friend of S. Cyprian, and S. Silvester, famous for his supposed participation in the Emperor Constantine's gifts to the Church.

S. Clement,* D.C. Nov. 23, cir. 100.

It was in the closing years of the Commonwealth (1658) that the parishioners of the City parish of S. Clement's, East-cheap, were celebrating the completion of the rebuilding of their church. Just at the same time their rector, the Rev. John Pearson—better known to us as Bishop Pearson—was also completing, after long years of labour, his famous work on the Apostles' Creed. In presenting this volume to his parishioners the author took occasion to dwell on the "very great felicity" of these two events—the re-opening of the church, and the publication of the book—thus coinciding; "for though," said he, "I can have little temptation to believe that my book should last so long as that fabric, yet I am exceedingly pleased that they should begin together." He then went on to speak as follows to his "right worshipful and well-beloved parishioners" concerning the patron saint of their church: "The blessed saint by whose name your parish is known, was a fellow-labourer with St. Paul, and a successor of St. Peter; he had the honour to be numbered in the Scripture with them whose names are written in the book of life; and when he had sealed the gospel with his blood, he was one of the first whose memory was perpetuated by the building of a church to bear his name. Thus was St. Clement's church

* The account of S. Clement is chiefly based upon Bishop Lightfoot's great work, and the quotations are from him unless otherwise stated.

famous in Rome, when Rome was famous for the faith spoken of throughout the whole world. He wrote an epistle to the Corinthians infested with a schism, in imitation of St. Paul, which obtained so great authority in the primitive times, that it was frequently read in their public congregations; and yet had for many hundred years been lost, till it was at last set forth out of the library of the late King. Now as by the providence of God, the memory of that primitive saint hath been restored in our age, so my design aimeth at nothing else but that the primitive faith may be restored."

This address must have fallen very freshly upon the ears of seventeenth-century auditors, to the majority of whom S. Clement was nothing more than a name; much of it would have been quite as fresh to the original parishioners of S. Clement's at the time of the first foundation of the church; they would, it is true, have been able, nothing doubting, to add many apocryphal details to the brief statement of the preacher that S. Clement "sealed the gospel with his blood;" but as to that famous "epistle which obtained so great authority in the primitive times"—that epistle which is one of our most valued links with the great Bishop of Rome—as to all this, the original parishioners of S. Clement's, Eastcheap, would have known nothing at all. For many hundred years—as says Pearson—that epistle had been lost, and in truth beneath the mass of untrustworthy and fictitious narrative that had sprung up under the shelter of S. Clement's famous name, the real Clement was almost as much lost as his own epistle. Pearson could boast that in his time "the memory of that primitive saint hath by God's providence been restored," but the restoration of the seventeenth century was only a partial one, and it has been left for a great scholar of our own generation * to complete that work of restoration, to sift the true from the false, and to combine out of the scattered materials that have come down to us as living a portrait as we can ever now hope to possess of Clement of Rome, the great bishop whose memory the Church has honoured for well-nigh eighteen hundred years.

Something undeniably we lose by modern criticism. We are no longer able—and perhaps this is the greatest loss of all—confidently to identify S. Clement of Rome with Clement of Philippi, S. Paul's fellow-worker, "whose name was in the book of life." From the third century onwards the identification has been unhesitatingly made, but there is no direct evidence in support of it; and we are reminded, not only that the name is by no means an uncommon one, but also that there are serious chronological difficulties to be faced if the two Clements are indeed the same.

Again, we can no longer say with confidence that S. Clement died a martyr's death; nor do we dare any longer to claim him as the immediate successor of the Apostles and as consecrated by them, even though we still hold fast to the certainty that he was their actual disciple, and that his name stands almost at the beginning of the long roll of Bishops of Rome.

* Bishop Lightfoot.

And modern criticism obliges us to renounce yet more than this: it forces us, very reluctantly, utterly to abandon the attractive theory propounded by not a few writers that our Clement was a member, and a distinguished member, of the Imperial family; holding a leading position in the direction of secular affairs, yet no less the chief pastor of the Church. The confusion has arisen from an attempt to identify Clement the bishop with a well-known namesake and contemporary of his, Clement Flavius the consul, a cousin of the Emperor Domitian, who was put to death by the emperor's command as a follower of Christianity, while his wife, whose attachment to the new faith is yet better authenticated than her husband's, was banished to the island of Pontia. There is a wonderful fascination in the suggestion that these two men, the one so prominent in the state, the other the head of the infant Church, are in truth one and the same; but Bishop Lightfoot utterly repudiates all such attempts to ascribe "imperial relations to Clement the bishop," declaring that, whether they be advanced by ancient or by modern writers, they can spring only from "the confusion of ignorance;" while as to the union in the same man of the double functions of bishop and consul, he says: "It would have strained the conscience and taxed the resource of any man in that age to reconcile the profession of a Christian with the duties of the consular magistracy; but to unite it with the highest office of the Christian ministry in the most prominent Church of Christendom, would have been to attempt a sheer impossibility."

And yet the name of *Clement* does guide us to the discovery of a real bond, though not a bond of relationship, between the consul and the bishop. It was customary in Rome at this time for the dependant of a great man when he obtained his freedom to adopt his patron's name—and the name of "Clement" was not uncommon at this period among the dependants of the Cæsars. After close investigation of a mass of small details, Bishop Lightfoot has come to the conclusion that in all probability "Clement the bishop was a man of Jewish descent, a freedman, or the son of a freedman, belonging to the household of Flavius Clemens, the emperor's cousin." Hence we may think of our Clement "as more or less closely attached to the palace of the Cæsars, not, however, as a scion of the imperial family, but as a humble dependant of the household;" but how well educated, how cultivated, how superior to their patrons some of these "humble dependants" of great houses might be is brought home to us forcibly enough by the ever memorable instance of Epictetus.

Thus we are led to the belief that our Clement was one of the members of "Cæsar's household," that vast colony of men and women among whom S. Paul found so many friends. Whether it was the direct preaching of "Paul the prisoner" that first brought him to Christ, or whether he was already among the number of those "beloved of God, called to be saints," to whom the Epistle to the Romans was specially addressed, we know not; but at least it was during the lifetime of S. Peter and S. Paul that Clement gave himself to the service of the Master Whom those Apostles preached.

Tradition has constantly affirmed that Clement the bishop was a personal disciple of the Apostles, and it has been remarked that the very unusual epithet of which he makes use in his epistle, "*the good apostles*," may be "most naturally explained on the supposition that he is speaking in affectionate remembrance of those whom he had known personally."

Then there swept over the Church the awful storm of Nero's persecution, the persecution which deprived the Roman Church of her Apostolic leaders, the persecution of which Clement, thirty years later, wrote to the Corinthians in burning words which show how the events of that time of terror were for ever stamped upon his memory. But he himself lived through that "baptism of blood." He is, as a modern writer has said,* "among that band of believers who prove that the Church could survive all human leaders, even though they were S. Peter and S. Paul—the first to realize the new life which springs from the seed of martyrdom." If we might accept a valueless second-century assertion that was at one time widely believed, we should say that Clement, who had already received consecration from S. Peter himself, immediately stepped into the vacant place; but the best authorities tend to show that two other bishops, Linus and Anacletus, filled the high office before it devolved upon him, and that well-nigh a quarter of a century had elapsed since the death of S. Peter before S. Clement was called upon to take up the great charge; and then "in the last decade of the century, the eyes of the whole Roman Church are turned upon him, amid the anxieties of perilous days, that he may come forward to champion the Christian cause in the Imperial City." †

Perilous days indeed they were: after a fairly long interval of calm, which was "a period of study and peaceful progress for the Church," persecution had broken out afresh. "Domitian proved another Nero. . . . He directed against the Christians a succession of sharp, sudden, partial assaults, striking down one here and one there, . . . and harassing the Church with an agony of suspense." None knew where the next blow would fall. "We," says the bishop in his famous letter to the Corinthians, "are in the same lists, and the same contest awaiteth us." Ready though he was to be offered, Clement was to serve Christ by life rather than by death; but while the bishop escaped, Clement the consul, the emperor's cousin, was among the victims. "He was only one, though the most conspicuous, of a large number who suffered for their faith." The bond between the two Clements, strong in itself by mere force of circumstances, must have been strengthened a hundred-fold by their possession of a common faith. How entirely the husband and wife had identified themselves with the faith preached by their own freedman is proved by the death of the one, the banishment of the other. It has received fresh confirmation by the recent discoveries among the Roman catacombs that have brought to light a Christian burial-ground in which rest the remains of many members of the Flavian family, while an inscription states that

* Canon Scott Holland, "Apostolic Fathers."

† Ibid.

the ground was part of the estate of Domitilla, the wife or widow of Clement the consul.

And as this Christian widow gave of her lands for a last sleeping-place for her fellow-believers, so it would seem she gave a portion of her dwelling-place to be their place of worship. Christian Rome has little of higher antiquity to show than the church which bears the name of S. Clement. Three successive edifices have risen up one upon another, but archæologists encourage us in the belief that in the third and lowest story, which has only of late years been laid open to view, we have the very building in which Clement the bishop ministered. Some have supposed that this first humble place of worship, over which the later churches of S. Clement sprang up, was the bishop's own house; but Bishop Lightfoot inclines to the opinion that it was more likely to have been the house of Clement the consul. "Whether," says he, "the two Clements stood to each other in the relation of patron and client, as I have supposed, or not, it is not unnatural that the Christian congregation in this quarter of the city should have met under Clement the bishop in the house of Clement the consul, either during the lifetime or after the death of the latter, seeing that his wife or widow Domitilla bore a distinguished part in the early Roman Church."

Of the nature of that service, with its perpetual memorial of the central fact of our religion, we can form a tolerably distinct idea from Justin Martyr's well-known description of the established routine of Christian worship, written some two generations after Clement's time. And through Clement's famous letter we get to know something of the very forms in which Christian devotion in those days was wont to express itself. In the noble intercessory prayer with which the bishop closes his epistle, and in other passages scattered throughout the document, we come upon phrases—such as the Angels' cry: "Holy, Holy, Holy, is the Lord of Sabaoth; all creation is full of His glory"—that fall upon our ears with a precious familiarity, as still forming a part of our most sacred service, and it has been observed that the "close intermixture of definite liturgical expressions, with the natural language flowing freely out of the author's own heart, seems to chime in well with the belief that the Liturgy represents more or less the form which the traditional language took when it fell from the lips of S. Clement."*

But Clement had yet wider responsibilities than the charge of his own special Church at Rome. "He is described," says Bishop Lightfoot, "by one who professes to have been his contemporary, Hermas, the author of the 'Shepherd,' as the foreign secretary of the Roman Church."† The stress of persecution was only beginning to subside when the Bishop of Rome turned his mind to the internal troubles of the Church at Corinth, addressing to the members of that Church a long and carefully thought out

* Scott Holland.

† Bishop Lightfoot's phrase "foreign secretary" is based upon the admonition addressed to Hermas to send a copy of his book to Clement, that he might send it to foreign cities, "for to him that office has been committed."

epistle, in which he enters into all their difficulties and dissensions as though he had no other concern but for their necessities. This epistle, written not in his own name, by the way, but in the name of the Church in Rome—yet none the less attributed by unbroken tradition to the bishop himself—is "the one clearly established incident in Clement's administration of the Roman Church."

The limits of space forbid us to dwell upon either the subject-matter of this famous letter, or its historical and theological bearings; but something must be said of it, for it is only through this letter that we can see S. Clement as he really was. Through it "we hold in our hands one real remnant of the actual work of that high-minded soul; we can see in this the features of the man himself; we can catch a glimpse of that great majesty which so captivated the imagination of the early Church."* Unconsciously the writer reveals much of himself: we see his passionate devotion to the Master by whose authority alone he rebukes and exhorts; we see his hero-worship for the Apostles, his appeals to their well-remembered examples. We see him so steeped in the knowledge of the Old Testament that his very thoughts naturally clothe themselves in the words of Scripture. We see, too, how he is shamed and saddened by the thought of the unworthy dissensions that are hindering God's work and bringing dishonour upon the Church; and with what noble fervour he appeals to the disputants, by the very "bond of the love of God," to lay aside all private grudges, and henceforth to live "as citizens of that kingdom of God which bringeth no regrets." As, like S. Paul, he sets himself to commend their former virtues before rebuking their present sin, so, like S. Paul, he closes with a belief that they will abundantly satisfy his expectations; persuaded that when they have realized afresh the divine beauty of obedience and order and peace, they will assuredly follow that more excellent way.

There is good reason to infer, from the incidental words of a writer who lived fifty years after this time, that Clement's letter succeeded in its purpose, and that up to his day at least "the Corinthian Church continued true to its higher self." Certain it is that she counted the letter a treasure of high value; eighty years after it was received it was still habitually read aloud in the congregation, and in the precious fifth-century manuscript in which, two hundred and seventy years ago, it was first made known to English scholars, it was found bound up together with the books of the New Testament. Curiously enough, however, it does not seem to have been translated into Latin; and thus when Greek ceased to be a living language, the epistle of Clement ceased to be read, and in course of time was altogether forgotten till its re-discovery in the seventeenth century.

Nothing more is known of S. Clement's personal history. The best authorities agree in assigning his death to about the year A.D. 100, but there is no evidence to suggest that he died any but a natural death. Up to this day, whenever Mass is celebrated in the Church of Rome, mention is made by name not only of the Apostles, but of Clement also, and of

* Scott Holland.

his two predecessors, Linus and Cletus.* "It is notorious," says Dr. Salmon, "that the early Christians did not think it necessary on the death of a bishop to discontinue his name in their public prayers. . . . We may then probably conclude that this commemoration dates from Clement's own time, and that Clement is one of the three members of the Roman Church who were first specially mentioned in its prayers." †

To some it will seem that what is really known of this great saint is meagre and inadequate; for our own part we feel that there is more than enough to satisfy the imagination in being thus brought into contact with one who "stands between the ordinary commonplace of later history and the marvellous glory of the Apostolic circle" ‡—one of whom it could be said that "he had the preaching of the apostles still ringing in his ears, and their tradition before his eyes." § To us it is sufficiently thrilling to be brought near to those first wonderful years of the Church's life, when the blessed Apostles could still be spoken of as "the champions who lived very near to our time," "the noble examples which belong to our own generation." But yet this has not been the universal feeling. The authentic history has seemed inadequate for the greatness of the name with which it dealt, and with the object of supplying what was lacking there has sprung up an endless mass of what may be called "Clementine literature," all of it more or less apocryphal. But however apocryphal it may be, it is not possible for us altogether to ignore it, for it is just these later legendary stories that have caused S. Clement's immense popularity in England and elsewhere. It must be owned that his popularity in the Middle Ages did not arise from his being either an Apostolic Father or a Bishop of Rome. S. Ignatius and S. Polycarp were Apostolic Fathers, but to neither of them is there a single ancient dedication in all England; S. Linus was Bishop of Rome before S. Clement, and like him is mentioned in the New Testament, but we know of no church dedicated in his honour.

Of all the many apocryphal histories of S. Clement, the one which obtained the widest currency in the Church purported to be an autobiographical account of a journey which he made in company with S. Peter, and which, in addition to recording many of S. Peter's supposed discourses, gives many details of S. Clement's family history, of his conversion to Christianity and his baptism by the Apostle. The earliest version of this story appeared within two or three generations of S. Clement's death. We may look upon it, however, much as a religious novel written with a strong theological bias, and recommending itself to the general reader by its free use of great historic names, and of names especially that were already familiar through the New Testament—S. James, S. Barnabas, Zacchæus, Simon Magus. Different versions of the tale soon began to appear. "As time went on," says the Provost of Trinity College, Dublin,‖ "far more interest was felt in the framework of the narrative than in the discourses

* Otherwise Anacletus.
† D. C. B.
‡ Scott Holland.
§ Irenæus.
‖ Dr. Salmon.

themselves."* Gradually the heretical colouring of the original was somewhat softened, the story was improved,† and the book became increasingly attractive to orthodox readers. The most popular version of all, and that in which the novel element distinctly predominated over the controversial, goes by the name of the *Recognitions*, from the circumstances of S. Clement's successive highly melodramatic meetings with the various members of his family—his father, his mother, and his twin brothers—from whom he has been separated from early childhood, and whom he has long mourned as dead.

The question naturally arises—"How much historical groundwork would be necessary to recommend a work obviously unhistorical to the Church of the second century?"‡ The answer seems to be that very little historic truth was either given or required. Here and there, where it suited his purpose, the author probably made use of real facts as well as of real names, but his general aim was, not to write a true history of S. Clement, but to advance a certain set of theological opinions, and thus we may be prepared for "a conscious tendency to exaggerate at will."§ This earliest invention succeeded so well that it was speedily followed by a letter purporting to be written from S. Clement to S. James the Less, describing his appointment by S. Peter to be his successor to the see of Rome. We know well how little apt the majority of readers are to discriminate between the historic and the fictitious elements in a popular novel, and we cannot wonder that these detailed statements concerning S. Clement's imperial relationships and his apostolic consecration soon came to be accepted as unquestionable facts.

But the Recognitions dealt primarily only with an important episode in S. Clement's life—his supposed journey with the chief of the Apostles—although it incidentally told much of his pretended family history. It was not until some three hundred years after his death that a further stage in the legendary stories was reached, in the so-called "Acts" of Clement, which bestowed upon him the honours of martyrdom. The scene of these Acts, which are "evidently fictitious from beginning to end," is laid, not in Rome, nor as in the Recognitions at Alexandria, nor in Antioch, but in the far-distant Crimea. The story sets forth how Clement by his preaching converts a certain lady of high degree, the wife of an officer of the Imperial court; and how the husband, after a period of bitter antagonism, follows his wife's example, and is himself baptized, together with no less than four hundred persons of high rank. The Emperor Trajan, alarmed at this sudden spread of the new doctrines, thereupon commands the principal offender Clement to be banished for life to the marble quarries in a desolate region of the Chersonesus, and many Christians voluntarily follow their teacher into his exile. At Clement's prayer a well of water springs forth to fertilize the barren land. His ministrations are so blessed that idol temples are destroyed, and in less than a year's time seventy-five churches

* D. C. B., "Clementine Literature."
† Ibid.
‡ Scott Holland.
§ Ibid.

are built. Trajan, on hearing the fame of these doings, sends the governor of the district to put a stop to them. Clement is cast into the deep sea, and in order that "not so much as a relique of him may be left for the Christians," an iron anchor is fastened about his neck. But his disciples make earnest prayer that his resting-place may be revealed to them, and once a year as the day of his martyrdom comes round, the waves go back two miles, exposing to view "a stone shrine, not reared by mortal hands;" and as the eager pilgrims press to offer their devotions at this sacred spot, it becomes the scene of miracles more wonderful than the saint is ever recorded to have wrought in life.

Such is the legend which, more than all the rest put together, has tended to glorify S. Clement. It was early translated into Latin, and before long found its way into the Gallican service-books, formally establishing the popular belief in Clement's martyrdom. While there is no ground for believing in his martyrdom, and far less for believing him ever to have been in the Crimea, there is no need to charge the compilers of the Acts with any fraudulent purpose. The Recognitions had rightly associated S. Clement with the well-known family of the Flavians, and at the distance of three centuries it was not unnatural that a confusion should grow up between the two Clements, and that the martyrdom of Clement the consul should be ascribed to the now more famous Clement the bishop. A similar confusion will account for his place of banishment. Clement the consul's wife was, as we know, banished for the sake of her faith to *Pontia*, a little island midway between Sardinia and the mainland. Some memory of this name may have been in the mind of the compiler of the Acts when he wrote that Clement "was banished to Pontus." Each locality had in its own time been a recognized place of banishment, but to readers of the fourth or fifth century "beyond Pontus" would convey nothing but images of the desolate penal settlement in the Chersonesus, where prisoners were then sent to labour, and where the sight of the marble quarries, existing then as now, would seem to furnish an additional proof of the truth of the story.

One more stage in the development of the widespread veneration for S. Clement must be briefly noticed before we turn to the consideration of the English churches dedicated in his honour. Nearly eight hundred years had passed since the saint's death when, about the time of our King Alfred, two ardent missionary brothers, Cyril and Methodius, came out of their native Slavonia to the scene of S. Clement's supposed martyrdom in the Crimea. Their minds were full of the sacred associations of the place, but they found no recollection of it whatever among the people, who indeed were in a complete state of heathenism. Undiscouraged by their ignorance, and in obedience to the promptings of a dream, Cyril made search in a raised mound upon a certain island. No costly shrine was discovered, but some scattered bones were brought to light, and last of all, an anchor was dug up. This satisfied the enthusiast that he had found that for which he sought. Nothing doubting, he carried the precious relics

with him on all his missionary wanderings through Bohemia and Moravia, and finally bore them to Rome, where they were received with great pomp and solemnly deposited in S. Clement's own church. The inhabitants of the Crimea, now newly awakened to their great privileges, were henceforth more tenacious of them. They even chose to forget that the relics had been taken from them, and in answer to an inquiry made in 1058 by King Henry I. of France as to whether the body was still in their keeping and still continued to perform its annual miracle on the saint's birthday, they returned the most satisfactory assurances.

To an Englishman the name and sight of Sebastopol must ever suggest memories very different from those of which we have been speaking, but yet if he will he may see at Sebastopol the rock-built church which bears the name of Clement,* and the marble quarries in which Clement is said to have laboured. Eastern Europe is very conservative, and this supposed discovery by the missionary Cyril made a lasting impression upon it. If it was slower than the West to adopt S. Clement, it clung to him the more firmly when once it had adopted him; witness the immense popularity to this day among all the Slav nations of "Clement" as a baptismal name. Cyril's influence made Clement peculiarly beloved in Bohemia, and at Prague we still find S. Clement's church† and a college of later date likewise called by his name. Indirectly, too, through the channel of a fifteenth-century namesake, the Bishop of Rome has given his name to a small distinctive race known as the "Clementines," a people now found only in a couple of villages on the Danube, but of deep interest to the ethnologist.‡

But for the moment little was needed to enhance S. Clement's fame in Western Europe. What the Recognitions had begun the Acts had finished; and before the time of Cyril's discovery, S. Clement was already known in England, as we see by the insertion of his name in Bede's Kalendar on November 23, the traditional day of his death. After the translation of his pretended relics to Rome in the ninth century, more and more churches were built in his honour in France, and this was certain, sooner or later, to lead to similar dedications in England.

In this country we have between fifty and sixty churches dedicated to S. Clement. One of the earliest of them, and by far the most widely known, is the church in the Strand that goes by the name of "S. Clement Danes." Putting aside the tradition that makes it claim to have been founded in A.D. 700, we can at least trace it back to the tenth century. It must have existed before 1002, for, according to one statement, after that terrible English S. Bartholomew, the massacre of the Danes on S. Brice's Day, "many of the proscribed nation fled to it for sanctuary." § A generation later we hear of S. Clement's churchyard serving as the common burial-place of the Danes.‖ As to the exact circumstances which earned for the church its now indissoluble affix there is a good deal of difference

* Murray's "Russia."
† Murray's "South Germany."
‡ Ibid.
§ "Penny Cyclopædia."
‖ Ibid.

of opinion, but none as to the fact that it must have gone by this name at a period prior to the Norman Conquest, when the Danish population was still an important factor in the national life. As late as the sixteenth century we still hear of "the fair fountain called Clement's Well," in the parish of S. Clement Danes, close to which the Inn of Chancery, known as "Clement's Inn," formerly stood.* The legendary Acts of their patron were familiarized to the worshippers in S. Clement Danes by the display on all sides of his proper symbol, the anchor, "which may still," says Mrs. Jameson, "be seen upon the weathercock surmounting the steeple, and on the buttons of the officials," etc.

The foundation of the City church of S. Clement's, Eastcheap, is of uncertain date. We have a mention of it in 1309, but we can hardly doubt that it existed much earlier. It is this S. Clement's within the City of London, and not S. Clement Danes, which is known to every English child through the old rhyme of "Oranges and Lemons," and we may observe, by the way, that the rhyme itself suggests a period when the church still kept to the softer Latinized form of the name, "Clemens," instead of the harder "Clement."

There are considerable difficulties in determining the dates of most of the ancient churches dedicated to S. Clement—difficulties arising usually from their very antiquity; but on the whole, judging from what historical notices we have, and from the architecture of many of the churches, we should be inclined to say that the twelfth century was the time when S. Clement was at the zenith of his fame in England. There are, no doubt, churches dedicated to him both of earlier and of later date, but that he was a special favourite in Norman times can hardly be questioned.

S. Clement's at Oxford was granted by Henry I. in 1122 to the monks of S. Frideswide in that city. It is noticeable, by the way, that each of the Universities has a dedication in honour of S. Clement of Rome. Possibly the Cambridge S. Clement may have something to do with the choice of the same dedication-name at Terrington in Norfolk, a parish which forms part of the University preferment, being held together with the Margaret Professorship. Ashampstead in Berkshire and Fiskerton in Lincolnshire are both Norman in architecture; so are the famous churches of Sandwich and Old Romney; but these places are both so ancient that one is inclined to place the foundation of their respective churches at an earlier date than is shown by the existing structures.

The double dedication to "SS. Mary and Clement" at Clavering in Essex can be explained very satisfactorily, but by a somewhat lengthy chain. Clavering was appropriated in the reign of Henry II. to the Cluniac Priory of S. Mary's at Prittlewell in the same county. Prittlewell naturally enough bestowed upon its new possession its own dedication-name of S. Mary, but it added thereto S. Clement. The reason for this can be traced. The parent house of Clugny on the Loire, with a fine disregard of facts, boasted among its chief glories the possession of the

* "London P. and P."

head of S. Clement of Rome *—though some folks declared that it was but the head of some less-distinguished Clement—and we can well understand that Clugny would encourage its foreign branches to do honour to this treasured relic by placing their churches under S. Clement's patronage.

It is not unlikely that the strange maritime adventures attributed to S. Clement, together with his seafaring emblem of the anchor, may have conduced to make him specially popular in seaport towns, and may account for his presence in three out of the five Cinque Ports, notably Old Romney, Sandwich, and Hastings. Hastings in particular is the centre of an interesting group of Clementine churches. This ancient port was given at the time of the Conquest by the Norman king to his follower, Count William of Eu. It was either Count William himself or his descendants who built Hastings Castle. This castle, like that of Dover, contained a regular collegiate establishment, with a dean and canons,† and it is noticeable that the Essex church of S. Clement's, West Thurrock, was part of the endowment of this college.‡ It is not unreasonable to suppose that the existing church of S. Clement's in Hastings may likewise have had some connexion with the so-called "Castle chapel." Certain at least it is that this Hastings S. Clement, founded in the thirteenth century, gave its name to the nineteenth-century church of S. Clement's at Halton-in-Hastings, a district church taken out of the mother-parish. Is it going too far to suggest yet a fourth link, in the Devonshire church of S. Clement's at Powderham, which at the time of the Conquest belonged to this same Count d'Eu, who, as we have seen, was also lord of Hastings? But if this is putting the foundation at too early a date, it is curious that there is yet another link between S. Clement's Powderham and S. Clement's West Thurrock, for in the course of the fourteenth century both these churches, together with the Essex church of S. Clement's at Leigh or Lee, were connected with the Bohun family,§ and the idea forcibly suggests itself that there must have been some one individual, known or unknown to us, to whom for some particular reason the name of S. Clement was specially dear.

S. Clement's Day was in old times a high holiday in England, appointed to be so observed by the Council of Worcester in 1240. It may be still a holiday in some of the country parishes whose dedication-feast is kept on that day, but it is surprising to hear of its being still kept in places that have no special association with the saint. Miss Yonge, writing to the *Guardian*, says: "Can any of your readers explain why St. Clement's Day, November 23rd, is observed as a festival by blacksmiths, and whether the same custom prevails in other counties besides Hampshire? They explode powder on their anvils and fire off guns, and certainly at one village (Twyford, near Winchester) there is what is called a Clem feast for the smiths, a dinner at which is read a curious

* Baillet, November 23.
† Murray's "Sussex."
‡ Morant.
§ Cf. Murray's "Devon" and Morant's "Essex."

story of Solomon's having given a banquet to all the labourers of the Temple, from which the blacksmiths were excluded till they proved their claim by pointing to their work. They were then admitted after washing off their smuts. Whence does this legend come? . . . I cannot discover any connection between St. Clement and smiths, unless his anchor be the link, and Brand never seems to have heard of the festival." Twyford church itself is dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, not to S. Clement; but it lies near enough to Winchester to have been naturally influenced by Winchester customs, and the "Clem feast" here alluded to may possibly have had its rise in some festival of S. Clement's church in that city, a church which no longer exists. Indeed it is one of the signs of the general antiquity of dedications in this name that we so frequently come upon traces of churches of S. Clement that have fallen into decay or have wholly ceased to exist.

The writer just quoted remarks, on what authority we know not, that "St. Clement is generally considered the patron of sailors." There seems little to recommend his claims in this respect, unless it be his mother's wonderful escape from shipwreck as related in the Clementine Recognitions. His own death by drowning can hardly be a reason for so regarding him, but the long line of Clement churches stretching along the Lincolnshire coast favours the theory that he was so looked upon. A careful study of local history might serve to show whether there is a common bond of origin between any of these eight churches. Some of the number are inland, but the greater proportion are near the seashore.

North of Lincolnshire S. Clement has not taken much hold. There is one single church in his honour in Yorkshire, but none in Northumberland, Durham, or Westmoreland. Norfolk, crowded though she is with memories of S. Nicholas and his golden balls and S. Margaret and her dragon, has yet made room for S. Clement and his anchor, and, like Kent, can show five churches in his honour; but no county rivals Lincolnshire in devotion to the saint.

So far we have spoken only of pre-Reformation dedications; there are a considerable number of modern ones. Of these not a few are, as we might expect, in London; but no part of England can show so many modern dedications to S. Clement as Lancashire. If the object in each case has been to secure a distinctive dedication-name it has failed, for we are confronted with at least eight or ten churches so named. There must, one would suppose, be some reason for this peculiar manifestation of Lancashire feeling towards S. Clement, but that reason is not apparent. It is just possible, however, that several of the apparently new churches may be the successors to old chapelries, and have merely carried on the ancient name. Such an old chapelry we know to have existed at Spotland, for example,* but even this merely carries the inquiry back to an earlier stage, and does not explain S. Clement's special popularity in the County Palatine.

* Though it is not quite clear that the original dedication was to S. Clement.

S. Clement of Rome has the distinction of being one of the non-scriptural saints whom the Middle Ages and the nineteenth century have most entirely agreed to honour, though our forefathers thought chiefly of his legendary history, and we think chiefly of his real history—of his intercourse with the Apostles, of the epistle that he wrote, and of the perilous days through which he steered the ship of the Roman Church.

S. Fabian, M. Jan. 20, 250.

Not long ago in the excavations that were being made at Rome along the Appian Way, there came to light a slab bearing in abbreviated form the three words, "Fabianus, episcopus, martyr." Hard by were discovered similar stones with the names of other Roman bishops of the same period—in those days of constant persecution the bishops of Rome succeeded one another with startling rapidity—showing plainly that the place must have been specially set apart as an episcopal cemetery.

We cannot rank Fabian among the many commanding figures in the long line of Roman bishops, but from the numerous scattered notices of him and the chance allusions to him in the lives of men more famous than himself, we gather that he was a man of unshakable constancy, remarkable for his gifts as an organizer, and that he held the respect of the most distinguished of his contemporaries. He does not come before us at all until the time of his election to the vacant see in the year 236. Previously to that time he was a simple layman living in the country; but being by chance in Rome at the time of the election, he entered the church where the brethren were met together to watch the proceedings. Eusebius tells how he was "pointed out as the chosen of heaven, by a dove settling on his head, whereupon all the people, moved with one divine inspiration, declared him worthy by acclamation, and at once placed him on the episcopal throne."* That a similar story is told of another of the Popes does not necessarily discredit it, for such incidents were undoubtedly regarded as heaven-sent intimations; nor was it an unheard-of practice to raise a layman at once to the highest ecclesiastical dignity, passing him as rapidly as possible through all the successive degrees (cf. S. German, CH. XXIV.).

During the fourteen years of his episcopate, Fabian showed himself a wise and strong ruler of his diocese. He lived in days when the possibility of martyrdom was before the eyes of every Christian, and when not every man proved strong enough to stand the fearful test. One of the most practical questions of the time was how rightly to deal with these weaker brethren—"the lapsed" as they were called (see Cyprian, p. 217); and when "Fabian of most noble memory" was himself called to die a martyr's death, his clergy felt keenly the loss of his "authority and judgment" in treating this most difficult matter.† No

* For the history of S. Fabian, see throughout an article by the Rev. J. Barmby in D. C. B., in which all notices of this saint are most carefully brought together.

† See the correspondence between S. Cyprian and the Roman clergy.

detail was too small for his attention. To him was owing the perfecting of the already existing system for collecting all possible records touching those who had suffered as martyrs; to whom also was owing the careful ordering of the various Christian cemeteries in his diocese, and the provision of buildings within their limits to serve as oratories. He bestowed special pains on one particular cemetery on the Appian Way, known as the Callixtine Cemetery. Thither he caused the body of one of his predecessors, who had been martyred in Sardinia, to be transported, and there we are told he himself was afterwards buried. It is in this very burying-ground, in the portion now called "the Papal Crypt," that the before-mentioned slab was discovered.

Nor were his energies confined to home matters: we hear of his writing to censure an African bishop who was accused of grave heresy; and he is credited with having taken an active part in the founding of the Gallican Church. This is possible enough, but the statement that it was he who sent forth Dionysius or Denys, the very shadowy patron saint of France, together with six other missionary bishops, rests on less good authority and must be mistrusted, notwithstanding the full and precise catalogue of the seven men and their respective dioceses. Fabian was a friend of both Origen and Cyprian; and Origen, when his orthodoxy was impugned, felt it incumbent upon him to write to Fabian, among other friends, to clear himself.

The immediate cause of his martyrdom is not known, but when the Emperor Decius succeeded to the throne and fresh persecution broke out, the Bishop of Rome was one of the first to suffer (January 20, 250). His clergy wrote at once to S. Cyprian informing him of the death of their chief, and received from him in reply a letter in which he speaks of "the glorious departure of the good man his colleague," and rejoices that "his honourable end had corresponded to the uprightness of his administration." *

The little Norfolk church of Woodbastwick is the only one in this country that has preserved the memory of S. Fabian; and here, curiously enough, he is linked with a Roman soldier of a generation later, the celebrated S. Sebastian (CH. XIV.). There is no obvious reason why the bishop and the soldier should thus be associated, and at first sight their fellowship is a matter of perplexity; but the real explanation is most likely a very simple one, namely, that they are so united merely owing to the accident of their being severally commemorated on the same day, January 20. If, as was so often the case, the church at Woodbastwick took its name from the saint on whose festival it was dedicated, the founders may have felt it well to take advantage of the two patrons whose names stood side by side in the Kalendar. It would be interesting to know if the church still observes its patronal festival.

This association of the two names was preserved in our earliest English martyrology; but our reformed Prayer-book Kalendar, with its usual unaccountableness, has dropped out the popular S. Sebastian while retaining the little-known Fabian (cf. Sebastian, p. 162).

* D. C. B.

S. Cornelius, C. Sept. 14,* 252.

This saint is frequently and rightly described by the old writers as "a martyr," but the word as applied to him must not be pressed beyond its original sense of "a witness," for though the whole of Cornelius's brief and troubled public career was one sustained confession of the faith that was in him, the sacrifice of his life was not demanded of him.

Cornelius, such as he is made known to us in his own letters and those of his friend S. Cyprian of Carthage, does not seem to have possessed the breadth of view or the genius for ruling of his immediate predecessor Fabian; but like him he was a man of spotless character, and his very willingness to step at the bidding of the Church into the vacant place of the martyred Fabian is an evidence of his courage. He seems to have been by nature peaceful and retiring, doing his work quietly, forming, no doubt, one of that little band of "forty-six priests" whom he mentions in one of his letters when detailing the statistics of the Church in Rome. When Fabian was put to death, Cornelius was unanimously elected by both the clerical and lay Orders in the Church to succeed him. What led to the appointment we cannot tell, but from the fact that his grave has been found, not in the Papal Crypt, but in the burying-place of the powerful Roman family of the "Cornelia," it is inferred that he was of high birth, and this circumstance may not have been without its influence. He must have known well that it was no easy task which he was undertaking. He cannot have been ignorant of the tyrant Decian's threat that he would "sooner see a new pretender to the empire than a new Bishop of Rome;" but already the see had lain vacant for eighteen months, to the great confusion of the Church, and Cornelius did not hesitate to throw himself into the breach.

It happened that just at this time the emperor was absent from Rome prosecuting some military enterprise from which he was destined never to return, or Cornelius might quickly have suffered the fate of Fabian. But the external trial of persecution would doubtless have been to a spirit like his far less grievous than the endless internal dissensions with which he at once found himself confronted. The question of the treatment of the "lapsed" was now assuming more serious proportions than in the days of Fabian, and opinion was vehemently divided thereupon. The cases were innumerable, and varied infinitely in kind and degree, from the momentary weakness extorted by cruel tortures and bitterly repented, to the shameless recantations voluntarily made to the heathen magistrates in the hope of saving property as well as person. It was clear that all cases could not be treated in the same manner, and Cornelius sought to deal with them one by one, inclining always to the side of mercy. But this did not suffice; some definite line of policy was urgently required for the guidance of the hundreds of bishops† perplexed by the same problem. Among those who

* For further discussion of the exact day, see p. 293.

† Gibbon, on the authority of Bingham, reckons the number of bishops in the time of Constantine (that is, some fifty years later than the period now under consideration) at one thousand.

had either not been tempted or who had remained staunch, there was a tendency to resent Cornelius's merciful dealings and to insist on harsher terms. Were those, they indignantly asked, who had denied their faith to be re-admitted to the communion of the Church on equal terms with those who had sacrificed all for conscience' sake? The malcontents at last found a leader in a certain discredited priest, Novatian by name. His antecedents ill fitted him for the part he now chose to play. If report spoke truly of him, he had himself apostatized in the hour of danger, and thereby saved his life; but now he put himself at the head of the party that was crying out for greater strictness of discipline, and began insidiously to spread all manner of slanders against Cornelius, and to encourage the growing feeling that he was too weak a man for his post. It was represented that Cornelius had freely partaken of the Communion with those who had sacrificed to idols; and that, in short, his tolerance amounted to a sinful indifference. Cornelius was not careful to answer these accusations, even though they were widely believed and tended to do him much harm; and our chief knowledge of them comes through the warm defence of him in a letter of Cyprian's to one of the African bishops, whose faith in the Bishop of Rome had been shaken by the slanderous reports concerning him.

Meanwhile, in the out-of-the-way country districts, among the more isolated and less educated clergy, the mischief wrought by these false reports was yet greater and more lasting. The artful Novatian contrived to allure into Rome from a remote corner of Italy three country bishops of the lowest stamp, assuring them that their presence in the city was essential to the prevention of schism. He and a number of his partisans made a feast for the new-comers, and under pretext of hospitality made them drunk. While they were in this state, Novatian prevailed on them to lay hands on him and consecrate him Bishop of Rome. One of the wretched consecrators soon realized how utterly he had been misled, and came with tears to Cornelius seeking his forgiveness. He was pardoned and re-admitted to communion with the Church, but was deposed from his see.

The difficulties of Cornelius's position were now much increased, for though Novatian—the first anti-Pope in the history of the Holy See—was resolutely disowned by the leading Churchmen, he had a very considerable following among the zealots in the Church. His able way of stating his own case drew to his side many of the noblest spirits, men who had been long languishing in prison for the sake of their faith, and who, understanding little of the rights of the case, were carried away by his ardent letters. The adhesion of these men was of great moment to the schismatical party, but had they been on the spot they could hardly have failed to discover how much of their new leader's fierce enthusiasm for a stricter rule was coloured by personal hatred to Cornelius. In the very act of administering the Sacrament, Novatian would take the worshipper by both hands and say to him, "Swear to me by the Body and Blood of Christ never to leave me to return to Cornelius."

Cyprian in the mean time convened a council at Carthage, at which were discussed two important matters—first, the adoption of one uniform policy towards the erring brethren, according to which there should be a recognized scale of penalties for all the varying degrees of apostasy; and next, the whole history of the schism at Rome. Cornelius's reputation was abundantly cleared, and a full report of the proceedings was sent to him as to the lawful head of the Roman Church. That indefatigable letter-writer, S. Cyprian, added a private letter to Cornelius, enclosing letters, to be given or withheld at his discretion, to the most noted of those late sufferers for the truth who had been led away by Novatian.

Fortified by the decisions of the African Church, Cornelius summoned a similar council to meet at Rome, where the canons of the Council of Carthage were received and ratified. It was marked by a very striking circumstance. A large number of the most highly venerated of the schismatics, influenced no doubt by Cyprian's letters, came to Cornelius and frankly acknowledged their error, and entreated to be forgiven. After careful deliberation, Cornelius decided that, for the good of the Church at large, their abjuration must take place publicly. The news was received with the greatest excitement; nothing had been so grave a blow to the unity of the Church as the defection of these men; nothing could do so much to restore it as their voluntary admission that they had been misled.

Multitudes came together to the appointed place of meeting, welcoming their former heroes with as much enthusiasm as though they had been newly delivered from prison; and the formal words of retractation—"We know that Cornelius is Bishop of the Holy Catholic Church by the choice of Almighty God, and that we, though in heart belonging to the true Church, have been led away to hold communication with a heretic and schismatic"—were mingled with the sound of joyous weeping. Cyprian was prompt as ever to write his congratulations, and indeed they were called for. This incident did more than anything else could have done to strengthen Cornelius's position, and from this time forward the intruding bishop, Novatian, vanishes into obscurity.

But Cornelius was never, during his fourteen months' episcopate, to be for long without perplexities, and his next trouble seemed in danger of resulting in a breach between himself and his best friend, S. Cyprian. The very same trouble that had so recently befallen the Bishop of Rome now befell the Bishop of Carthage. A schismatical priest caused himself to be consecrated bishop, and took advantage of a temporary exile of Cyprian to proclaim himself Bishop of Carthage. He had the effrontery to send a representative to Cornelius, claiming recognition from him. At the first application Cornelius rejected the whole story with indignant scorn, and thrust the envoy out of the church; but when no letters from Cyprian arrived, and the unscrupulous envoy contrived to make his tale more and more plausible, Cornelius—half persuaded, half terrified—began to waver, and wrote in a somewhat aggrieved strain to Cyprian to complain

of his having left him so long ignorant as to what had passed. In truth, Cyprian had written, but his first letter had miscarried; he now wrote again at great length and with some not unnatural heat. He said plainly that if the audacity of bad men were to overawe lawfully constituted authority, there would be an end of all settled government; he entered fully into the history of the schism at Carthage, and ended by requesting Cornelius, as a matter of justice to him, to read this letter publicly to his clergy and people, in order to clear him of blame in their eyes. "Your own affection has often moved you to do this thing for me, but this once I ask you to do it at my express entreaty."

Cornelius might fail in judgment, but where he saw his duty no man could stand more firmly than he, and a testing time was now at hand. Persecution had again broken out under the new Emperor Gallus. The two friends—Cyprian at Carthage, Cornelius at Rome—were called upon to give an account of their faith. There was no wavering now, no possible room for doubt; and the fearless steadfastness of Cornelius's demeanour so strengthened those who witnessed it, that all the Christians who were with him imitated his staunchness, and some even of those who had previously apostatized now came forward to make their confession afresh. The question was put, Would he sacrifice to the gods? and the answer was unfaltering. A few years back such a refusal would have been followed by instant sentence of death; but this was not one of the bloodiest of the persecutions, and Cornelius was only banished from Rome to Civita Vecchia. Thither he was followed by multitudes of the faithful, and there shortly afterwards (A.D. 252), in the language of an ancient record, "With glory he took sleep." *

It has been said, but on insufficient evidence, that Cornelius was beheaded. It is true that Cyprian speaks of him as a "martyr," but, as it has been pointed out, it is matter for doubt "whether the word 'martyr' was always used in its modern sense; or whether the confession which Cornelius was undergoing at Centumcellæ" (the modern Civita Vecchia) "with the whole church was not regarded as itself a species of martyrdom." † From the circumstance that his festival was afterwards observed together with that of his friend S. Cyprian on September 14, the day of S. Cyprian's martyrdom, it has been supposed that the friends actually died on the same day, though at six years' interval; and Jerome has directly stated as much. Closer investigation has shown, however, that the true date of Cornelius's death was most probably in the end of June.‡

It is interesting to note that the correspondence between Cornelius and Cyprian is fitly closed by one last letter of Cyprian's, written on hearing of his friend's exile, in which he congratulates him and the whole Church of Rome on his "glorious confession," and looks forward in prayerful confidence to the new dangers that were threatening them both.

It is a fresh illustration of the influence of the Roman branch of the

* Benson's "Cyprian."
† D. C. B.
‡ Benson's "Cyprian."

Church upon our English dedications, that whereas we have not a single ancient parish church in honour of so distinguished a man as the African S. Cyprian, we have two dedications, in counties as distant the one from the other as Lincolnshire and Cornwall, in honour of his comparatively obscure contemporary, S. Cornelius, Bishop of Rome. The first of these is at Linwood, the other at Cornelly. In neither case is the particular reason for the choice apparent. Probably to many of those who worship in the churches that bear his name, "Cornelius" suggests, not the Roman bishop, but the devout Roman soldier of the Acts of the Apostles.

S. Silvester, or Sylvester, C. Dec. 31, 335.

Historical criticism has dealt hardly with S. Silvester, the saint who has the distinction of occupying the last day of the year. It has robbed him of all that at one time made him famous, and we can only hope that it will not at some time or other rob him of the solitary church that is dedicated in his honour in the West of England. And the curious part of the matter is that he is not one of those saints whose very existence is in doubt; on the contrary, he is a perfectly well authenticated figure, holding the Roman see for nearly twenty-two years at the most memorable period of the Church's history; and yet next to nothing is recorded of his real acts, and the most part of what is recorded of him is not to be believed!

Indisputably, Silvester was not one of the "makers of history." He fulfilled the functions that were required of him in the matter of attending synods convened by the Emperor Constantine, but we hear nothing of any independent action on his part. During the period in which we have any knowledge of him, he was not tried by any shock of persecution, for his long episcopate was covered by the reign of Constantine, so favourable to the Christians. It is clear that he was not of a very energetic disposition, and he was probably already an old man at the time of his election, for we find him twelve years later pleading his great age as an excuse for his failing to appear in person at the world-famous Council of Nicæa. A good deal of activity is attributed to him by later writers, who credit him with having convened at least three councils on his own account—one of them with the object of refuting the Arians, and another in order to demonstrate to the Empress Helena the superiority of the Christian over the Jewish religion—but these councils are now unhesitatingly pronounced spurious.

The source of Silvester's fame, then, is plainly not to be sought in any genuine acts of his; but legend has very plentifully filled up the blank that history has left, and represents the inconspicuous Silvester as a principal instrument in the temporal aggrandizement of the Roman see, and claims for him the distinction of having baptized the mighty Constantine. The obvious inconsistencies in this story were detected even in the uncritical twelfth century, but by this time the glorification of Silvester as a supreme benefactor to Rome was firmly established, and his name registered in many a Kalendar of Saints.

How and when the legends took their rise is not known. They are drawn principally from the so-called "Acts of Silvester," a document

known to us only by compilations based on it, but which claims to have been among those which were "examined and approved" by Pope Gelasius in the closing years of the fifth century, when he was making his review of the records of the Saints and Martyrs of the Church. These acts first present Silvester to us as hiding in the mountains to escape persecution. At that time, say they, the Emperor Constantine was suffering from leprosy as a punishment for his sin in having allowed the persecution. He has been told that he can be cured only by a bath of infants' blood, but the wailing of the infants when taken from their mothers moves his compassion. He is then warned in a dream to summon the banished bishop, who exhorts him to be baptized, and even as he emerges from the font the leprosy departs from him. Then in gratitude for this great mercy, Constantine proceeds to heap up benefits upon the Christians. Each day sees some fresh addition to their privileges; on the fourth day, the Bishop of Rome is decreed to be the chief over all the bishops of Christendom; on the fifth, rights of sanctuary are granted to all Christian churches; on the seventh, the tithes of all the Roman lands are given to the Church; and on the eighth, Constantine lays with his own hands the first stone of the magnificent church of S. John the Baptist, afterwards called the Lateran.*

Here we have in brief the famous story of "the Donations of Constantine," on which for centuries to come so much stress was to be laid as exalting the supremacy of the Papal See. It is perhaps a sufficient confutation of the central feature of the story to observe that Constantine, notwithstanding his profession of Christianity, delayed his baptism till he was at the point of death, some two years after the death of Silvester; but there is, generally speaking, some foundation, however slender, for a widely believed myth, and a close study of the contemporary histories, both Christian and pagan, has suggested to modern writers a very possible explanation.† Both pagan and Christian historians are at one in saying that Constantine, after having caused his own son to be executed, and having committed divers other horrible cruelties in his own family, went through a period of bitter remorse; and one of the heathen historians says that having in vain sought purification at the hands of the heathen priests, he was recommended to turn to the Christians, whose doctrine embraced forgiveness of all manner of sin; and that he thereupon gave up the religion of his forefathers. It is further stated by the same authority that the Christian bishop to whom he applied was "a Spaniard with an Egyptian name." Such a description could by no possibility be made to apply to Silvester, but might well suit the celebrated Spanish bishop of Cordova, Hosius. Under all the circumstances, it is in the highest degree probable that Constantine was for the time "drawn more than before towards the Christian doctrine of Atonement and washing away of sin,"‡ and this may have given rise to the story of his baptism; or it may be that "the legend

* Mrs. Jameson.

† D. C. B., "Constantine" and "Silvester."

‡ Ibid., "Constantine."

in its earliest form did not really imply actual baptism by Silvester, but only some sort of lustration for the cure of his alleged leprosy." *

And as regards the supposed Donation, it is unquestionable that its extent has been extravagantly magnified; but, in the words of the writer just quoted,† "there seems to have been a foundation of fact for it so far as this: that Constantine, at Rome especially, . . . was liberal in founding churches and in granting immunities and endowments to the clergy; and it is not improbable that the subsequent possession of the Lateran palace by the popes was due to him."

There are other legends of S. Silvester, very much of the fairy-tale order—all tending to exalt his supernatural powers—which may be read in Mrs. Jameson's "Sacred and Legendary Art." They all helped to make popular this undistinguished Bishop of Rome, and to represent him as something as utterly unlike the quiet inactive Silvester of real history as is possible to be conceived. So popular did he become that it is matter for surprise that our one and only English dedication in his honour should be that of S. Sylvester's in the little Devonshire village of Chivelstone.

S. Gregory the Great, D. March 12, 604.

Some thirty dedications in this name are a strangely inadequate recognition of all that we English Churchmen owe to the man to whom Bede so felicitously applies S. Paul's words: "We may and ought to call him our apostle, because he made our nation, till then given up to idols, the Church of Christ; so that though he is not an apostle to others, yet he is so to us, for we are the seal of his apostleship in our Lord." True it is that S. Gregory has many another claim to greatness; it is very possible to write volumes concerning the great part he took in guiding the history of his time, without making any mention of the English Mission; and yet it is a true instinct that leads us to look upon this as the greatest, the most lasting, of his achievements; and herein we English Churchmen of the nineteenth century are in harmony with S. Gregory's own Roman contemporaries, for when they inscribed his epitaph upon his tomb in S. Peter's church, the one deed of his which alone they were careful to specify amid their more general praises was his care for the salvation of the English.‡

It is impossible rightly to understand Gregory without some comprehension of the times of stress and danger in which he lived; yet it is equally impossible in the narrow limits of space at our command to attempt any history of that eventful period of the Lombard invasion; and the utmost we can hope to do is to give some idea of the great ruler who still to this day influences our Church at so many points—its government, its music, nay, the very words of its most sacred petitions. What manner of man was this who, first as Prefect and afterwards as Bishop of Rome, withstood emperors, resisted the barbarians, organized the national defences, made war and peace at his own judgment, determined for centuries to come the principles of government of the foreign Churches,

* D. C. B., "Constantine."

† Rev. J. Barmby, in D. C. B.

‡ See the epitaph quoted in Bede.

and by his indefatigable labours did more than any of his predecessors to help forward Rome's later claims to a universal supremacy?

In the hundreds of S. Gregory's letters that have been preserved, we have not merely an astonishing proof of his industry, but what is practically an unpremeditated autobiography. We can watch him at work, now arguing out the subtlest questions of metaphysics, now laying down first principles of ethics, now providing with kindliest forethought for the needs of some sick friend, and oftenest of all entering into the minutiæ of some business arrangement, whether touching the disposition in the field of the Imperial forces or the management of the vast Papal estates. For during his tenure of office as prefect of the city, the future bishop had been trained to close business habits, and all this practical experience was turned to account for the good of the Church as well as for Rome.

Surely, we think to ourselves, a man of such boundless activity must have been endued with strength of body corresponding to his strength of mind. And yet it was not so. From early youth he laboured under the disadvantage of perpetual ill-health, and "it is the more wonderful," to quote Bede once more, "that he could write so many and such large volumes, seeing that he was continually suffering from slow fever, and was oftentimes tormented by pains and weakness in his stomach"—sufferings in part the result of the excessive austerities, ill suited to his delicate frame, in which the young enthusiastic monk had indulged at the outset of his monastic career. He became subject to severe fainting fits, and was compelled, much to his sorrow, to obtain a dispensation from observing the ordinary fasts of the Church. In addition to this standing delicacy, he was sorely troubled by repeated and prolonged attacks of gout in its most acute form. He was not a man given to complaining, yet now and then some such cry as this is wrung from his lips when writing to an intimate friend: "Such are the pains inflicted upon me by gout and other infirmities, that life is to me the heaviest of punishments. Every day I faint with the pain, and wait with sighing for the remedy of death." Or again, at a time when for two years he had been for the greater part of each day confined to bed by the "tortures" he endured, he describes to his correspondent how he would rise for a few hours to celebrate Mass, and goes on: "Then I am forced to lie down, in such severe pain that only an occasional groan enables me to bear my agony. This pain in my case is sometimes gentle, sometimes intense, but never so gentle as to depart, nor so intense as to kill me. Hence I am daily dying, and daily driven back from death."

Lifelong sufferings such as these must needs tell upon a man's character for good or ill. It takes a hero to escape being altogether crushed by such disabilities and sinking into a useless and self-engrossed invalid. No one can deny the heroic element in Gregory, but neither can those who admire him most deny that his sufferings had in some measure sharpened his temper. His letters abound in cutting phrases;—his rebukes to a neglectful or stupid subordinate must have been truly

uncomfortable for the offenders, and his brilliant sarcasm harder to bear than more straightforward denunciations; but surely there are abundant excuses to be made, and through all the ingenuity of censure we read the impatience of an energetic man, chafed almost beyond endurance by the limitations of his own bodily condition; cruelly conscious how much he could have done had he but been endued with the health and vigour which were freely bestowed upon others who made little use of them.

But if Gregory's sufferings did often betray him into hasty and sharp speeches, they never closed his heart to the sufferings of others. It was true he could make no allowance for slackness or stupidity, but he was never for a moment selfishly indifferent to the distresses of others, be they bodily pains like his own, or lack of outward comforts, or the more subtle trial of fallen fortunes. His sympathy was inexhaustible for all such trials; the concerns of the sufferers became for the time his own; he would not rest till he had done his utmost to give relief, and there was sure always to be a delicate appropriateness in his manner of giving help that must have doubled the value of the gift; as, for example, when he gives order that the daughter of a bankrupt shall have her father's drinking-cup restored to her; or when he desires that bedding shall be provided for the destitute nuns in the city; or when he commands that a warm waistcoat be sent "with all speed" to a needy bishop, "because the cold is intense;" or again, when he writes from his own sick-bed to offer the comforts of his house to a sick friend, promising him that if he will only come his people shall undertake the entire nursing, and that he will himself be answerable for securing him the necessary quiet which he will find it impossible to get amid all the claims of home duties.

But we are anticipating, and must return to the days when Gregory was no ecclesiastic at all, but the leading layman in Rome, holding the office of prefect of the city, a position surrounded with all the pomp and dignity that we are accustomed to associate with a judge on assize; but charged also with the real weight of responsibility and authority which, to a nature like Gregory's, was its greatest attraction. "Great therefore," says a modern historian, "must have been the marvelling of the populace in the Forum when one day the news was spread abroad that the Prefect of the City was about to lay aside his silken robe decked with jewels, to don the coarse sackcloth of the monk, and to minister as a pauper to his pauper brethren. This, however, was the truth." *

The motives for so startling a change have been diversely construed. Some would see in it a deep-laid scheme for arriving at the Popedom, and are of opinion that even in the days of his prefecture Gregory had perceived that "the office of Pope was the only one which brought with it real power, or which was worthy of a Roman's acceptance," and that he "could not but know and feel that he had capacities for it such as no other man then living possessed." † Others again believe that he may

* Hodgkin. † Ibid.

have acted from more straightforward and nobler motives. They recall his strong hero-worship for S. Benedict, the single-minded founder of Western monasticism (CH. XXVII.). They recall how he associated himself with the personal disciples of that great man, how he set himself to gather up every particular touching their master's thoughts and aims and deeds; and remembering his unfeigned admiration, not only for the man but for his system, they no longer find it incredible that he should have thought it his highest duty—nay, a sacred privilege—to follow in S. Benedict's footsteps. Of the utter unlikeness of spirit between himself and his hero—of the wide diversity of their conspicuous gifts—Gregory in his hour of enthusiastic self-devotion was perhaps not the best judge. But such a sacrifice was not contrary to the traditions of the noble Roman family whence he sprang. Gregory's own honoured parents—"the noblest of the senate," to quote Gibbon's description of them—were also "the most pious of the Church of Rome." Three of his aunts had already entered the Benedictine Order; his blue-eyed, cheerful-faced mother, though unveiled, was a nun at heart, and is reckoned among the saints; his father's high administrative capabilities had in his later years been placed at the service of the Church. At the time of which we write the father was dead, but we may well believe that he would have rejoiced to see his son "selling all that he had," and turning the old home upon the Cælian Hill into a monastery dedicated to S. Andrew—that monastery which was destined to play so great a part in our English history. And so the Prefect of Rome entered his old home, not as master, but as a humble monk, obedient to all the rigid monotony of the Benedictine discipline. Strange indeed must have been the change, and it is infinitely pathetic to think of the one visible link between the present and the past which in later days gladdened Gregory's eyes—the carefully painted portraits of his beloved parents, which he caused to be executed upon the walls of the monastery, and which hung for centuries in company with the portrait of their keen-eyed, alert-looking son—all three pictures the work of one artist.

Very remarkable now as in later days was the breadth of the young monk's outlook. It is to this period of his life that the ever-memorable incident of the English slave-boys in the Forum belongs. How well we know it all! The group of fair-haired foreigners whose forlorn plight moved the compassion of the monk; the long string of felicitous puns which seem to have impressed the scene with curious vividness upon the memories of Gregory's companions, while we can hardly doubt that they served the speaker himself (then as on many another occasion) as a screen for deeper feeling than he chose to betray. For it was no passing emotion that had been roused in Gregory's mind. The sight of those hapless Yorkshire lads in the Roman market-place spoke to him as plainly as the vision of the Man of Macedonia spoke long before to the Apostle Paul. We know well how, like the Apostle, he forthwith acted upon the conviction that "God had called us to preach the Gospel unto them," and

with characteristic promptitude obtained leave to be himself the leader of a mission to England. And we know, too, how that undertaking was frustrated just as it seemed to be prosperously begun, by the recall to Rome of the ardent-tempered leader, the moving spirit of the whole. We remember the playful words in which Gregory veiled his disappointment at the failure of his cherished scheme, and his prompt obedience to the unwelcome voice of papal authority. All the details of the story are familiar enough to us; but do we always remember—and unless we do remember it we shall not rightly apprehend Gregory's noble fixity of purpose—that some twenty years elapsed between this first abortive mission to England and the subsequent mission of Augustine? In those long years Gregory's own circumstances underwent a great change, and there were at all times many and important matters pressing upon his attention; yet the unspoken appeal of the slave-children, their mute cry, "Come over and help us," never ceased to sound in his ears. Gregory was strong enough to wait, too faithful to forget; and in the end it was vouchsafed him to redeem the pledge given so long ago.

Meantime there was work of a different kind awaiting the archdeacon —for such seems to have been his position at this time. He was sent on a diplomatic mission to Constantinople as "apocrisarius," or, to use the modern equivalent for this unfamiliar term, as Papal Nuncio. It was in all ways an important episode in his career, for it introduced him into a new and not perhaps very congenial world. It made him acquainted with the leading statesmen of the Eastern capital, more especially with the Patriarch of Constantinople, the noted "John the Faster," destined later to be Gregory's most hated rival; and lastly, it brought him into close relations—intimate, however, rather than cordial—with the worthy Emperor Maurice and with the whole Imperial family.

His mission ended, Gregory returned to S. Andrew's, not now as a mere monk but as its abbot. He threw himself into all the duties of his new office with all his usual zeal, and it is no small evidence of the true greatness of the man that, after all the variety of brilliant social intercourse which he had enjoyed at Constantinople, where the Papal Nuncio was plainly a personage of much account, he should give himself up to the minutest details of monastic discipline as contentedly as though his ambition knew no further range.

Four years later the abbot's organizing genius found a sufficient outlet in planning the colossal procession which on three successive days was to perambulate Rome, chanting penitential litanies, and imploring the Divine mercy to stay the terrific plague which was ravaging the city. His old experience as prefect stood him in good stead at this juncture, and the elaborate arrangements were triumphantly carried out with a splendour of effect that made a deep impression upon the popular mind, all the deeper because it was firmly believed that the Archangel Michael had been seen in bodily form standing upon the mausoleum of Hadrian—the Castle of S. Angelo, as we now call it—in the act of sheathing his destroying sword.

The part taken by the Abbot of S. Andrew's in this impressive religious demonstration had brought him once more conspicuously before the eyes of the public. About this time the then Pope died, and Gregory was chosen to be his successor (A.D. 590). The choice can hardly have come as a surprise even to himself; but he earnestly pleaded to be excused, and when refusal was no longer possible, submitted with a heavy heart. From the moment of his assumption of his new dignity he foresaw plainly that his leisure for contemplation was hopelessly abridged. "Under the colourable pretext of bishopric I am in truth brought back to secular life; for in this office I am in bondage to so many worldly cares, that in no part of my career as a layman can I remember to have been in equal slavery." Thus he wrote to the emperor's sister, sorrowfully deploring the loss of all those opportunities for spiritual meditation which had been his ideal when he exchanged the prefecture for the monastery. Sometimes his lamentations are couched in highly humorous form, as when he complains to another correspondent: "It is all very well to make the name the likeness of the thing and to turn neat sentences and pretty speeches in your letters, and to call a monkey a lion, but it is just the same thing as we do when we call mangey puppies pards or tigers." * But whether grave or gay his lamentations were unceasing.

We, who can look back upon Gregory's life as a whole, can say unhesitatingly that his genius was better fitted for the active than for the contemplative life; we see plainly, moreover, that he took a keen delight in those very secular employments under which he none the less groans as hindering him from his proper task. Are we therefore to think that his lamentations were insincere? By no means. He knew himself with sufficient honesty to know that his bent for outward things was in truth a snare to his higher nature, and he strove to counteract the danger by still maintaining, as far as in him lay, the regular observances of the cloister, making it his aim—to quote his own words—"to be held fast to the calm shore of prayer, as it were with the cable of an anchor, whilst he was tossed up and down by the continual waves of worldly affairs." So wrote the busy statesman-bishop thirteen hundred years ago, and in the familiar cadences of the Collect that first appears in the Sacramentary of Gregory may we not recognize the outward expression of his own inmost aspirations: "Prevent us, O Lord, in all our doings with Thy most gracious favour, and further us with Thy continual help, that in all our works begun, continued and ended in Thee, we may glorify Thy Holy Name"? Was it by such a cable as this that Gregory held himself "fast to the calm shore of prayer," and consecrated his manifold secular occupations?

How many and varied those occupations were we have already seen; and Gregory was not a man to do anything by halves. Affairs of state did not hinder him from abstruse researches into the composition of the musical scale, nor yet from the far more irksome task of instructing, rod in hand,

* Quoted in Church's "Essays."

his little choristers in the practical art of chanting—an ordeal which was probably as trying to the teacher as to the taught. As we read the Pope's letters to his different agents all the world over, we feel that he might rightly have adopted as his own Strafford's famous motto "Thorough." From his more direct spiritual labours—the composition of his important scriptural commentaries and the delivery of his carefully prepared sermons—Gregory turns with unabated energy to his duties as landlord. No detail concerning the good management of his vast estates is beneath his attention; whether it relates to the breeding of horses, the letting of farms, or the regulation of weights and measures; and throughout it is striking to observe his painstaking endeavours to deal justly with every single tenant; his honest determination not to acquiesce in conventional abuses, but to do that which he holds to be just in itself; his earnest desire that the Church's good name should not suffer through the harshness or criminal indolence of his clerical agents.

But if Gregory was humane he was none the less businesslike. He desired that the slaves on his property should be ransomed, but at as low a cost as possible. And if he was exacting in his demands upon his subordinates—"Your Experience," "Your Negligence," as he ironically designates some of these defaulters—it is to be remembered that he was no less severe towards himself; that he held himself verily guilty of the death of a poor man who had died in the city from starvation, and did penance for the same.

It is bewildering to think of the multitudes who depended for their daily bread upon the Pope's forethought. His almsgiving was on a munificent scale; and all this catering for many hundreds—a serious matter even in times of peace—became a cause of daily anxiety in the stress and scarcity produced by war-time and the ever-growing fear of invasion. City after city had already fallen into the hands of the Lombards—the "unspeakable Lombards," as Gregory designated them—and Rome was in constant expectation of sharing the same fate. In excusing himself from replying at length to a correspondent, Gregory thus writes: "Under the weight of so great tribulations, surrounded as I am by the swords of barbarians, I am so oppressed that I cannot say much, nay, can hardly breathe." Was it, we wonder, under some such circumstances as these that Gregory framed the prayer which we associate with his name: "Grant that in all our troubles we may put our whole trust and confidence in Thy mercy"?

Imperial succours were slow in coming, and upon the Bishop of Rome devolved the duties of statesman and general. His military capacities were fully equal to the demand made upon them, and had it been an equal warfare against heathen invaders, Gregory would have been wholly in his element. As he truly said of himself on one occasion, "I suffer long, but when once I have made up my mind to suffer no longer I go joyfully to meet danger half way." Gregory did in truth effect much, but in dealing with the Lombard invaders, the Pope—whom even the reluctant Gibbon

terms "the father of the country," "the saviour of Rome"—had not a free hand. That his forces were inadequate would not have daunted his splendid courage; he was far more hampered by the remembrance that these Lombard invaders were Arians, not heathens; wedded, many of them, to Catholic and believing wives; and the conviction forced itself upon him that there might be a more excellent way of conquering them than by the power of the sword.

In the strife with the barbarians there were occasional truces. Gregory was engaged in yet another strife which knew no truce. His hatred of the Patriarch of Constantinople only increased in intensity as the years went on. "John the Faster" was a self-made man of irreproachable character, given to obtruding his virtues upon the world in an aggressive fashion that was distasteful to more than Gregory; and now he added to his offences by arrogating to himself the title of "Universal Patriarch." To some even of Gregory's contemporaries — as, for example, the Patriarch of Antioch—"the matter seemed of little moment," but Gregory's wrath knew no bounds at the assumption. He flattered himself that his letters on the subject were "sweet and humble," and in truth, speaking generally, he was an adept at conveying the most stinging reproaches in polite form; as when he inquired of the Faster, "Did he carry his abstinence so far as to feel bound to abstain even from telling the truth?" But sometimes he would lay aside even this pretence of courtesy, and launch into most unmeasured invective, as when he denounces the title as "foolish, proud, pestiferous, profane, wicked; a diabolical usurpation." It is curious to remember that we owe to Gregory's determination to rebuke by his own proud humility the swelling pretensions of his rival, the fine title of "Servus Servorum," which has ever since been the official title of the Popes of Rome.

Even in writing to his Imperial master Gregory could not always restrain his biting sarcasm; yet at times, when great issues were at stake, he could rise to far loftier strains than he commonly employed. Thus when the emperor promulgated the edict forbidding civil servants and soldiers to enter the monastic profession, the Bishop of Rome, while with characteristic loyalty he accepted the hateful order, at the same time relieved his own conscience by addressing to the emperor a most memorable protest. He solemnly bids him beware how he forbids earnest-minded men "to renounce the world at the very time when the world's own end is drawing near;" how he deprives his soldiers of the "privilege of conversion," and he reminds him, too, that it is when "God's army grows strongest in prayer that the Imperial forces do most prevail against their enemies." Then in burning words, too splendid to be paraphrased, he arraigns the emperor before a higher tribunal than any upon earth: "Lo! thus to thee, through me the lowest of His and thy servants, Christ makes answer, saying: 'From a notary I made thee Captain of the Guard, from Captain of the Guard Cæsar, from Cæsar Emperor, and not only that but father of Emperors yet to be. I have committed my priests to thy

keeping, and wouldest thou withdraw thy servants from my service ?' Most pious lord ! I pray thee answer thy servant what reply wilt thou make to thy Lord, when He comes and says these things to thee at the Judgment ?" Thus did Gregory "by the pages of this memorandum," to use his own phrase, pay "the debt which he owed to each ; to the Emperor obedience, to God the assertion of His rights."

But though Gregory never failed in outward loyalty to the emperor, it is easy to see from the whole tone of his correspondence that there was a certain soreness in his mind regarding the emperor's attitude towards him—a feeling that he was not receiving the support he might rightfully have looked for, either in his struggle with the Lombards, or in his more personal quarrel with the detested Patriarch. This may explain—nothing can ever palliate—the want of feeling Gregory displayed at the time of the Emperor Maurice's assassination. Communication was tardy in those days, and we may well comfort ourselves with the belief that when Gregory penned his letters of fulsome congratulation to the new emperor, the murderous traitor Phocas, he was in ignorance of the heart-rending details of the wholesale butchery of the Imperial family, and with his habitual hopefulness he had already set himself to expect all possible good from the new order of things. Yet explain it as we may, Gregory's attitude towards the two emperors remains the one great blot upon his history which we are bound sorrowfully to acknowledge. In all his intercourse with Constantinople we see Gregory on his least attractive side, and it is refreshing to turn to a worthier aspect of him, and to mark his tender care for his newly planted churches.

From among Gregory's eight hundred letters it is very interesting to choose out those that bear upon his mission to the English—"a people shut up in a little corner of the world," as he describes them to a correspondent in Alexandria. By means of these letters to various correspondents we can trace out at each new stage of the work evidences of the bishop's wise forethought. When he has once chosen his messengers we see how carefully he prepares their way by enlisting as far as in him lies the sympathy and co-operation of all who may be able to render them assistance. With what eagerness does he look for tidings of their welfare ; how disappointed he is when such tidings are delayed beyond his expectation ; how ready with his timely words of rebuke or encouragement ; how indefatigable in supplying each new want as it arises, taking just as much trouble on behalf of the reinforcements as he had taken for the first party of missionaries, when the scheme enjoyed all the hopeful attractiveness of novelty ! His genius for detail is as strong as ever, and in one of his earliest letters to a Gallican priest, we find him laying down careful instructions as to the way in which certain Gallic money, "which is not current in our country," may be profitably laid out in the redemption of English slave-boys of the age of seventeen or eighteen, "with a view to their being placed in monasteries and brought up to the service of God." Further directions follow as to the necessity of baptizing them in case of mortal

illness. Could he write these words without recalling vividly those other English slave-boys of long ago? Assuredly not; and thus it was that Gregory after twenty years once more set his hand to the unfinished work which he had then been forced to lay aside.

The Bishop of Rome had a valuable gift for drawing out all that was best in people. He began by taking for granted that all his correspondents had the will to help him and lacked only the opportunity; and he was rewarded for his confidence by winning help from even the most unpromising quarters. One of his fellow-workers was the Frankish queen-mother, the redoubtable Brunichildis, who has certainly not an enviable reputation in history, though in truth it is but due both to her and to Gregory to remember that opinions are divided about her; that certain good deeds—such as the manumission of slaves and the building of churches—are undoubtedly to be reckoned to her credit, and also—what is still more to our purpose—that all the worst crimes that are rightly or wrongly imputed to her were committed after Gregory's death. We will not deny that the Bishop of Rome had a remarkable power of shutting his eyes to disagreeable facts, but history tends to show that the best side of the Austrasian queen was apt to be displayed towards Rome, and it is only charitable to suppose that Gregory knew sufficient good of her in the past to justify the praises which he lavishes upon her while he entreats her to add to her former good deeds by providing his messenger Augustine with a safe conduct,—no superfluous protection at a time and in a country where no man's head seemed to be safe on his shoulders. Who could resist the infection of Gregory's ardent zeal when he wrote: "It is a case in which souls are at stake;" or who could fail to be gratified and stirred up to fresh activity when his small services were accepted with the grateful reminder that "he who assists in a good work makes it his own"? In writing to the various Gallican bishops, Gregory, as is natural, adopts a more authoritative tone, yet never omits the gracious certainty that they will be willing to do even more than he says.

There was, however, one anxious moment when the mission seemed in danger of failing through the faithlessness of the missionaries themselves. We shall have occasion elsewhere (CH. XXI.) to speak of Gregory's letter to the brethren when they wrote requesting to be released from their task. It is enough to observe here with what delicate tact he mingles rebuke with encouragement, and how unconsciously he reveals himself in those closing aspirations: "Though I am denied a part in your labours God grant that I may be an associate in your reward."

It was not long before the Pope's heart was gladdened by hearing of success beyond his fondest hopes. Two deeply interesting letters refer to this time—the one addressed to Augustine, the other to Gregory's intimate friend, the Patriarch of Alexandria. We shall have more to say elsewhere of the light the first of these letters throws upon Augustine's character (CH. XXI.). Here it is sufficient to note that it is far more spiritual in tone than the majority of Gregory's letters, and that it is

touching as a manifestation of the writer's great, almost fearful, joy in the outpouring of the Divine blessing upon his cherished work. But he never shows himself more lovable than in his letter to his old friend at Alexandria, whom he knows to be "capable of sympathizing deeply with the joy of others." He tells him in brief the story of the English mission—how, "by the help of your prayers it has pleased God to put in my mind to send among them as a preacher Augustine, one of the brethren in my monastery." "News," says he, "has just reached me of his well-being and wonderful deeds;" and he goes on to tell how Augustine and his companions seemed "quite like apostles in the signs they have wrought," and how "more than ten thousand of the English are reported to have been baptized upon the same day." Then with his own peculiar graciousness he concludes: "I have mentioned these facts that you may know what your prayers have wrought at the farthest extremity of the world, while you are talking to me about the people of Alexandria. While your holy doings are made manifest in the place where you are, the fruit of your prayers is apparent in places where you are not."

The Kentish king and queen were now added to the number of Gregory's numerous royal correspondents. To each of them he addressed one of those epistles written in the mingled style of praise and exhortation of which he was so great a master. To each of them he sent "small presents"—very probably, as to some other distant adherent, "filings from S. Peter's chain," or some similar treasure—gifts "which will not appear small when received by you with the blessing of the holy Apostle Peter."

In course of time matters were so far advanced that Gregory thought fit to confer upon his English lieutenant the pall which marked the dignity of metropolitan. It is in the letter accompanying this gift that he bestows upon Augustine the fateful commission to exercise authority over "all the priests in Britain." This is neither the time nor the place to enter upon the many consequences that flowed from this commission, but on Gregory's behalf we must remember that he had no special reason to think well of the Celtic Church. In more than one of his letters we find him complaining that the "priests of the neighbouring country are neglectful"—"wanting in pastoral solicitude," and as a matter of fact we know that he had already written to remonstrate with them on this very matter. Moreover, it is easy to understand that Gregory, Roman to the backbone as he was, could act more effectually through his well-drilled Roman subalterns than through the indirect agency of the free lances of the Celtic Church.

Now that the first stage of rapid conversion was passed, there lay before Augustine the more difficult task of building up and organizing the infant Church. Many complicated questions of Church government and Church discipline presented themselves, and for the solution of every perplexity the archbishop had recourse to the advice of his wise leader at Rome. In response to his numerous questions, the indefatigable Pope

wrote the long letter which Bede very properly speaks of as a separate book—"the Book of Answers." He enters with minutest care into the several questions propounded to him, satisfying his correspondent's anxious mind upon each vexed point of ceremonial observance, while yet he seeks to train him to the grasp of broad general principles; as when he lays down the famous axiom that "Things are not to be loved for the sake of places, but places for the sake of good things." His own breadth of view is shown, not only in this letter but in one addressed to Abbot Mellitus, afterwards first Bishop of London, in which he retracts his former opinion that all idol temples are to be destroyed, and desires that they shall rather be purified for the worship of the true God, so that the new converts worshipping in familiar places may be gently led forward in the paths of holiness, inasmuch as "he who endeavours to ascend to the highest place, rises by degrees or steps, and not by leaps."

A lighter task than determining these difficult questions was the providing the Church at Canterbury with a bountiful supply of church furniture, vestments, relics, and, above all, books. The time was ripe now for such a gift. At an earlier stage of the mission the Pope had relied more upon pictures than upon books; for we can hardly doubt that the banner and the painted representation of our Lord, which the missionaries bore before them in procession, were provided by the forethought of him who held that "pictures are to the unlearned what books are to the learned." Nor are we to suppose that Gregory's care for England was limited to the single kingdom of Kent. His far-sighted wisdom was occupied in shaping the much larger scheme which was to embrace the whole island, and was destined to come into operation at such time as "the City of York with the places adjoining" should have "received the word of God."

So, up to the last Gregory was thinking and planning for the good of this distant Church. He did not live long enough to see the establishment of the Northern archbishopric, nor yet—happily for him—the storm that was to sweep over the Church at Canterbury. He was still in the full vigour of his mental powers when the enfeebled frame at last gave way, and death released him from his long sufferings.

The actual day of his death was March 11, 604, but he is commemorated on March 12, the day of his burial, a day which from the eighth century was solemnly appointed to be observed in the English Church. In the Abbey-church at Canterbury one special altar kept alive the memory of his name, and there, week by week, he and his faithful lieutenant, Augustine, were jointly remembered. There is a striking appropriateness, literal as well as figurative, in the words chosen for S. Gregory's office: "This is the prudent and faithful servant whom the Lord places over His family to give them their measure of wheat in due season."*

* Roman Missal.

We began this account of Gregory by observing how inadequately he is commemorated in this country. His famous predecessor, S. Clement, has twice the number of ancient churches, owing doubtless to the attractions of the religious romance of which he was the hero. Attractions such as these were wholly wanting in the case of the purely historic Gregory. His churches are, it is true, few in number, but for the most part they are of early date, and it would seem as though he had been more appreciated by the Saxons, who owed him so much, than by the church-builders of a later day. The Norman conquerors introduced their S. Leonards and S. Margarets of legendary fame, and the historic Gregory seems gradually to have been crowded out. His thirty ancient dedications are distributed throughout the country with tolerable impartiality from Northumberland to Devonshire, from Norfolk to Shropshire—Somersetshire, for some unknown reason, taking the lead with five such dedications, and Devonshire following closely with four.

We know that in the first half of the tenth century Winchester possessed a church of S. Gregory, for it was in this very church that S. Dunstan nearly met his death from a falling brick (CH. XXI.), but it has long since disappeared. Almost equally early is the foundation of the still existing church of S. Gregory at Sudbury in Suffolk, which can be traced back as a monastery to some time prior to 970.* But earlier than either of these is the North Yorkshire church of Kirkdale, which was not founded but only rebuilt in the time of Edward the Confessor. In the churchyard is a curiously wrought stone dial supported by two inscribed stones, which tell in strange archaic English the past history of the ancient church: "Orm, son of Gamal," runs the inscription, "bought St. Gregory's Minster. Then it was all broken and fallen to. And he made build it new from the ground for Christ and St. Gregory in the days of Edward King, in the days of Tostig earl." † "Tostig," the brother of Harold; "Orm" and "Gamal," the powerful Northern thanes—all these three names are well known to English history, and well known also to readers of Tennyson's "Harold."

The Northumbrian church of S. Gregory at Kirk Newton is situated close to the Glen, a river in which one of Gregory's own missionaries, S. Paulinus, is recorded to have baptized many hundreds of converts.‡ Is it unreasonable to please ourselves with the fancy that it was through this channel that the name of Gregory the Great became familiar in far-distant Northumberland?

But the English city where above all we should look to find some memorial of S. Gregory is Canterbury; and we are not wholly disappointed, though here again the commemoration is singularly inadequate. A sculptured effigy of the great Pope above the south porch of the cathedral is scarcely to be distinguished from any other of the Canterbury benefactors;

* "Eng. Illus."

† Bishop of Bristol's "Conversion of the Heptarchy."

‡ *Arch. Journal*, vol. 42.

and while Augustine has his abbey, and the cathedral bears the Name that is above every name, S. Gregory is honoured only by one of the numerous parish churches that abound in the city. We may be the more glad, however, of this memorial such as it is, since the monastery which Lanfranc dedicated in his name in Northgate (A.D. 1084) has long since disappeared.

When we come to the City of London we shall be obliged, if we follow the skilled guidance of Mr. Loftie, to admit regretfully that S. Gregory's by S. Paul's is most probably "post-Conquest,"—one, says he, of the ring of small churches round S. Paul's, built by the Dean and Chapter in the half-century succeeding the Conquest, for the use of the burghers, and doubtless named by them.* The interesting, if purely accidental, juxtaposition of the two City churches of S. Gregory and S. Augustine which occurs close to S. Paul's is found in other cities, notably in Canterbury and in Norwich.

In three instances at least, in small country parishes, there seems some hesitation whether the patron saint is S. Gregory or S. George. In all such cases we may unhesitatingly believe in S. Gregory's claim, inasmuch as his is by far the least familiar name of the two, and very liable, therefore, to be superseded in the Middle Ages by that universal favourite, S. George.

Our only modern recognition of S. Gregory appears to be at Crakehall in the North Riding of Yorkshire, most properly so named from its connexion with the mother-parish of S. Gregory at Bedale.

It has been the tendency of our English dedications, more especially in the last half-century, to glorify the faithful but unoriginal agent, Augustine, at the expense of his great master, S. Gregory. By this choice of ours we have suffered very real loss, for if we may be allowed to adapt an often-quoted phrase, we should end as we began by declaring, "It is *Gregory*, not Augustine, who is the Apostle of the English."†

* "Historic Towns," *London.*

† Lightfoot, "Leaders of the Northern Church:" "It is Aidan, not Augustine, who is the true Apostle of the English."

CHAPTER XXI.

ARCHBISHOPS OF CANTERBURY.

PAGE.	NAME.	DAY.	YEAR.	CHURCHES.	
310	S. Augustine, or Austin	May 26	605	57	
322	*S. Laurentius* cf. S. Laurence.	February 2	619	Doubtful	
323	*S. Justus* cf. S. Justus the Boy-martyr, CH. LI.	November 10	627	Doubtful	
323	S. Dunstan	May 19	988	18	*See also dd.*
338	S. Alphege, M.	April 19	1012	6	
345	S. Anselm	April 21	1109	3	
349	S. Thomas of Canterbury, M.	December 29 trans. July 7	1170	70	*See also dd.*
362	*S. Edmund of Pontigny* cf. S. Edmund, K.M., CH. XXXIX.	November 16	1242	Doubtful	

S. Augustine, or Austin. May 26, 605.

IN the very year of Augustine's memorable landing in Thanet, in the very month that witnessed King Ethelbert's baptism, there passed away in the distant island of Iona one of the greatest lights of the Celtic Church, S. Columba the Abbot. Many circumstances have conduced to turn the attention of English Churchmen to the debt of gratitude which they owe to the Celtic branch of the Church. We have heard on high authority* the famous dictum that "Aidan, not Augustine, is the true Apostle of England." We are led back to Aidan's island home at Iona, and bidden to contrast the genius, the breadth, of Iona's first abbot, the loving-hearted Columba, with the supposed narrowness and timidity of the Roman Augustine. Such comparisons are continually made, and it would be idle to dispute that the personality of Columba is a hundred times more attractive than the personality of Augustine; and yet, for all that, the mission of Augustine has a living and present interest for us which is wanting in the story of the missionary labours of his great contemporary. Iona may be to us still a place of pious pilgrimage, but Canterbury is to this day the symbol and centre of the Church in these islands. The abbots of Iona wielded a mighty power for good in their time, but their succession has failed long since, while the ninety-three Archbishops of Canterbury have followed one another in an unbroken line from the sixth century to the close of the nineteenth. The

* Bishop Lightfoot.

story which begins with the coming of Augustine is still an unfinished story, and the names and incidents therein recorded link together the new and the old with a closeness that teaches many a striking lesson as to the continuity of our English Church history. We may look back with thankfulness to the great work done by men such as Columba, Kentigern, David, Aidan, but we cannot for a moment persuade ourselves that Iona, or Llan-Elwy, or St. David's, or even our own Lindisfarne, has the same precious associations for us as Canterbury. In a most true sense we may say that Canterbury is the cradle of our English Christianity.

But not a few writers have complained that while the story is in itself so interesting and dramatic, it is marred by the weakness of the central figure: Augustine is felt to be unworthy of his setting. Now, it is just this very matter of Augustine's personal character with which we are most nearly concerned. It is not necessary for us to tell again here the oft-told story of his mission with its successes and failures, or to enter into the far-reaching controversies that surround his every act. Here as elsewhere our aim is to determine how far S. Augustine of Canterbury—it is sheer pedantry to deny him his accustomed title of "Saint," * even though he may never have been formally canonized—is worthy of the high place which he holds among the patron saints of our country. To some of us it seems that Augustine has been very hardly dealt with. Let us at once admit that when we come to take account of the mighty men, we must rank him among those who "attained not unto the first three;" yet there is surely very insufficient justification for saying with the late Dean Stanley: "I must confess that what little is told of him" (Augustine) "leaves an unfavourable impression behind." † In the beginning of the same sentence, however, the dean observes that he has said little of Augustine "because so little is known of him."

And this brings us to a very noticeable point in our estimate of the first Archbishop of Canterbury, for it suggests the thought that while we know the private lives of many of the Saints—know them as they were known to their most intimate friends—we know Augustine purely in his official capacity. We have the official letters and documents carefully stored up in the Roman archives; we have more or less imperfect records of his sermons and speeches, with full accounts of the external aspects of the various ceremonies and meetings in which he took part; but never once do we catch sight of the man out of his official relations. If we knew Augustine from his boyhood upwards as we know Dunstan, or Wilfrid, or Cuthbert, our impression might be wonderfully softened.

And there is another point which is worth bearing in mind. It has

* Mr. Surtees, for example, writing in the Journal of the British Archæological Association for 1884, protests strongly against the confusion that is engendered by bestowing upon both Augustines the "title of canonization which alone of the two Augustines should belong to the Father;" and he quotes the high authority of Wheatley, the Prayer-book commentator, who draws a careful distinction between "Austin the Monk" and "*Saint* Augustin," the fifth-century Father.

† "Canterbury."

been truly said that he suffers by being forced into comparison with his great chief Gregory,* but in some respects Augustine had a harder task than Gregory. It is comparatively easy for a master mind, imbued with high enthusiasm for a scheme of its own devising—a scheme of which every detail has been worked out with ablest forethought—to make light of all the difficulties of the way; but such buoyancy of spirit is less easy for a deputy who has none of this inward enthusiasm to buoy him up, no grand ideal of the final end to which his painful efforts are tending, and who acts only in obedience to the instructions given by another. Throughout his career we recognize in Augustine the faithful deputy; we feel that it is Gregory who is the real leader of the expedition. Augustine has not the boldness to accept responsibilities, to know when to make exceptions; everything has to be referred to his chief at home, and this cripples his action to a lamentable extent. The Bishop of Bristol amusingly says, regarding these appeals for the minutest instructions: "We can imagine that behind the scenes Gregory was just a little cross with this correspondent of his, just a little impatient that he seemed so little able to go alone;" † but yet it may be doubted whether Gregory would have entirely wished during his lifetime to surrender into any other hands the management of this beloved infant Church, however much of national liberty he might be disposed to accord to it in the future. At any rate, whatever Augustine lacks in originality, no one can dispute his conscientiousness, his obedience, his noble perseverance. To this tribute his contemporaries would have been in haste to add—that none who saw him in the midst of his laborious work could dispute the reality of the miracles which accompanied those labours, sealing them as it were with the Divine approval. Yet even these miracles, which once were Augustine's crown of honour, have been used as a weapon for his disparagement. More than enough has been made of Gregory's famous letter on this subject, bidding his "most dear brother" not to be unduly exalted by the wonderful gift entrusted to him. "I know, most loving brother," he begins, "that Almighty God, by means of your affection, shows great miracles in the nation which He has chosen. Wherefore it is necessary that you rejoice with fear, and tremble while you rejoice, on account of the heavenly gift." A warning, however, is not necessarily to be construed as implying a rebuke, and we can conceive that S. Gregory may have been exhorting himself almost as much as Augustine, for how must his heart have been lifted up within him as he wrote to his friend, the Patriarch of Alexandria, the glorious tidings of the baptism on one day of ten thousand of the English!

But we have gone too fast, and must turn back to the moment when we first become acquainted with the prior of S. Andrew's Monastery on the Cælian Hill, standing, with his band of monks, on the threshold of his unknown and arduous task. That first sight of Augustine shows him at a disadvantage; depressed by the hitherto unrealized dangers of the way, distracted by the grumblings and dissensions of his fellow-travellers,

* Montalembert. † "Augustine and his Companions."

hesitating in his own mind whether under such adverse circumstances it were his duty to go forward or to go back. We all know the issue of the matter—how some of the party remained in the peaceful shelter of the monastery of Lerins, while Augustine returned to Rome to state the whole case and to get further instructions; and how Gregory sent him forth anew, armed with fullest authority and with written orders in which encouragement and rebuke were so wisely intermingled that even the most half-hearted must have felt himself stirred to a nobler enthusiasm. Never again in the hard seven years that lay before him do we hear a whisper of Augustine's losing heart or seeking to be released from any hard duty; but in men's judgments of him the impression of that one hour of weakness has never been forgotten. The common opinion among the travellers was that "it was safer to go back." The Bishop of Bristol, commenting on Bede's use of the word *safer*,* says severely: "How many a noble work would never have been done, how many a triumph for Christ would never have been accomplished, if this unmissionary word had been found in the missionary's dictionary."

Well, Augustine did consider very carefully—though whether for his own sake or that of his companions for whom he was responsible we know not—this question of safety. He was not by nature a hero; dangers and discomforts had no attraction for him; and he had none of his chief's hopeful anticipations about the strange people to whom he was sent; but yet is there not something truly heroic in the way in which duty is made to bear the part of inclination? Augustine will not go forward into unknown paths upon his own responsibility, but once let him be assured that he is in the straight way of duty and he will not flinch. And so the missionary abbot with his forty companions† and his Frankish interpreters, "strengthened," as Bede tells us, "by the confirmation of the blessed Father Gregory, returned to the work of the word of God, with the servants of Christ, and arrived in Britain."

As it happens so often, Augustine found the reality a thousand times better than his fears. He had been led to expect not idolaters only, but "savages of uncouth manners and barbarous speech." Even supposing he

* *Tutius.*

† The eleventh-century life by Goscelin, a monk of S. Augustine's, puts the number at forty. From this source is derived our knowledge of Augustine's striking personal appearance and immense height, and some few other details which have become inseparable from our conception of the first Archbishop of Canterbury. Undoubtedly many traditions concerning the famous missionary still lingered round Canterbury in Goscelin's time, but his elaborate versions of Augustine's sermons and speeches may be taken as representing rather what the biographer thought the speaker should have said than what Augustine actually did say; and he is, moreover, a veritable legend-monger, filling up the most meagre outlines with an unhesitating hand. The Bishop of Bristol, in speaking of the unlucky confusion that arose in the matter of the baptism of the ten thousand converts, between the Kentish Swale and the Yorkshire river of that name, says: "The mediæval chroniclers and writers of lives had to take Augustine up into Northumbria, and to invent the details of his preaching and baptizing there. This they did very thoroughly while they were about it." It is this very "thoroughness," this determination to paint a complete picture with or without trustworthy materials, which marks so strikingly the difference between these mediæval biographies and the sober narrative of Bede.

survived the perils of the journey, he had been warned of the likelihood of a cruel death waiting him at the end of it, and now what he actually found was a king already favourably inclined to his coming, willing himself to hearken to his message, ready to give him every facility for preaching the new Faith to the people at large. Surely when Augustine perceived the contrast between his anticipations and the happy reality, he must have felt called to thank God and take courage.

Few scenes in English history are at once more familiar and more striking than that first memorable meeting between Ethelbert and Augustine in the Isle of Thanet. The leader of the mission on his side had left nothing undone that might add to the impressiveness of his entry into this new land, the land of which he sought to take possession in the name of Christ. The southern capacity for ordering a pageant shone forth conspicuously in that procession with its choir, its silver cross, its pictured representation of the Truth which Augustine had come to declare. Eye and ear were arrested before the appeal to the understanding had begun. What would we not give for a trustworthy report of that all-important sermon? But we can gather the general drift of it from the king's famous answer, and from what Bede says elsewhere as to the tenor of the missionary's ordinary teaching. The strangers' "words and promises were very fair," and they were free to win as many as they would to their own religion, seeing they had themselves made it plain that "the service of Christ ought to be voluntary, not by compulsion."

But, after all, "the sweetness of the heavenly doctrine" which the new-comers expounded was not to the mind of our heathen forefathers their only, perhaps not even their strongest, argument. Then as now attention was eagerly turned upon the lives of the preachers themselves, and it was found that the witness of their daily lives was in harmony with their teaching. "As soon," says Bede, "as they entered the dwelling-place assigned them they began to imitate the course of life practised in the primitive Church; applying themselves to frequent prayer, watching and fasting; preaching the word of life to as many as they could; receiving only their necessary food from those they taught; living themselves in all respects conformably to what they prescribed to others, and being always disposed to suffer any adversity, *and even to die for that truth which they preached.*" The tone of a mission must in large measure be given by its leader, and we may judge from the last sentence that Gregory's noble call to greater courage, greater faith, had not been thrown away upon Augustine. And so the "unspotted life of these holy men," combined with their promises of eternal good, and with the sight of the miracles which they wrought each day, drew more and more into "the unity of the Church of Christ."

Such was the fair beginning of that wonderful religious movement throughout the whole kingdom of Kent which resulted in the conversion and baptism of thousands, and which in many of its features—its extraordinary rapidity, its irresistible fervour—reminds us of the like movement going on in our own days out in Uganda.

For some six years—broken only so far as we know by a single visit to Arles for the purpose of his consecration as bishop—Augustine remained in Kent, labouring as indefatigably as his master Gregory could himself have laboured. It is in these years that Augustine is seen at his very best. It is astonishing to think of the amount of work of permanent value that was crowded into the space between the king's baptism on the Whitsun Eve of 597 and Augustine's journey to the West in 603. The mere correspondence with Rome must have been no small item, when all the details great and small for the present and future government of an infant Church of indefinitely vast possibilities had to be arranged by letter. The principles of the grand undertaking were, it is true, laid down by S. Gregory, but it is obvious that he must have relied upon Augustine for all his knowledge of particulars, and we know that it was Augustine who was ultimately responsible for carrying out those principles. How much diligence in preaching is implied by the very fact of which Gregory so thankfully tells—the baptism of those ten thousand catechumens on Christmas Day! Without for a moment imagining that it represents a tithe of the labour which a missionary of our time would have felt bound to bestow before admitting converts to baptism, we are certain that so wondrous an effect cannot have been produced without some corresponding toil. We do not desire to speak as though Augustine were labouring single-handed; besides the companions he had brought with him, fresh reinforcements had now been sent to his help, yet the burden of leadership still rested on him, and to this burden Gregory added a weight, heavier than he himself perhaps realized, when he bestowed upon Augustine the "pall" which was the symbol of his metropolitan authority, not only over the bishops he should hereafter consecrate, but over the existing bishops of the British Church, driven back by the advancing tide of Saxon heathendom to the western regions of our island. There is, moreover, some reason for suspecting that in spite of the warm support of both king and queen, in spite, too, of the marvellous accession of converts, the reception of the missionaries was not always as friendly as might be supposed. Bede's statement that they were ready to "suffer any adversity, and even to die for that truth which they preached," seems to hint that there was a dark side to the glowing picture even here, and William of Malmesbury's and Goscelin's elaborate stories of personal insult and rough treatment, though disagreeing as to the locality where they occurred, may not improbably represent in distorted form some genuine tradition.

But in addition to the direct evangelizing work—in addition to such momentous problems as those of Church government, unity with the Celtic branch of the Church, the toleration of heathen customs not in themselves blamable—Augustine had abundant occupation of a different, and perhaps we may fairly say, of a more congenial kind. It was at once his duty and his delight to reproduce in this barbarous land some likeness of his native Rome, the well-beloved home which he was never more to see. If the first Archbishop of Canterbury was not a great statesman, at least he

was a great organizer, and under his guidance the work of church-building went on rapidly. The tiny church founded by Queen Bertha in honour of S. Martin could no longer supply the wants of the fast-multiplying population, and Augustine set himself to provide by every means in his power the needful places of worship, and upon each several building he bestowed some name that was endeared to him by association with his Roman home. The monastery church, which with the help of King Ethelbert he built to be both the home and the burial-place of his monks, received its name of "SS. Peter and Paul" from the Roman monastery of that name, which had sent forth one of their number; the idol temple which, following Gregory's brave counsels, he reclaimed from its old evil uses for the worship of the living God, was dedicated to the Roman boy, Pancras, whose name was a household word among those who had been brought up under Gregory's care (CH. XVI.); and we can hardly doubt that when Augustine reclaimed to its proper use a nameless disused church, built in the Roman period, and consecrated it afresh "in the name of our Holy Saviour, God and Lord, Jesus Christ," * his choice was dictated as much by the memory of a famous church in Rome so named as by the inherent appropriateness of the dedication. It is this "church of the Saviour," commonly called Christ Church, which we know in its present glorious form as Canterbury Cathedral; and most cordially may we rejoice that, whether by accident or design, the metropolitan church of England is dedicated to none other than to our Saviour Himself. The same tendency to surround himself with the familiar Roman names is seen in Augustine's later dedications, as to S. Andrew at Rochester, reproduced plainly from his own monastery of S. Andrew on the Cælian Hill, and to S. Paul in London, from another notable Roman church of that name. A fuller account of the various dedication-names bestowed by Augustine and his fellow-workers, including one less familiar sounding than the rest in honour of "The Four Crowned Martyrs," † will be found under the names of the several saints. They have, as more than one writer ‡ has pointed out, a peculiar value as offering an excellent illustration of the influences that govern the choice of Dedications; but our present purpose is only to call attention to them as explaining a very marked and touching trait in Augustine's character—namely, his love of all things homelike and familiar.

All these new churches required books and fittings, and it is easy to imagine the archbishop's delight when he received from the ever-thoughtful Gregory "all things that were necessary for the worship and service of the Church"—sacred vessels and gorgeous vestments, ornaments and precious relics, and, above all, "many books." These gifts and books —"the mother-books of England," as Dean Stanley quaintly calls them— were treasured in Canterbury for seven centuries at least; and it is a thrilling thought that while the rest have slowly disappeared, each of our Universities still claims—and it is believed with good reason—to possess

* Bede.
† CH. LI.
‡ Stanley's "Canterbury" and the Bishop of Bristol's "Augustine."

a treasured copy of the very Gospels sent to England by Gregory close upon thirteen hundred years ago.

So all went prosperously, and if Augustine had never travelled beyond his first happy sphere of influence, we should be disposed to reckon him among our greatest benefactors. But now there lay before him a task requiring something more than the self-devotion and pains which he gave so ungrudgingly; requiring a delicacy of touch and a breadth of view which are no common endowments. From the first Gregory had set before his mind the importance of drawing closer the relations between the Roman Church and the ancient British Christians, to the double intent that the unity of the Church might be restored, and that the conversion of the heathen English might, by their joint endeavours, be promoted. It was a noble ideal, and it was for the carrying out of this ideal that Augustine, with the support of his good friend Ethelbert, undertook his fateful journey to the West to attend a pre-arranged conference of the "British bishops or doctors." In this, as in many another case, more perfect knowledge of the circumstances might greatly modify our judgment. The vigorous description in the pages of Bede of the two famous "Synods of the Oak" give us at first the sense that we know the whole matter from beginning to end; it is only upon closer reflection that we perceive that, in spite of the extraordinary vividness of the picture, we are as far as ever from a comprehension of the hidden vital points of motive and principle on which the whole issue really depended. We are at fault even in such a purely external matter as the very place of meeting. We know that it took place under the shadow of a great forest tree, at a spot concerning which Bede could affirm that "to this day it is called Augustine's oak;" but whether that place is, as generally supposed, to be identified with Aust in Gloucestershire, or, as has more recently been suggested, with Cricklade in Wiltshire,* we know not. The precise locality, however, is of small account; it is the men and the motives that concern us. We cannot repress a smile when we read the Bishop of Bristol's humorous description of the meeting between "the tall, gaunt, self-satisfied man from Italy" and "the thick-set, self-satisfied men from Wales;" and yet we feel in our hearts that "self-satisfied" is not a just epithet for Augustine. The impression left on our minds by Bede's narrative is that Augustine came to the synod with an honest and prayerful desire for reunion, and with a full readiness to make all the concessions that he could conscientiously make; but it is evident that he did not meet the British bishops with any feeling of equality, but that he was consciously acting throughout as the representative of a greater power; that he had ever before his mind the authority entrusted to him over these British bishops, the duty laid upon him of "teaching the unlearned, correcting the erring and bringing them back to the rule of the right faith." The unhappy seeming breach of courtesy, which in the end wrecked the whole conference, the archbishop's failure to rise from his seat at the approach

* See the Bishop of Bristol's striking arguments in favour of Cricklade.

of the British delegates, is all in keeping with his conception of his position as the ambassador of Rome. He continued sitting "according to the Roman fashion," as says a later chronicler, but the whole tenor of his after-speeches shows that he had no intention of giving offence. Far from it; he even then, when passions had grown heated, declares his willingness, if agreement could be reached on the three vital points, "readily to tolerate all the other things you do, though contrary to our customs." A greater man might perchance have yielded to his natural instincts of courtesy, but here once more it is well to remember that Augustine was no Gregory, but only Gregory's deputy. As to the three points on which the archbishop finally took his stand, present-day opinion will differ as to their relative importance. The question of the right keeping of Easter was, as we know, bound up with the question of the visible Unity of the Church; it seems possible that the second matter, of conforming the Celtic manner of administering baptism to the Roman manner, involved much more than mere differences of ritual; and as to the third condition, that the British Church should unite with the Roman in "preaching the word of God to the English nation," the refusal of the British to agree to that deprives them of much of our sympathy. Thereupon the hapless conference broke up in bitterness of spirit; broke up with Augustine's stern predictions of the evils that must surely befall the British Christians if they persisted in their refusal to preach the way of life to the English nation.

And so a splendid opportunity was lost; great possibilities dawned brightly only to fade gloomily away. It is no consolation to say that there were faults and misunderstandings on both sides, and that both Churches alike may share the blame. Few who care for the "peace of Jerusalem" can read without sorrow the story of the Synod of Augustine's Oak, and it is pleasanter to follow Augustine as he returns into Kent, and once more patiently sets himself to all the work of internal Church organization of which he is such a master.

In the brief space that remained much was effected. Due provision was made by the consecration of Mellitus as Bishop of London for the needs of the East Saxons who had newly "received the word of truth." Justus, another of Augustine's fellow-workers, was made Bishop of Rochester; and lastly, the archbishop took the unusual step of consecrating while he still lived his own chosen successor, Laurentius, in order that the yet unsettled Church might not be "tempted to falter" through finding itself "destitute of a pastor, though but for one hour."

Augustine's work was done. "The foundations of the Church," as Laurentius afterwards acknowledged, "had been nobly laid;" it remained for others to complete what was well begun. His part ended with the conversion of all the kingdom of Kent, and the establishment of a missionary bishopric among the East Saxons. Of the grand ideal sketched out by S. Gregory, the greater portion remained unfulfilled; but, says the Bishop of Bristol, defending Augustine against the frequently repeated

charge of having accomplished less than was to be expected of him: "Those who thus estimate the size of his work disregard the dominant fact of its shortness." "When," asks the bishop, "was a larger work done in a shorter time than his conversion of Ethelbert and of all the kingdom of Kent, the most powerful kingdom in this land? He had in all about seven years in which to work, from his first landing to his death." The bishop goes on to enumerate all the labours crowded into that brief period, and thus concludes: "It is vastly easier for any of us to say how little he ever did, than to do more in the time," a conclusion which but few who have carefully followed his history will be found to dispute.

Characteristically enough, the record of Augustine's life closes with the record of his latest public work. Bede tells us of the bishops whom he ordained to carry on and extend his work, of his care for the new Church of the East Saxons, and then briefly adds: "After this the beloved of God, Father Augustine, died." The day of his death was, as we know, the 26th of May, the day on which he is still commemorated in our Prayer-book Kalendar: as to the year, there is some doubt between 604 and 605, but at least it took place soon enough to spare him the knowledge of the storm that was about to burst upon the newly planted Church.

We pass now from the man himself to the many memorials of him. As might be expected from the immense interest attaching to the subject, the whole question of Augustine's landing-place and all local traditions connected with it have been most carefully investigated. The preponderance of evidence seems to point to Ebbs Fleet in the Isle of Thanet (in the parish of Minster), a spot already made famous as the landing-place of Hengist and Horsa. Some years ago (1884) the late Lord Granville caused to be erected in this place a noble cross of highly finished workmanship, which bears a Latin inscription to the effect that it is placed there to keep in remembrance the fact that "Augustine, after so many labours on land and at sea, at a conference with King Ethelbert on this spot, delivered his first discourse to our people." This cross occupies the place of an ancient oak-tree under which, according to tradition, the meeting took place, a tradition which receives some further support from the existence in a field hard by of "Augustine's Well," "a pure spring which is said never to fail," and also from the farm called "Cotmanfeld," * a name which is "supposed to mean the Field of the Man of God, in reference to Augustine."

But, indeed, the whole district is rich in memories of this eventful landing. At no great distance from Ebbs Fleet are the magnificent ruins of the Roman fortress of Richborough. Without pausing to offer any explanation of the mysterious *cross* within the castle which has puzzled so many archæologists, and which is sometimes connected with the name of Augustine, we have the authority of Leland for claiming that at least

* Cotmanfeld is now still further corrupted into "Cottington." For the following account of Ebbs Fleet, see "Augustine and his Companions."

one undoubted memorial of the great missionary did in his time exist within the castle walls. When Leland visited the castle the "little paroche church of S. Augustine" was still standing, but every trace of it has now vanished. But though the church has vanished, one other memorial of Augustine may be seen to this day in those strange crossings and re-crossings in the adjoining cornfields which have been observed by so many generations. The prosaic modern explanation of them makes them the tracks of the Roman streets, but the more poetic imagination of our forefathers felicitously designated them "S. Augustine's Cross." *

Among the churches bearing Augustine's name that stood nearest to this memorable scene were Stonar and Northbourne. Stonar, unfortunately, has fallen into decay and has had to be demolished; but Northbourne was only very recently (on the occasion of the erection of a new lych-gate) recalling its proud associations with the birthplace of Kentish Christianity.

But of all the memorials of Augustine none can approach in interest the monastery-church which he himself founded in his metropolitan city of Canterbury, and in which, according to his own desire, he was buried. This monastery was still unfinished and unconsecrated at the time of its founder's death, so we cannot be quite certain that he himself made choice of the dedication-name by which it was known for three hundred years, "SS. Peter and Paul." At the end of that time another Archbishop of Canterbury, S. Dunstan, substituted the name of its founder, S. Augustine, in place of the scriptural patrons, a change which has endured for another nine hundred years. We cannot complain of a change so rich in historical associations. Every one knows how the monastery ruins, after passing through many vicissitudes, have been converted into a centre of far-reaching evangelistic work as a training college for missionary students, and every one can feel the wonderful appropriateness of the place to its object.

There are about twenty-seven pre-Reformation churches dedicated in the name of S. Augustine, and the question suggests itself: Are any of these churches intended for the Father of the Church, S. Augustine of Hippo? The point has been discussed elsewhere (p. 272), and it has been shown that the balance of probability is in favour of their having all been intended for the Archbishop of Canterbury; but attention must be once more called to the number of Augustine churches which have some connexion with the great Augustinian Order, proving at any rate that if the Augustinian priories did not dedicate their churches to their own especial patron, they at least delighted in doing honour to him indirectly by making choice of his namesake. S. Augustine the Less at Bristol, adjoining the cathedral, which itself was originally dedicated to S. Augustine (though now under the invocation of the Holy Trinity), S. Augustine de Wick at Dodderhill in Worcestershire, Ashen in Essex, and Hedon in Yorkshire, all furnish examples of what has just been said.

* Camden.

So does Alston in Cumberland, which belonged to the Augustinian Canons of Hexham; but here, as though to demonstrate that the ostensible object was to do honour to the saint of Canterbury, not of Hippo, one of the yearly fairs was appointed to be kept on the last Thursday in May. Until we can find a pre-Reformation church of S. Augustine that keeps its feast on August 28, we fear we must ascribe them all to Augustine of Canterbury.

Kent, as is right and fitting, leads the way with five parochial churches * dedicated to S. Augustine, not to mention the chapel of the missionary college which still makes his name a household word in Canterbury. Yorkshire follows next. The dedications in this distant northern county may possibly in part be accounted for by the popularity of the mediæval narratives of the archbishop's journey to York and the miracles which he wrought there. This whole journey has been shown to rest on a misconception between the Kentish Swale and the Yorkshire river of the same name, but the later chroniclers also tell of another journey down into Dorsetshire, of which again Bede knows nothing. If it happened at all it must have been after the conference with the British bishops at the Synod of the Oak; but considering the extreme slowness and difficulty of travelling in the less settled parts of England at this period, it is hard to see how Augustine could afford in the brief time at his disposal so serious a prolongation of his journey as must have been involved by the supposed visit to Dorsetshire. At any rate, the particulars of his visit are so manifestly untrustworthy that we may freely dismiss them. For the honour of Dorsetshire we may hope that the inhabitants of Cerne Abbas did not insult Augustine and his companions and fasten fishes' tails to their garments; but at least we are certain that Augustine did not call down upon them the cruel supernatural chastisements which are said to have brought them to a better frame of mind. A hasty conversion is reported to have ensued, and when water was lacking wherein to baptize the converts, a pure spring burst forth miraculously to supply the need. The spring bears to this day the name of S. Augustine's Well, and was doubtless regarded by many generations as a clear proof of the truth of the whole affair. The entire story is best forgotten, and may be dismissed in company with the highly circumstantial account of his visit to Oxford, and his apocryphal conversation at Cumnor on the subject of tithes. It is remarkable, by the way, what bold claims have been made on behalf of Oxford with intent to link her with all the great names of the past, but it must be owned that such stories were more to the taste of our ancestors than they are to ourselves, and it may be that they have influenced the West-country dedications in honour of S. Augustine in Devonshire, Somerset, Worcestershire, and Gloucestershire, though in the two last-named counties at least we can trace a different influence in the presence of the Augustinian Priories.

The remaining pre-Reformation churches of S. Augustine—and the

* Including the now demolished Stonar.

total number is not large, far smaller than it would have been had he been a hermit instead of what in modern phrase we might call "a man of action"—are pretty widely distributed throughout England, in counties as far removed from direct Kentish influences as Norfolk, Cambridgeshire, Berkshire, Staffordshire, Monmouthshire. London has been ungrateful to its benefactors; its first bishop, Mellitus, is not remembered at all, and Augustine is commemorated only by a single church adjacent to S. Paul's Cathedral, known as "S. Augustine, Watling Street," or, more anciently, as "S. Augustine ad Portam," from its situation close to the gate of S. Paul's Churchyard. By a happy coincidence it stands at no great distance from the City church dedicated to the honour of his great chief, S. Gregory—a suggestive juxtaposition which we find also at Canterbury and at Norwich. In late years London's debt to Augustine has been in a measure discharged by the erection of some half-dozen churches in his honour in or near the metropolis. It is right that there should be such dedications in Kent and Middlesex, in the districts where the personal influence of the great archbishop made itself most felt; but it is no less right that he should be honoured throughout the whole country—even in far Northumberland. Local and historical associations are very precious, but this is a case in which we must refuse to be bound by them, inasmuch as the entire length and breadth of England has reaped a blessing from the coming and the labours of S. Augustine of Canterbury.

S. Laurentius. Feb. 2, 619.

The early Archbishops of Canterbury would be well represented amongst us if we could accept the statements which add both Laurentius, the immediate successor of Augustine, and Justus, fourth in the line, to the saints who have been chosen as patrons of our English churches; but in neither case does the assertion rest on any good ground. The Bishop of Oxford says with characteristic caution that "out of the two hundred and fifty churches in England which are dedicated to St. Laurence the Deacon, some few may be held to commemorate the successor of Augustine, or to have been indebted for their names to the reverence inspired by the two conjointly;" * but Murray's "Kent" goes much further than this, and says of the venerable Kentish parish of St. Laurence in Thanet that "the church was founded in 1062 and named after Lawrence the companion of Augustine, and second Archbishop of Canterbury," an assertion which is clearly shown to be erroneous by the fact that the parish feast in olden times was observed on August 10, the well-known feast of S. Laurence the Deacon. As a general rule it may be safely declared that the popular young Roman deacon is a much more probable patron than his not very famous or heroic namesake of Canterbury; but if any case could be found of a church bearing the name of S. Laurence and keeping its feast on February 2, we should welcome it as a rare example of a genuine dedication to the archbishop. In Scotland, curiously enough, he seems to have been more honoured than in England. There is a late legend, originating possibly in

* Stubbs in D. C. B.

his real endeavours to reconcile the Celtic Christians, which makes S. Laurence of Canterbury undertake a journey into "Pictland;" and the learned Bishop Forbes was of opinion that Lawrencekirk in Kincardine owed its name to the church there dedicated "in honour of the English primate." * The scene of these legendary missionary labours is, however, more generally supposed to have been Northern Ireland.†

S. Justus. Nov. 10, 627.

The claims of S. Justus, first Bishop of Rochester and afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, are even more shadowy than those of S. Laurentius. Murray's "Handbook to Cornwall" ‡ boldly says: "St. Just Church-town (in Penwith). The church is dedicated to S. Justus, the companion of Augustine." If this statement could be further extended to the parish of St. Just-in-Roseland it would afford a delightfully easy solution of a puzzle which has been the despair of archæologists; but we fear that the difficulty is not so lightly to be settled, and that the original Just or Iestin must be looked for elsewhere (CH. LI.). It is true that in the Cornish parish of St. Paul's by Penzance we do find a very distinguished member of Augustine's band of fellow-workers, and a friend of Justus himself, namely, S. Paulinus, Archbishop of York, but in this case we have clear evidence that the name was deliberately imposed upon the already existing church in the time of Edward III., when the identity of the original "S. Paul" had become matter of doubt (CHS. XXII. and XXXVII.). The name has indeed been contracted into "Paul," but the date of the newly appointed feast-day—the Sunday after S. Paulinus's Day—is an unmistakable proof of the intention of the then Bishop of Exeter to supersede the Celtic patron by a saint of the Roman Kalendar. It is almost to be wished that some such change could be shown to have taken place at the two St. Justs; it would be more satisfactory than the present state of uncertainty as to the identity of the original patron. Dismissing, therefore, the very doubtful claims of both Laurentius and Justus, we pass on three centuries to the famous S. Dunstan, a saint whose striking personality is as unique as his name, and concerning whom no confusion exists.

S. Dunstan. May 19, 988.

It is a striking proof of the real greatness of the different Archbishops of Canterbury commemorated in this chapter that all the four § to whom churches were dedicated by their contemporaries have had the same mark of honour paid to them by our own generation. Such continuity of veneration does not surprise us in the case of the pioneer Augustine or the patriot Alphege, but there is something very remarkable in the manifold variations of feeling towards S. Dunstan—ranging from the enthusiastic praises of his contemporaries, who regarded him as a living saint, a true man of God, to the bitter denunciations of the histories of the last century; next passing through a stage of admiration for his ability, together with strong dislike of his

* "Kalendars of Scottish Saints."
† Stubbs in D. C. B.
‡ Edition of 1872.
§ Augustine, Dunstan, Alphege, and Becket.

character; and finally, in quite recent times, reverting to an estimate more discriminating no doubt, but hardly less appreciative than that of his personal friends. And the verdict of a man's own contemporaries is not lightly to be set aside, for, as the Bishop of Oxford justly observes: "The popular worship has not generally been wasted on the memory of selfish ascetics." *

Many of us are old enough to remember a well-known school history, familiar to several generations of children, in which S. Dunstan—who is commonly spoken of as "the meddlesome monk," or "the bustling prelate"—is presented chiefly in the capacity of the cruel wretch who, with circumstances of the utmost barbarity, separates two innocent and devoted royal lovers. But Mrs. Markham, in her estimate of S. Dunstan, was only following in the steps of historians of more weight—Hume, for example, who writes in the same strain, and concludes: "Dunstan was even canonized; and is one of those numerous saints of the same stamp who disgrace the Romish Calendar." And after some such summary of Dunstan's life and character, there then follows in all histories of that date a disquisition—usually a somewhat dry one—on the rival merits of the secular and regular priests, in which we see an iron determination to make every single act of Dunstan's career conduce to the one great object of setting up monachism throughout the country.

That Dunstan did take a leading part in bringing about this important change is indisputable; but the sense of proportion is entirely lost when he is represented as sacrificing all other interests to this one aim. As to the wisdom of the act itself opinions will continue to differ. Those who picture to themselves the monastic system favoured by Dunstan and his colleagues as resembling in all points the rigidly organized and terribly corrupt system of the fifteenth century, will denounce it the most warmly; but those who know most intimately the evils of English society in the tenth century can best appreciate the services rendered to the country at that particular juncture by the introduction of the strict Benedictine rule. "The movement, with all its drawbacks, was justifiable," says Bishop Stubbs, "perhaps absolutely necessary. . . . We cannot doubt that a monastic mission system was necessary for the recovery of Middle England from the desolation and darkness which had been brought upon it by the Danes, or that the monastic revival was in those regions both successful and useful."

But whatever may have been the ultimate good or ill effect of this measure, the government in which Dunstan took a leading part was so beneficial in its immediate results that no historian now would dream of summing up Dunstan's career in this sentence: "Dunstan was a public disturber of the good government of England," † although they might still perhaps be inclined to speak with Hallam and Mackintosh and other

* Stubbs's "Memorials of S. Dunstan," Rolls Series, which has been freely used throughout this sketch.

† Hume's "History of England," 1791.

historians of the middle of the present century of Dunstan's "harshness," "pride and ambition." It has been left for a yet later generation of historians, such as Stubbs and Freeman and Green, to do full justice to this great man, and to bring out the tenderer side of his powerful character.

It may be asked what it is that has brought about this change of estimate? Partly, no doubt, a clearer understanding of the setting, so to speak, of Dunstan's life, but chiefly a return to earlier and more faithful sources of information. Unfortunately, for centuries the standard authority for Dunstan's history has been Osbern's life of him, an eleventh-century composition written with a strong tendency to make all incidents conform to certain distinct preconceptions; written with the view of exalting monachism and Dunstan's share in establishing it; written, too, with a determination to see miracles in every dream or coincidence or providential escape from danger. Happily, however, we possess also an earlier, simpler, and hitherto much neglected life of the archbishop, made public within sixteen years of his death; the work of an anonymous writer, who, to his own personal knowledge, added many details imparted by the pupils of the great man who had lived in daily intercourse with him, and who must have learned from his own lips many of the stories which they related. This life dwells with singular fulness of detail upon the saint's early life, his thoughts, his visions, his temptations, all that concerns himself personally; but it has been observed that it makes no mention at all of some of the most important public events in which he was mixed up, and it has been inferred from this that the omission sprang from the archbishop's own reticence on such points.* On the whole, however, the external facts are pretty much the same in all the successive lives of the archbishop; it is the colouring that is so widely different.

It is a strange contrast to turn from the Dunstan imagined by the writers of a bygone generation—the man of one idea, the masterful, unbending champion of the Papacy, the pitiless destroyer of domestic happiness—to the sensitive, imaginative, versatile Dunstan of the contemporary biographer; the man of ardent, emotional nature, quick sympathies, ready tears; faithful in remembering kindnesses, joyfully ready to render them to others. The conceptions are strangely unlike, but the one strikes us as a fancy portrait drawn to suit a preconceived type; the other sets before us a living man of strongly marked individuality, whose acts are now and then wholly at variance with the part assigned to him by later theorists, and yet always in accordance with his own real character.

The tenth century, the age in which Dunstan lived, is, to all but very close students of it, a most bewildering period of English history. Kings with names confusingly alike follow one another with perplexing rapidity. There are not less than seven of them during Dunstan's lifetime, and each one of the seven is in some way concerned in his history. But

* Stubbs.

through all the changes Dunstan's commanding figure stands out plain and unmistakable, so that it has been well said that "for nearly forty years the history of England is no longer that of its kings," but of Dunstan himself.* We meet him first as a boy at the court of Athelstan; we find him alternately favoured and disgraced by Athelstan's successor, Edmund; a little later he rises into prominence as the chosen friend and counsellor of the dying Edred; we see him next forced into sharpest antagonism with the foolish, headstrong Edwy, and banished from the kingdom, to be ere long recalled by Edgar the Peaceable and raised to the highest place in both Church and State. After eighteen years' interval of freedom from struggle, we find him forcibly maintaining the rights of Edgar's hapless son, the so-called Edward the Martyr; and last of all, we see him striving to inspire the unstable Ethelred with a worthy comprehension of his great responsibilities.

Dunstan's eventful life may be roughly divided into two equal periods of thirty-two years each; the first, which has for its background the half-deserted monastery of Glastonbury; the second, which embraces his long episcopate. Throughout both periods, with the exception of two intervals that may be reckoned by months, we find him a welcome guest at the court, wherever the court might be assembled—whether at Winchester or elsewhere—going and coming with a freedom which was doubtless accorded to him at first by reason of his parents' rank—for it is plain that his family numbered among its members several personages of distinction—and was afterwards continued to him for the sake of his own merits.

Our knowledge of Dunstan's early years is curiously minute, out of all proportion to our knowledge of his public career, and yet what we do know is told in such disjointed fashion as to leave many gaps, and to baffle all attempts accurately to re-construct the exact order of events. We follow the boy from his home when he goes with his father on his first visit to the not far distant Glastonbury—that venerable Glastonbury already rich in dimly remembered associations with saints and kings and legendary lore, and knowing nothing of all the new associations that were to attach to it through Dunstan's threefold link with the ancient monastery, as schoolboy, as anchorite, and as abbot. Glastonbury was no longer in its first glory: it was still a place of pilgrimage, hallowed by many a memory of the great Saints of the Celtic Church; but as a monastic establishment it had fallen into decay, and was no more like one of the great well-ordered "Colleges" of the Celtic Church in its past days than it was like a carefully organized Benedictine house on the Continent. The abbot, if he existed at all, existed only in name; but the half-deserted buildings still sheltered a handful of Irish priests, who devoted themselves to the work of teaching, and had for their aptest pupil the Saxon boy Dunstan. Of this much we are certain—those Irish priests must have been good teachers, for they implanted in Dunstan a love of learning that was never quenched. Surely it is not fanciful to trace in the bent of Dunstan's

* Pearson's "Early and Middle Ages of England."

imaginative mind, in his tendency to attach immense significance to dreams, whether good or bad, in his vivid realization of the constant presence of unseen powers, the influence of his early teachers? Perhaps the imaginative side of the boy's nature was unduly stimulated; certainly the willing learner was more pressed forward than was wise. Brain fever with all the horrors of delirium was the result. He believed himself to be set upon by dogs, and, rising from bed, he escaped unseen to the open air, mounted a workman's ladder that was against the church, and was discovered standing upon the roof. In helpless terror his friends watched him as with the sure-footedness of a sleep-walker he made his way down in safety. The story of his wonderful escape was often told in after-years, when the "dogs" of his imagination were transformed into pursuing devils.

But in spite of hard work and brain fever, Dunstan seems to have been happier with his elders than among his coevals. When he was at the court of Athelstan, other boys, his own relations more particularly, made his life miserable. As the Bishop of Oxford observes, Dunstan was a precocious boy, whose prayers and visions were likely enough to expose him to the teasing of his fellows. His very recreations were unintelligible to them, for Dunstan had a turn for mechanical labours which they set down as no better than witchcraft, and on one occasion their rough teasing took the form of ducking him in a muddy pond. He scrambled out, and was somewhat consoled by finding himself recognized by the dogs belonging to a neighbour, and still further consoled by the opportunity of moralizing on the different behaviour of dogs and boys.

Dunstan was still very young, though already in Minor Orders, when he began to turn his thoughts towards marriage; but he was strongly dissuaded from such a step by his uncle, Bishop Elphege of Winchester.* His uncle's arguments may have been strengthened by another providential escape from death which befell Dunstan just at this time; while visiting the bishop at Winchester, a heavy brick fell so close to him as actually to touch his hair, but without injuring him. With all the force of his impulsive nature he now went to the other extreme. He returned to Glastonbury determined to be not merely a monk but an anchorite. The peculiarity of an anchorite as distinguished from an ordinary hermit was that he fixed his cell, not in some secluded forest or mountain cave, but in a churchyard under the shadow of some religious house. Dunstan's self-chosen abode, if we may trust his later biographers, was worse than any prison cell, a miserable chamber in which it was impossible so much as to stand upright. It is noticeable that this phase of his life is not mentioned by the two earliest authorities, and the probability is that it was not of long duration; but it must be allowed that such a method of self-discipline is entirely agreeable to Celtic ways, and may well have been prompted by imitation of some Irish ascetic. That in the state of mind superinduced by such external conditions dreams should be taken for realities, inward imaginations for external facts, will surely surprise no one who has studied the

* Not to be confounded with S. Alphege.

inner history of any religious solitary. In this time of solitude it was inevitable that Dunstan should pass through severe mental struggles ; but it is a hard fate that causes those struggles to be chiefly remembered through the idle eleventh-century legend of his bodily encounter with the Evil One, a foolish story that has no place whatever in the earlier lives.

From the imminent peril of insanity Dunstan was happily protected by two safeguards—his strong natural bent for all kinds of handicrafts, and his occasional returns into cheerful society. Happily for him he was bound by no vows or rigid rules ; he was free seemingly to come and go at will about the court, or to the houses of private friends ; and we catch glimpses of him in his lighter moments, with harp in hand in the chamber of some noble lady, or laying aside his instrument and using his artistic gifts in designing a stole for the lady to embroider. To this period belongs also the favourite legend of the harp discoursing heavenly music as it hung upon the wall, untouched by human hands. Yet again we find him holding the place of a son to a widow of high rank near Glastonbury, waiting on her in her sickness, the recipient of her dying wishes. Dunstan, like Wilfrid, like Cuthbert, like many another of our English saints, knew what it was to benefit by the friendship of good women.

Besides his love of music and painting, Dunstan was a worker in metal, and this it is which has caused him to be looked upon as the patron of goldsmiths. Tradition attributes to his skilful hands the bells of Abingdon ; but alas ! no single specimen of Dunstan's handicraft has survived. Indeed, there are singularly few relics of any kind belonging to him. He is said to have written books on various subjects, and to have transcribed with his own hand a copy of the famous national "Chronicle ;" but none of these works, nor yet a celebrated "Kyrie" which goes by his name, and which, according to tradition, was first dictated to him by the heavenly choir, can with certainty be attributed to him. His signature, indeed, may be found attached to one or two charters ; but if we want genuine relics of S. Dunstan, we must search carefully through the collection of manuscripts said to have been his own property, which have survived all the chances of these nine hundred years, and have somehow found their way from Glastonbury to the Bodleian Library. Book-lover that he was, we know how Dunstan devoured the books belonging to his Irish teachers. We may see here what manner of books they were. There is a large fragment of a Latin Grammar, tables for calculating Easter, Ovid's "Art of Love," and an Anglo-Saxon "Homily on the Invention of the Cross," together with some rules for versification—altogether a strange medley both of subjects and languages, for Latin and Greek and Anglo-Saxon, Welsh and Irish, are here happily mingled. One of the manuscripts bears upon it an inscription to the effect that it was written by the direction of Abbot Dunstan ; but we come yet nearer to Dunstan himself in the precious illumination which forms the frontispiece of one of these manuscript collections. It represents the Saviour with a monk kneeling at His feet. A note in a later hand certifies that the drawing is by Dunstan's hand, and the monk has been always

taken to be himself. A much rougher drawing in the last of the three manuscripts represents a boy's head, and beneath it is written "Wulfric cild" (*i.e.* "Childe Wulfric"). Now, Dunstan is commonly supposed to have been an only son, and in the best-known lives of S. Dunstan we should look in vain for any clue to this Wulfric; but, curiously enough, the earliest biography of the four, the one which was most directly inspired by Dunstan himself, tells us that the archbishop had one only brother, Wulfric by name, a devoted layman, who in the early days of Dunstan's abbacy at Glastonbury took upon himself the charge of all secular matters belonging to the monastery, serving his brother with the utmost faithfulness. This Wulfric died early, too soon to make his mark in the world, and was forgotten by the general public; but he was never forgotten by Dunstan, and it is inexpressibly touching to come upon this memento of him, drawn, probably half unconsciously, by his brother's hand in some moment of idleness.

At this period Dunstan was free to introduce what reforms he would at Glastonbury, for by the favour of King Edmund the youth of two and twenty was now the nominal abbot of the monastery—such as it was—and enjoyed its revenues. For a brief space he had lain under the royal displeasure and had been banished from the court; but whatever had caused the breach, it was quickly healed by the reproaches of the king's own conscience when brought suddenly face to face with death in the hunting-field. Some changes in point of discipline Dunstan no doubt effected; he and his companions assumed the garb and the name of monks, but the complete organization of a foreign religious house was as yet unfamiliar to him.

Whatever else Glastonbury was or was not under Dunstan's ten years' rule, it was most certainly a place of education. "Dunstan's zeal for education," says the Bishop of Oxford, "is a far more authentic trait than his zeal for celibacy." Here at Glastonbury, as afterwards at Canterbury, his delight lay in teaching; and he had patience with even the slowest of scholars. He knew and loved the children individually, as we see in the pretty story of the little lad who died while the abbot was absent from home, taking the waters at Bath. In a vision the abbot beheld the soul of this child being carried heavenwards; soon afterwards a messenger from home arrived. Dunstan questioned him closely as to the welfare of all in the monastery, and the messenger, unmindful of the death of the child, made answer that all was well. Still haunted by his vision, the abbot doubtingly repeated, "All well with all?" and then learnt that one indeed was dead, one little boy. "Then," cried he, "it is as I said. May his happy spirit rest in peace." To the scholars, at any rate, Dunstan was not harsh; and a hundred years after his death it was to their own "dear father Dunstan," and not to S. Nicholas—the recognized patron of schoolboys—that the boys of the cathedral school at Canterbury betook themselves for help when the terrors of the annual "whipping day" were upon them! S. Dunstan, needless to relate, heard their piteous appeal, and

caused a timely sleep to overtake the masters, and, so runs the story, the fortunate boys had an unlooked-for escape!

But though the educational work of his monastery was at this time Dunstan's primary work, he must have been frequently called from it by the necessity of attending upon the new king, Edred, a young man of great promise, who looked to Dunstan to aid him in whatever he undertook. During the nine years of Edred's reign Dunstan came much more prominently before the public eye than ever before, and in that time too he must have been gaining much of the political wisdom and experience which he was afterwards to turn to such good account for the nation. He was with Edred in his campaigns, and accompanied him on the march to Northumberland; he served him officially, holding very much the position of chancellor; above all, he was with him in his weary hours of sickness, ministering to him with the twofold devotion of an earnest spiritual adviser and a dear personal friend. Certainly Dunstan had a rare gift for friendship, and rather than leave the royal master, who clung to him increasingly, he did that thing which has so sorely perplexed modern historians, and refused episcopal preferment.

If the Abbot of Glastonbury expected to influence the boy-king who next occupied the throne in the same way as he had influenced his predecessor, he was quickly undeceived. At the very outset, at the coronation feast, the king and his minister came into collision. The circumstances are not clear to us and never will be clear, but this we know: that Dunstan thought it his duty to interfere between the king and his young bride, Ethelgiva, and that Edwy, not unnaturally resenting such interference, drove the abbot into exile. The Bishop of Oxford justly says that "an amount of criticism has been spent on this event, altogether out of proportion to the materials for its history," and he himself passes lightly over "the disagreeable task thrown upon Dunstan"—acting, moreover, "by the command of the witan of the kingdom"—of "bringing back the careless and obstinate boy" from the bridal chamber of the queen and her mother "to the solemn banquet." But since it is upon his supposed part in this affair that the popular conceptions of Dunstan's unlimited harshness of disposition have been principally based, a few more words must be devoted to the unpleasing subject. The accusations of unrelenting cruelty which have been brought against him may be instantly dismissed. In the first place, there is great reason to doubt whether the ill-fated Ethelgiva did actually undergo the persecution and the tortures of which later historians speak; but at any rate there is absolute certainty that Dunstan was not among her persecutors, for he was in exile in Flanders when the supposed atrocities took place. His share was limited to the original separation of the young couple on the occasion of the coronation feast; and with few exceptions even those writers who are least partial to Dunstan admit that his motive for thus interfering was that the marriage was in his eyes not a legal one. Dunstan may or may not have acted on the occasion in a high-handed manner—we have no means of judging of

this; but it is to be remembered that, whatever might be the precise cause of difference, he was resisting what he looked upon as nothing less than a deadly sin. "Men's views of what constituted vice," says the Bishop of Oxford, "may differ, but any rule that condemns Dunstan condemns John the Baptist also; and if any error on the side of severity is pardonable, it is when the rebuke is addressed to the vices of princes; why is Dunstan to be blamed for that which is the glory of Ambrose and Anselm?"

This unflinching determination to uphold at whatever cost the sanctity of marriage is highly characteristic of S. Dunstan, and is the key to many seeming contradictions in his character. He is often spoken of as a blind supporter of the Papacy, yet even letters of papal dispensation, issued for the benefit of some nobleman, failed to induce him to solemnize a marriage which he regarded as unlawful. Again, his whole worldly position depended upon the continuance of King Edgar's favour, and yet there is good reason to believe (even though it does not appear in the earliest lives) the famous story of his public refusal to shake hands with Edgar after he had sinned against a certain innocent nun,* with the words: "I cannot be a friend of him who is the enemy of Christ." If we may trust a well-supported tradition, his courage did not alienate the king, who submitted to the heavy mark of disgrace inflicted as his penance, and agreed not to wear his crown for seven years. Dean Hook complains† that the penance was a mere outward form, intended merely to satisfy the people, while leaving Edgar free to lead the same life as before. It is difficult to see what Dunstan could do more than to insist upon an open acknowledgment of the sin, and surely it was no light sacrifice to exact from a powerful sovereign like Edgar. This much at least is clear, that Dunstan with all his faults was no respecter of persons.

But to return to the year which the abbot spent in exile in the hospitable shelter of the great Flemish monastery of Blandinium near Ghent. It was to him a year fruitful in experience. The more perfect organization appealed to his love of order and discipline; he saw before his eyes a pattern of monastic life such as he desired to reproduce in England; then there were books, too, and from the evidence of one of the manuscript commonplace books already described, we can see how he gave himself to the study of the intricacies of Roman law, and extracted passages for his future guidance on subjects so congenial to him as the marriage laws and the degrees of kindred. Dunstan always felt that he owed much to the monastery at Blandinium, and his was not a nature that could be unmindful of old obligations. The monks knew this, and a quarter of a century later we find the Abbot of Blandinium writing to the Archbishop of Canterbury to beg for help because of a failure in the crops.

The exile was not of long duration; Abbot Dunstan was too useful a personage to be long left in banishment, and the rise into power of Edwy's half-brother Edgar was the signal for Dunstan's recall. The property

* Supposed to have been S. Wolfrida, see CH. XL.

† "Lives of the Archbishops."

which had been confiscated when he was sent into exile was now restored to him; honours began to flow in upon him, and from henceforward his troubles were at an end, his prosperity unbroken. Edwy had no further power to injure him—indeed, he did not live long after Dunstan's recall—and during the eighteen years of the memorable reign of Edgar the Peaceable, Dunstan, in Professor Freeman's words, "stands forth as the leading man in both Church and State." He was appointed first to the see of Worcester, and almost immediately after to that of London; for a short time indeed he held both together, an arrangement dictated by temporary convenience, which we need not defend after the fashion of Dunstan's biographers on the ground that S. John governed seven Churches, while S. Paul had the care of all the Churches.

Some two years later he was translated to Canterbury (A.D. 959), and having made a necessary journey to Rome to obtain his pall, he returned to England, and devoted himself heart and soul to co-operating with King Edgar in the manifold reforms that were so dear to both. There was an excellent understanding between the two men; their aims were the same, yet it has been remarked that "so far indeed as their work could be distinguished, there was a curious inversion of parts. The king was seen devoting himself to the task of building up the Church, . . . the primate was busy with the task of civil administration. . . . But in fact it is hardly possible to distinguish between the work of the one and the work of the other." *

In the miserable dissensions that rent the kingdom in the times of Edgar's unfortunate sons, the glories of the reign of Edgar the Peaceable were remembered all the more by force of contrast, and Dunstan's "memory was worshipped" † for the part he had taken in helping to bring about that golden age. And yet there is little to be told of these good days: "The peace and glory which were written in the hearts of the English . . . left vacant pages in the chronicles." No startling events meet us, but we find records of wise and equal laws; provisions for the better defences of the country; the more regular administration of justice; recognition of the rights of the Danes; enactments for the uniformity of coins and measures;—prosaic reforms perhaps, but tending to the good government and peace of the country, so that we may well say, "If Dunstan's work is here we have some justification for the praises of his biographers." ‡

But how do we know that this was Dunstan's work? Partly from the strong current of unbroken tradition that associates his name with all the reforms of Edgar's reign; partly from the natural inference that a man of Dunstan's immense powers of mind could not have been in constant attendance upon the king—his adviser in all matters sacred and secular—without leaving his own impress upon the work in which he was a sharer. It is impossible to suppose that Dunstan would ever content himself with a merely passive part. We feel morally certain of

* Green's "Conquest of England."
† Stubbs.
‡ Ibid.

this, even though we may only once see his influence plainly acknowledged in a royal enactment—as in the royal charter restoring and confirming the privileges of the Abbey of Peterborough, which begins: "I and the Archbishop command."

No detail of good government was beneath Dunstan's attention, and a late tradition * which ascribes to the archbishop the invention of the system of movable pegs in drinking vessels, with the object of regulating the quantity drunk, is at least well in accordance with the practical side of his versatile nature. It is from this practice, and so indirectly from S. Dunstan, that we derive the vulgar phrase "to take a man down a peg."

In the days when the chief officers of state were ecclesiastics, the sort of distinctions that are now apt to arise between things sacred and secular were less strongly marked; but some people may consider the archbishop more in his own province when we come to the canonical legislation. There is not a great deal here that is distinctive or of special interest, but there are touches here and there which, says the Bishop of Oxford, "we may think characteristic of Dunstan;" as, for example, "that every priest do teach manual arts with all diligence;" "that no learned priest reproach him that is less learned, but mend him if he know how."

But leaving minor points, as to the observance of Sunday and the orderly methods of celebrating Divine Service, we turn to consider Dunstan's attitude towards the burning question of the day—the substitution of regular monks in the place of the secular clergy and the enforcement of clerical celibacy. As regards this latter point much has been asserted, but little has been or can be proved. "The only laws which can with any probability be ascribed to Dunstan are altogether silent on the point. We know that when he was a young man in Minor Orders he intended to marry, and it was the taking of monastic vows that showed his renunciation of the design;" † but as to the general question of favouring the introduction of the Benedictine system, with all its increased strictness of rule and practice, there is much more to be said. We shall probably not be very far from the truth if we conclude that though the movement had his sympathy, though the well-ordered peace and discipline of a Benedictine house was his ideal of monastic retirement, he yet regarded it more in the light of a counsel of perfection than as a necessary part of the English ecclesiastical system. He approved of the movement, and to some extent supported it; but he was far less thoroughgoing than either Ethelwold of Winchester, or his own predecessor, Odo of Canterbury; and it is noticeable that "in his own churches, Canterbury, London, and Worcester," he did not attempt the expulsion of the secular clerks from the monasteries. Perhaps his moderation sprang from his larger conception of statesmanship. He looked upon the change as beneficial in itself, but he was not prepared to make it

* William of Malmesbury. † Stubbs.

his first object; and thus it is that in the dispute that arose concerning Edgar's successor, we find Dunstan making common cause with the leader of the anti-monastic party, for the sake of securing the rights of Edgar's eldest son, the hapless Edward the Martyr.

The two events of that reign to which modern historians, following the lead of Dunstan's later biographers, give the most prominence, are the two councils, the first at Winchester, the second at Calne in Wiltshire, in both of which Dunstan is freely credited with having had recourse to certain unscrupulous devices in order to discomfit the anti-monastic party. The most elementary history finds a place for the mediæval tale of the speaking crucifix in the wall which utters a mysterious denunciation of the secular clergy, and not infrequently goes on to attribute the supposed miracle to Dunstan's powers as a ventriloquist. It is perhaps sufficient to say that the story itself is never heard of till it appears, in company with many "wonders" of an equally foolish description, in the pages of the credulous and prejudiced Osbern.

The other event, the unlucky Council at Calne, when the floor broke and the majority of those present were precipitated to the ground, while Dunstan himself by clinging to a beam escaped uninjured, has the authority of the Chronicle, which, however, relates it in most matter-of-fact fashion, without the least hint of any supernatural intervention. It belongs to the same class of incidents as Dunstan's providential deliverance from injury in his famous sleep-walk, or his less commonly remembered escape from death at Winchester.

So long as both of Edgar's sons were alive Dunstan had strenuously supported the claims of the elder brother, but after Edward's assassination he freely gave in his allegiance to Ethelred. He officiated at his coronation, and it was he who put into the young king's mouth his solemn promise of faithful dealing towards his people. But it was too late now for Dunstan to be to Ethelred all that he had been to his brother and father and great-uncle.

From this point the archbishop disappears from public life; his name is no more to be met with in the national chronicles, but we are able to follow him into his retirement at Canterbury, or it may be in his favourite country residence at Mayfield, and picture to ourselves his busy useful life. We see him beginning his day with prayer, and then taking up his harp and attuning his soul to the Psalms of David; we see him waiting for the first light of dawn that he may betake himself to the study of his well-loved manuscripts, and correct in them whatever faults may strike his scholarly eye. From these pursuits he turns to the more active duties of life—to ordinations, to consecrations, to the routine duties of his profession, only that with him nothing—not even the teaching of the dullest of pupils—is allowed to become a routine, for all labours are lightened by that blessed gift of personal sympathy which enables him not merely to weep with the sorrowing, to comfort the widows, to befriend the desolate, to adjust quarrels, but enables him likewise to rejoice with the

joyful, and to enter with the generous appreciation of a fellow-worker into the glad thankfulness of the young princess whose newly built church he is called to consecrate.*

And then in addition to all his other affairs there was the burden of correspondence, and the correspondence of an active-minded Archbishop of Canterbury, even in the tenth century, was a more serious business than we of the nineteenth century might be inclined to imagine. Let us glance at some specimens from S. Dunstan's post-bag, which have fortunately been preserved for us in the National Library at Paris. The archbishop's answers, alas! are missing, but the letters tell their own story, and give us a tolerable idea of the demands that have already been made, and not in vain, upon the archbishop's practical sympathy. We begin with a letter from Count Arnulf of Flanders seeking Dunstan's friendship, more especially with the view of obtaining his good offices with the King of England. Then follows a letter from an anonymous bishop, singing the praises of his glorious brother bishop both in verse and prose, and expressing thanks for some present received from him. The next—also anonymous—is in much the same strain, but dwells principally upon the archbishop's unspeakable services to his country. The fourth correspondent writes to take leave of Dunstan, which he does in metrical form. The next letter is from a foreigner on the eve of returning to his own country, who recalls Dunstan's past kindnesses to him, a comparative stranger, and trusts that the same may be continued to him. A monk at Fleury has as much occasion for gratitude as the others, but his special object in writing is to ask for the return of a book which had been lent to the archbishop. We feel sure that his account of his bookless condition stirred Dunstan's compassion. A more formidable demand is made upon his friendship by Abbo, the distinguished abbot of this same monastery of Fleury, who writes to request his friend to criticize the life of S. Edmund which he is proposing to write, a task for which Dunstan has, he points out, peculiar qualifications. And finally, we have from the same hand a lengthy triple acrostic on the archbishop's name, a complicated and tiresome effusion which we feel convinced a modern Archbishop of Canterbury would be sorely tempted to throw into his waste-paper basket, —but such was not Dunstan's way.

For nearly thirty years Dunstan had ruled over the English Church, and even now, in the spring of the year 988, he was but sixty-four, and was still as active and hard-working as ever. On Ascension Day he for the last time publicly celebrated the Holy Communion—that service which he ever performed, says one of his early biographers, "with such entireness of devotion that he seemed to be speaking face to face with the Lord, even if just before he had been vexed with the quarrels of the people." In addition to this he preached no less than three times, for he was indefatigable in the use of his rare gift of preaching; and men and women, young and old, would alike gather together to listen to his teaching.

* See S. Edith, CH. XL.

Two days later, early on the Saturday morning, he was again a partaker of the blessed Sacrament, and when he had received it he began, as was his wont, to sing a psalm of praise—part of the cxi^th^ *—but in the middle of a verse his voice failed; sudden illness seems to have seized him, and by the end of the same day—this very 19th of May, on which we still commemorate him—he passed to his rest. "Oh," says the biographer,† to whom we owe this account of the archbishop's last hours, "Oh! too happy whom the Lord found thus watching."

"Dunstan," says the Bishop of Oxford, "was canonized in popular regard almost from the day he died. He was the favourite saint of the mother Church of England for more than a century and a half. . . . His glory was at last eclipsed, but it was by no less a hero than Thomas Becket." In that hundred and fifty years' interval we have abundant tokens of the honours paid him. A festival in remembrance of him was solemnly instituted by Canute, and we possess still the eleventh-century mass drawn up for use on that day, with an accompanying series of lessons drawn from the history of his life. There is a prolonged sermon filled with his praise, and more than one hymn occupied with the same subject and invoking the saint's aid in temporal as well as spiritual dangers. Lastly, there is a prolonged prayer addressed to the saint, which is mainly interesting for the sake of its distinguished author, S. Anselm.

That there should be a certain number of churches in honour of S. Dunstan is a matter of course. The surprising point is that there are not more of them, and that whereas S. Dunstan's Day was carefully observed throughout all England with special differences of ritual according to the differing Uses of York, Hereford, and Salisbury, his churches should, with scarcely an exception, be limited to the so-called "home-counties." S. Augustine and S. Thomas of Canterbury are to be found in every part of the country; Dunstan, on the other hand, is not to be found north of Buckinghamshire; and, in fact, the only ancient example of a dedication to him outside this one particular district is Balstonborough in Somersetshire, which is a few miles only from Glastonbury, and probably belonged at one time to the monastery.

The City of London gives us the well-known twin churches of S. Dunstan's-in-the-East and S. Dunstan's-in-the-West. The first of these two is still, as probably it has been for long, in the gift of the Archbishop of Canterbury; three Kentish churches of S. Dunstan—Cranbrook, Snargate, and Canterbury—are in the same gift; and we can readily understand that this was a dedication-name that would present itself very naturally to the minds of Dunstan's successors in the archbishopric.

But the church of S. Dunstan that can lay claim to the most direct association with its great patron is that of Mayfield in Sussex. The Archbishops of Canterbury had a residence of some kind at this place from the days of Dunstan to the days of Cranmer; and there is no reason for mistrusting the statement of Eadmer, the twelfth-century biographer, that

* Vers. 4, 5. † Adelard.

Dunstan "built a wooden church at Mayfield as he did at other places." Eadmer further states that "whilst dedicating this in person Dunstan walked round it as usual, and observed that it was not exactly turned to the sunrise at the equinox. It is said" (Eadmer's cautious wording should be noted) "that as he passed, he gave it a little push with his shoulder, and immediately turned it from its original position to the exact line of the East. And no one doubts," concludes the pious historian, "that he could easily have done it." Mayfield, not content with its genuine link with the archbishop, has laid claim to be the scene of the apocryphal encounter with the devil, a claim as unnecessary as it is absurd. It is obvious that S. Dunstan did not call this church, or any other of those which he may have founded, after his own name, but the change was probably made in the height of his fame.

A very striking illustration of the mediæval veneration for S. Dunstan is seen when we turn to the double dedications. In Cornwall there are no less than three examples of parishes in which the name of Dunstan has been added to that of the original Celtic patron S. Menaacus (CH. XXXVI.). The channel through which S. Dunstan's name was introduced cannot accurately be traced, but in two cases at least * there is some slight ground to suspect that it may be due to monastic influence.

A double dedication of a simpler kind is found at Stepney, where we have "S. Dunstan and All Saints." The church is said to have been originally dedicated to All Saints alone, but took the name of Dunstan in memory of its having been rebuilt by that great man.† The date given by Matthew Paris, 952, is somewhat to be mistrusted, as at that time Dunstan was little known outside the West of England, but the statement itself is likely enough to be correct. This church of "S. Dunstan and All Saints," Stepney, has, by the way, the curious privilege of being accounted the parish church of all British subjects born at sea.

Of modern churches in this name we have two; that of East Acton in Middlesex has an excellent right to its name, for not only is it situated in one of the two counties ‡ where S. Dunstan is most specially honoured, but further, the church was built and endowed by the Goldsmiths' Company, whose proper patron is of course S. Dunstan. It is pleasant to be able to add that it is customary for representatives of the Company to attend this church annually on the Sunday nearest to S. Dunstan's Day.

The other modern church of S. Dunstan's at Edgehill, a district of Liverpool, cannot give an equally good account of itself. The name is said to have been chosen purely out of admiration for the character and career of the great archbishop, but it may be doubted whether this is quite a sufficient reason for introducing S. Dunstan into a part of England with which he had not the very slightest personal association. We do hear of his having been in Northamptonshire and Durham, but he has no known connexion with Lancashire, and in the choice of dedication-

* At Lanlivery and Manaccan.

† Mackeson.

‡ Middlesex has six dedications to S. Dunstan, Kent five.

names it is always desirable to pay some degree of attention to historic fitness—most of all, in the case of so real and historic a figure as Archbishop Dunstan.

S. Alphege, M. April 19, 1012.

Is a man who died for his country rather than for the Faith rightly to be accounted a martyr? This was the point that in the later years of the eleventh century was much disputed concerning Alphege, Archbishop of Canterbury, who was murdered by the Danes because of his refusal "to plunder his people in order to obtain a ransom for himself."* Of his successors, Lanfranc decided the question in the negative; S. Anselm, more generously and more in accordance with the wide charity of the primitive Church, maintained that "though he did not die for any point of Christian belief, yet he died for Christian justice and charity,"† and so was entitled to the name and honour of a martyr.

But even apart from the one act of patriotism which was the cause of his death, Alphege would have deserved well of his country. Not once nor twice, but throughout a useful though unexciting career, his influence was steadily exercised on the side of peace, justice, and individual liberty; but in the memory of the tragedy that closed his life, the inconspicuous, beneficent labours of his earlier years have been unduly overlooked.

Alphege—to give him the name by which he is commemorated in our Prayer-book Kalendar, and which still sounds more familiar to many of us than the more correct form "Aelfheah," made use of by modern scholars—from early youth showed a strong bent for the monastic life. Unlike Dunstan, he does not appear at any period in his life to have been attracted by the lighter amusements of the world, all of which he was in a position to have enjoyed to the full had he so willed. At an early age he left home and his widowed mother and entered the Gloucestershire monastery of Deerhurst. But at Deerhurst he found himself in no congenial society; the rule of life there practised was by no means rigid enough for his young asceticism, and the monks on their side were impatient of the new-comer's efforts to raise their standard. Certain changes he did succeed in working, but it must have been something of a relief to both sides when the young monk was removed to Bath, to a monastery where the stricter Benedictine rule was in force. No strictness could be too severe for Alphege, and his piety, his charities to the poor, and not least perhaps his bodily austerities, so called forth the admiration of his fellow-monks that in due time they chose him to be their prior.

But greater dignities were in store for him. He was barely thirty years of age when the see of Winchester fell vacant (A.D. 984), and he was called upon to fill it. His promotion was doubtless owing to Archbishop Dunstan, who, in addition to his general principle of desiring whenever possible to advance the interests of the Benedictine monks, may well have had some special interest in the promising youth from his own native district of Somerset. In all likelihood Dunstan's influence would have

* Freeman's "Norman Conquest." † Ibid.

been sufficiently potent had it stood alone, but he chose to make it irresistible by declaring that the appointment was made by the command of S. Andrew himself.

The closing years of the tenth century were full of trouble for England. The Northmen were perpetually harrying the coasts, and none could feel secure that the next blow would not fall upon them. East Anglia had suffered, Kent had suffered, London itself had been attacked, and still the helpless king, Ethelred, remained inactive in the distant safety of the royal city of Winchester; but when the invaders bore down upon Hampshire (A.D. 994), terror forced him to bestir himself, and he offered something more than the usual subsidy. But his advisers were urgent for some more permanent policy, and foremost now among those advisers was the Bishop of Winchester. Alphege saw that much might be gained from breaking up the alliance between the two kings of Denmark and Norway, and winning one at least of the two over to neutrality. His chief hope lay in an appeal to the King of Norway, that formidable old viking, Olaf Tryggvesson (not to be confounded with his successor, Olaf the saint: see CH. XLIII.), who was reported to have been recently baptized in the Scilly Islands. Ethelred consented to let the bishop be one of the ambassadors, and his arguments so powerfully influenced the new convert that he agreed to the terms required of him. Alphege then conducted King Olaf with much state to his own king at Andover. "And King Ethelred received him at the bishop's hands, and royally gifted him. And then Olave made a covenant with him, even as he also fulfilled, that he never again would come hostilely to the English nation." *

There was much of wise statesmanship in all this, but from all that we know of our saint we may well believe that he was also moved by the same missionary spirit that shone out so conspicuously in the last months of his life; and he took care that King Olaf should not sail away from England without having received at his hands the rite of confirmation.

Alphege held the see of Winchester for the long term of twenty-one years (984–1005), when he was nominated to succeed his friend, Archbishop Elfric, at Canterbury. A journey to Rome to obtain his pall somewhat delayed his entering upon his new duties, and furnishes the nearest approach to a holiday that we meet with in the whole course of Alphege's arduous life.

When he returned to England the outlook was darker than before. The treacherous massacre of the Danes, known in history as the "massacre of S. Brice's Day," was working out its own retribution in the quickened hatred of ever fresh hosts of invaders burning to avenge their countrymen. The naval organization of the Northmen was continually improving, while the defences, both naval and military, of the English were becoming less and less efficient. The Northmen grew bolder, and their descents on all parts of the coast were now so sudden, so frequent, so fraught with misery to the inhabitants, that the whole kingdom seemed paralyzed with

* Eng. Chron.

hopeless terror. Here and there, indeed, an heroic resistance was still successfully offered; but the want of concerted national action was painfully felt. And there was another cause for alarm. Where the Danes found themselves withstood they carried all before them at the point of the sword; but in those parts where they had entered into undisputed possession they brought with them their own beliefs and customs, so that England was in danger of being overspread by a new wave of heathenism.

All men, even the unwise Ethelred himself, saw the imminence of the peril and the need for action of some sort; but there were some who, like the archbishop, were weighed down, not only by the thought of the present peril, but yet more by the sense of the national guilt. To minds such as his it was evident that general humiliation and firm purpose of amendment must be the first steps towards a happier state of things. Now, as thirteen years before, he was the trusted adviser of his royal master; and for once the temporizing king seemed inclined to yield himself up to his best influences. A brief peace had been secured by the usual method of heavily bribing the invaders, and during these two years of respite the "civil functions of the King and his Witan," says Professor Freeman, "were evidently in full activity." Reforms of all kinds were set on foot: the great question of national defence was carefully considered; the number of war-ships was to be increased; the efficiency of the land forces was to be looked to; all forts and bridges were to be kept in good repair. Again—turning to internal matters—slavery, which was beginning to take so great a hold upon the country, was to be checked and safeguarded by various restrictions; the penal laws, too, were to be softened.

But what, it may be asked, had the archbishop to do with all these reforms? In the first place, it was through his influence that the meeting of the Witan, which was the most fruitful in legislation, was convoked, and though the names of individuals do not appear, it is manifest that the assembly was throughout deeply religious in character. The bishops and clergy present began the work of each day with private prayer among themselves, and advantage was taken of the public services of the Church to preach daily sermons on such topics as faith, charity, prudence, and justice.* As to the statutes themselves, they are filled with exhortations to amendment of life, and to a stricter observance of religious duties. "The whole," says a modern historian, "reads like an act of penitence on the part of a repentant nation awakened by misfortune to a sense of national sins. . . . These statutes show a real desire to mend the ways of the nation, to make satisfaction to God and man for the past, and for the future to work manfully alike for national reformation and for the national defence. The whole tone is pious and patriotic, and the piety is of a kind which, while it strictly enforces every ecclesiastical observance, by no means forgets the weightier matters of

* Hook's "Lives of the Archbishops."

the Law, judgment, mercy, and truth." So writes Professor Freeman, and he concludes with the words: "In all this we can hardly fail to trace the hand of good Archbishop Aelfheah."

But, alas! these statesmanlike resolutions and precautions came too late. Taxes were levied and ships manned; something was done; but treachery and civil dissensions marred every attempt at corporate action. "Still," says the contemporary chronicler* mournfully, "we had not the good fortune nor the worthiness, that the ship force could be of any use to this land, any more than it oft before had been." At the expiration of the truce the Danes returned, more bent than ever upon plunder, and finding less and less resistance, for "at last there was no chief who would assemble forces, but each fled as he might; nor at the last would even one shire assist another." Then there was a falling back upon the old policy of buying off the invaders. "When they had done the most evil, then peace and truce were made with them, and nevertheless, for all the truce and tribute, they went everywhere in bands, and plundered our miserable people, and robbed and slew them."

The metropolitan city of Canterbury offered too fair a mark to the plunderers to escape unmolested; but on the first occasion it was allowed to buy itself off. A year later, in September, 1011, the marauders were again before the gates, under the leadership of Thurkill, a Danish chief of considerable note in after history, demanding a yet heavier tribute. But this time the townsfolk either would not or could not pay, and they made ready to stand a siege. Some, indeed, of the nobles fled at the first alarm, and urged the archbishop to follow their example, a counsel which he unhesitatingly refused. He it was who encouraged the citizens in their determination to hold out to the last; and day by day, during the three weeks of the siege, he was continually at his post in the cathedral ready to administer the Holy Sacrament to each fresh detachment of soldiers before they mounted guard, so bringing home to all men his own deep conviction that the defence of their land was a religious duty. From the 8th of September to Michaelmas Day the city held out successfully, and then it was taken by treachery, the treachery of a certain ecclesiastic whose crime was all the darker because, as it was well remembered, his life had beforetime been saved—we know not how or when—by the archbishop. This man set fire to a part of the ramparts, and in the panic-stricken rush to guard against this new danger, a way was left open by which the enemy forced an entrance. The cathedral was set on fire, the city was sacked, and countless prisoners, women as well as men, were taken; the rich in the hope of ransom, the rest to be sold as slaves.

At this point the monkish biographer of S. Alphege proceeds to paint a harrowing description of the wholesale massacres which now filled up the measure of Danish barbarity; but the calmer statements of the English Chronicle do not corroborate him in this particular, and his trustworthiness as an historian is not always beyond suspicion. The primary object

* Eng. Chron.

of the enemy was to enrich themselves, whether by direct plunder or by the ransom of wealthy captives. "No doubt," as says Professor Freeman, "some lives were lost; a city was not likely to be taken, least of all by Danes in that age, without the loss of some lives;" but the silence of the chronicler as to any general massacre may be counted as conclusive evidence that none such took place. The few lines of broken verse in the Chronicle are far more pathetic in their rigid self-control than pages of highly coloured description—

"There might then be seen misery,
Where men oft erewhile saw bliss,
In that hapless city,
Whence to us came first
Christendom and bliss,
'Fore God, and 'fore the world."

The great multitude of captives was a noticeable feature of this memorable day—"It is not to be told to any man how many there were." Among them were many distinguished personages—the king's steward, the Bishop of Rochester, the Abbess of St. Mildred's, and one other there was "whose name has made the capture of Canterbury to stand out more conspicuously than most of the events of this age, Aelfheah, Primate of all England." * And thus sings the verse-writer of the Chronicle—

"Then was he captive
Who erewhile was
Head of the English race
And of Christendom."

At last the work of devastation was completed. The Danes remained within the city "as long as they would. And when they had thoroughly searched the city, then went they to their ships, and led the Archbishop with them. And they kept the Archbishop with them so long as until the time that they martyred him." So in one brief sentence does the historian sum up the seven suffering months that had to elapse between this Michaelmas of 1011 and the Eastertide of the year following.

Like the other captives, Alphege was free to ransom himself had he so chosen, and, if we may believe the statement of an apparently well-informed contemporary historian,† he did at the outset, "moved by human frailty," as says the Englishman from whom the foreign writer derived his authority, "promise them money." Very possibly he was then in ignorance of the heavy sum that was to be demanded of him—three thousand pieces of silver—a sum that could with difficulty have been collected at a time when there was a general indemnity of £48,000 to be raised in addition to all private ransoms. His friends were willing to have made any sacrifice on his behalf—if necessary, the church plate even should be sold; but the archbishop firmly "forbade that anything should be given for him." ‡ It ought to be said that both the English accounts

* Freeman.

† Thietmar of Merseburg, quoted in Freeman.

‡ Eng. Chron.

make the archbishop refuse from the first to ransom himself, but the hasty promise given, and then on maturer judgment withdrawn, is an incident very true to nature, and not likely to have been invented. If he chose, for the sake of his country, not to allow himself to be ransomed, he well knew that he did so at the peril of his life, and he alone was the sufferer. Our estimate of the man remains unchanged, but the increased exasperation of the Danes, to whom all his scruples would be utterly incomprehensible, and who knew only that "he could raise the money and would not," * becomes very intelligible.

The seven months during which the captive archbishop was dragged about in the Danish ships were not the least fruitful of his life. An outbreak of sickness among the soldiers gave an opportunity for his ministrations, and predisposed many to listen to his teaching. When Easter came we know that S. Alphege administered confirmation to one convert at least, and probably there were others who, like this one, had been recently baptized. It is not certain whether the Danish leader, Thurkill, was at this time openly on the side of Christianity, but it is plain from what occurred a week later that he was attached in no common degree to his English prisoner.

In the middle of April the Danish ships were lying in the river off Greenwich, and on the Saturday after Easter a large number of the crew went on shore, and "seem to have held some kind of festival." † The chronicler notes the significant fact that wine had lately been brought them from the south, of which they had drunk deeply. On that Saturday night, at the close of the feast, while the drinking was at its height, they caused the archbishop to be brought before them to their "hustings," or place of assembly. At sight of him the old cause of resentment was stirred anew, and the cry for ransom was once more raised. It was no time for long speeches, and Alphege spoke briefly but unwaveringly, like the staunch Englishman he was. He had sinned, he said, in promising ransom, and no one should give anything for his life; as to his poor body, it was in their hands to do with it what they would, but his sinful soul was not in their power, and that he committed to the charge of the Almighty. At these words the anger of the Danes increased. Their leader Thurkill in vain interceded for him, offering to give them, if they would but spare the life of their prisoner, "gold and silver, even all that I have, save my ship only," but they were in no state now to listen to his pleadings.

The Northmen had among themselves a barbarous punishment for certain minor offences of pelting the culprit with bones at dinner; and this may have suggested what now followed. They began to pelt their victim with the bones and horns of the oxen off which they had just feasted, and then with whatever missiles came to hand. The archbishop fell to the ground wounded but still living, and the soldier-convert before mentioned, seeing his desperate state, and moved by a rude feeling of compassion, struck him a blow with his battle-axe that at once ended his sufferings.

* Hook's "Lives." † Freeman.

With morning light the drunken madness of the Danes had worked itself off, and they repented themselves of having gone further than they had ever intended. The body of their murdered hostage was freely given to his friends and removed without hindrance to London, where the Bishops of London and Dorchester received it with all the reverence due to a martyr, and buried it in S. Paul's Cathedral. We may well believe that the archbishop's death completed the work which had already been begun with regard to Thurkill. Before long he became a zealous Christian, and in course of time he transferred himself and his forty-five war-ships to the service of the English king. How devoutly would the patriotic archbishop have rejoiced had he lived to know of this!

For ten years the body of S. Alphege lay at S. Paul's, and then was seen one of time's strange revenges. The throne of the English Ethelred was occupied by a Dane, but no king of English blood ever showed himself more zealous to do honour to our national saints than did the Danish Canute. It was this "illustrious king" who in 1023 "gave full leave" to the then Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of Sherborne, and "all the servants of God that were with them, that they might take up from the tomb the archbishop St. Elphege." * The body was placed in one of the royal barges, gorgeously painted and decked, and with the king and Archbishop Ethelnoth and the greatest nobles in the land for a guard of honour, it was carried across the river to Southwark. Thence it was borne, always in solemn triumph, to Rochester, where the procession was joined by the queen and her young son, and thence, "with much state and bliss, and songs of praise," it was "worshipfully brought into Christ's Church," † that is to say, the Cathedral Church of Canterbury, where it was laid by the side of the famous S. Dunstan.

The handful of churches that bear the name of S. Alphege are for the most part closely associated with his martyrdom and the history of the translation of his remains. The parish church of S. Alphege at Greenwich keeps in memory the very scene of his death; S. Alphege, London Wall, in the neighbourhood of S. Paul's, reminds us of the ten years when the archbishop's body lay in S. Paul's Cathedral; even the modern church of S. Alphege, Southwark, has a justification for its name in the fact that it marks the first stage in that well-nigh royal progress to Canterbury. Canterbury, not content with the tomb in the cathedral, has its own separate church of S. Alphege, and has further bestowed his name upon the little parish church of Seasalter near Whitstable, a church which is now—as it most likely was many centuries ago—in the gift of the Dean and Chapter.

Solihull in Warwickshire is the last church which we find placed under the invocation of S. Alphege of Canterbury, and the reason for his veneration in a part of England with which he had no natural connexion in life does not appear, but in the year 1242 we find King Henry III.

* Eng. Chron. † Ibid.

granting to the inhabitants of Solihull a yearly fair upon the eve and day of their patronal saint, S. Alphege.*

We may conclude our history of this saint with Professor Freeman's appreciative yet dispassionate estimate of him: "It is easy to see in Aelfheah a thoroughly good and Christian man, one of those men of simple, straightforward, benevolent earnestness, of whom the English Church in that age produced many. He was undoubtedly a Saint, and it seems hard to refuse him the title of Martyr."

S. Anselm. April 21, 1109.

Midway between S. Alphege and S. Thomas of Canterbury stands a name that has only in our own day been added to the roll of saints who have given their names to English churches. There are sufficient reasons why S. Anselm is not commemorated by any single pre-Reformation church, and also why he should have been honoured in modern times. In the first place, his formal canonization—although Becket pleaded for it as Anselm himself had pleaded for the canonization of Alphege—was long delayed, and did not take place until the middle of the reign of Henry VII., when the great rush of church-building was already past, and a strong reaction against any saints who were suspected of leaning Romewards was about to set in. In the second place, of late years, from a variety of causes, the general estimate of S. Anselm has been growing more and more favourable. His attitude in upholding the rights of the Papal authority against what he held to be the encroachments of the Kings of England might, one would have supposed, have won for him in the Middle Ages the same admiration that was afterwards so freely accorded to Becket for the like conduct; but Anselm, though he struggled hard throughout his episcopate for the rights he deemed so vital, yet lacked the seal of martyrdom which raised Becket to so lofty a pre-eminence. Endless as were the annoyances, great and open as were the indignities heaped upon him, even the Red King never dreamed of such an outrage as endangering the life of his hated antagonist; and Henry I., while perpetually opposing him, nevertheless "knew that in Anselm he had at Canterbury the greatest Christian bishop, the greatest religious example of his age." †

But in the centuries succeeding the Reformation, Anselm's loyalty to the Papacy, which had been his strongest recommendation in the eyes of mediæval Churchmen, caused him to be looked upon with actual suspicion and dislike as a traitor towards the country of his adoption. But it has been justly pointed out by the late Dean Church ‡ that "it is a mistake in comparing two different and remote stages of the same thing to make a later false and corrupt direction the measure of a former natural and innocent one." When Anselm began, as he indisputably did begin, "the system of appeals to Rome and of inviting foreign interference in our home concerns which grew to such a mischievous and scandalous height, he began it not only in good faith but with good reason." He was

* Dugdale's "Warwickshire."
† Church's "St. Anselm."
‡ Ibid.

appealing against the iniquitous "reign of misrule and injustice," from force and arbitrary will to law. The part which Anselm took in that famous contest "has made," says the same writer, "the most illustrious name of his age a byword with English historians, and an object of dislike to some who, but for that, would not be insensible to the power of one of the most perfect examples of Middle Age saintliness;" and perhaps it is only of late years that we have learnt to distinguish sufficiently clearly between the general principle and its later unfortunate applications, so as to be able freely to admit with Anselm's devoted champion that "though what he did conduced in the end to results which bore evil fruit in England, yet notwithstanding, according to all that he could judge by then he was right."*

But altogether apart from his political actions, Anselm has an interest for us which he shares with no other English archbishop. As a theologian and thinker he is more to be ranked with the Fathers of the fourth and fifth centuries—with Athanasius and Augustine—than with the Schoolmen of the Middle Ages. The daring investigation, the close reasoning of the eleventh-century Anselm, has attracted and satisfied many a master-intellect since his day; and the teaching of his great work on the Atonement, entitled "Cur Deus Homo," has had a far-reaching influence upon theological thought which it would be hard indeed to estimate. So great indeed has been that influence, that the late Archbishop Thomson prefaces his remarks upon this famous book with the following words: "But it is time to pass to Anselm, the reputed parent of our modern teaching; and we ought to be thoroughly satisfied upon the question whether or not he has supplanted the Bible in our pulpits and treatises and in our thoughts."†

Recent writers, such as Professor Freeman and Dean Church, have done us an immense service in enabling us to pass behind our knowledge of Anselm in his public capacity as statesman and theologian, and to study his private character. From many scattered side notices of the man, added to the contemporary life of him by his admiring friend Eadmer, they have drawn a faithful portrait which makes us realize his strong lovable nature. We see the protective instincts which made him so tender over all weak things—sick folk, or children, or dumb animals in their distress; we see the combination of strength and graciousness which so called forth the admiration of those among whom he moved—be they hostile Norman barons, or rough English soldiers, or courteous Italian peasants. We see him in his moments of greatest perplexity cool and clear-headed; on his guard against the many pitfalls laid for him, yet withal so serene that he could fall peacefully asleep the instant the strain was removed. The perfect calm with which when he had done his best he would leave the result was not lost even upon his opponents. As one of them once said: "When we have been arranging our counsels all day long, and have settled by talking them over among ourselves how they

* Dean Church. † Thomson's "Collected Papers."

are to hold together, he goes to sleep and thinks no harm; and the moment they are opened before him, with one breath of his lips he breaks them as if they were cobwebs."

But we see in Anselm truer tokens of the saint than these rare gifts of a noble temperament. Most of all in his whole attitude towards William Rufus we recognize the unfailing charity which is indeed the outcome of heaven-sent grace. William might say with truth, "Yesterday I hated him much, to-day still more; to-morrow and ever after he may be sure I shall hate him with more bitter hatred," but for all this the archbishop did not cease to pray for him and to yearn over him with all the tenderness of a "spiritual father to his beloved son." As Anselm was utterly devoid of resentment, so also was he devoid of personal ambition. As a matter of conscience and duty, he would contend to the last for the rights of the Church and for the rights of the Archbishop of Canterbury as the English representative of the Church, but for his own sake he would never have contended at all. Truly to him the archbishopric was from first to last a burden, not a joy, which he took up unwillingly and only at the imperative call of duty; and his seasons of exile were to him seasons of restful enjoyment, because in them he was free to give himself up with a quiet mind to the deep spiritual studies which were his truest delight. No bodily weariness, no intellectual distaste for such things, could induce him to desist from his long hard struggle on behalf of the Church, until in virtue of the concessions made by Henry I. the victory was practically won, and he could thankfully lay down his arms, and devote himself during the few years that remained to him to the following out of his natural bent. Protracted bodily weakness caused him to feel a hitherto unknown weariness in the labours of composition, but bodily weakness did not dim his splendid powers of thought.

The approach of death was no grief to him; save in so far that it called him hence while he was still seeking to solve some of the great fundamental problems of existence, in which his whole being was absorbed. On Palm Sunday of the year 1109, when the end was drawing near, one of the devoted friends who were sitting around his bed said to him: "Father, we understand that you are going to leave the world for your Lord's Easter court." At this time speech had become difficult to Anselm, but he roused himself to a reply in which the whole sincere, loyal nature of the man speaks out. "If," said he, "His will be so, I shall gladly obey His will. But if He willed rather that I should yet remain amongst you, at least till I have solved a question which I am turning in my mind about the origin of the soul, I should receive it thankfully, for I know not whether any one will finish it after I am gone." Three days later, on April 21, the day on which he is still commemorated, he passed peacefully away.

It is to this Anselm—the statesman, the thinker, the saint—that our modern churches are dedicated. We have seen that the archbishop's

canonization was delayed for more than three hundred years. It was at length formally completed, not by some worthy representative of the visible head of the Church, but by Alexander VI., one of the worst members of the infamous family of the Borgias. "But," says Dean Church, "a very different judge had already interpreted the opinion of Christendom about Anselm. Before he had suffered the indignity of a canonization at the hands of Borgia, Dante had consecrated his memory, and assigned him a place with those whom the Church honoured as her saints." It is in truth but a bare mention of his name among "the ministers of God's gifts of reason," but surely it is no light honour even for our sainted Anselm of Canterbury to occupy a niche in Dante's immortal temple of fame.

On the Continent, in his native Italy, above all, Anselm's greatness was more readily recognized than here in England, partly perhaps because his quickness of apprehension and his gracious bearing were qualities that appealed more instantaneously to a Southern than to a Northern people.

The late Dean Hook, who made so careful a study of the successive Archbishops of Canterbury, never fully acknowledged the beauty or the charm of Anselm's character. His friend, Professor Freeman, in the intimacy of their private letters, used to banter him on his deficiency on this point. "You don't love Anselm as you ought," he writes; "I never read a word of his theology or metaphysics, and I do not mean to. He figures with me as 'the man who saved the hunted hare, and stood up for the holiness of Aelfheah'" (*i.e.* S. Alphege).* And again, to the same correspondent, contrasting Anselm with Becket: "I am very fond of him. I look on him as the *raal article* which Thomas tried, somewhat awkwardly, to reproduce. . . . Depend upon it, the opposition of William Rufus to Anselm was simply the natural opposition of evil to good. As between Henry and Thomas, 'tis another thing; 'twas a controversy with much to be said on both sides." †

The three recently built churches which bear the name of Anselm are all of them in or near London—at Lambeth, Pinner, and Streatham respectively. Probably by this time their number has been still further increased; but no modern memorial of the saint can rival in interest the one mediæval memorial of him which is to be found at Canterbury in the beautiful side chapel of the cathedral—now happily, after much neglect and many vicissitudes, restored to its proper purpose, and in frequent use for the early celebrations of the Holy Communion—the chapel which for centuries has gone by the name of "S. Anselm's Chapel." The original dedication of the chapel was to the Apostles Peter and Paul, and this has never been formally superseded; but when the great archbishop was buried behind the altar, both the chapel itself and the tower which surmounted it came to be popularly designated by his name, and the association can never now be lost.

* "Life and Letters," vol. ii. † Ibid., vol. i.

S. Thomas of Canterbury, M. Dec. 29, 1170; trans. July 7.

Any person to whose lot it has fallen to see Canterbury Cathedral thronged with French Roman Catholics of the middle class, and to have watched the demeanour of these foreign visitors, will perhaps be the better able to realize to himself the fervour of the mediæval popular feeling towards the famous Archbishop of Canterbury whom Englishmen for three centuries loved to call "S. Thomas the Martyr." For a Saint and Martyr he still unmistakably was in the eyes of those French Roman Catholics who passed through the cathedral, not in the spirit of tourists idly sight-seeing, but as pilgrims—somewhat jovial ones, it must be confessed—visiting a shrine. To them, just as much as to the travellers of Chaucer's day, the whole interest of the historic building centred in the north transept, the scene of "the martyrdom."

The history of the great chancellor and archbishop is so completely a part of our national history that there is no need here to tell the story in full, or to go over step by step those endless struggles between Church and Crown in which he played so leading a part; but it is necessary for us, in view of the deep and permanent mark which he has made upon our church dedications, and even in a more striking degree upon our ordinary English nomenclature,* to inquire how far the man deserved his great reputation; to ask ourselves whether we would desire, like Henry VIII., to strike out every memorial of him, or whether, while we shrink from giving him the title of "saint," we can yet read in his life's story sufficient justification for the veneration of his contemporaries. For Becket's is a singularly complex character, and the close intermingling of self-seeking and self-sacrifice, of duty and self-pleasing, caused opinions to be as hotly divided concerning him during his lifetime as they have been in our time. But as to the force of the man's personality, as to his splendid personal courage, as to these at least there is no possible difference of opinion: the same fearless spirit which caused him in boyhood to risk his life in the mill-race to save a favourite hawk, shines out again in his later resolve to face any odds rather than surrender one tittle of the ecclesiastical rights of which he held himself to be the guardian.

Whatever Becket took in hand assuredly he did it with his might. In the eight years during which he acted as the king's chancellor he contrived to impart to that office a new dignity and importance; he fenced himself about with a regal splendour that impressed the popular imagination, and caused men to cry out: "What a man the King of England must be when even his Chancellor travels in such style!" And the chancellor well knew that as in outward pomp so in real power he was second only to the king himself.

* "The immense preponderance of the name of Thomas in England compared with its use in other countries, probably arose from the reverence due to the great English saint," so says Dean Stanley. It should be remembered, however, that indirectly it comes from the Apostle, for S. Thomas of Canterbury owed his baptismal name to his having been born upon December 21, the feast of S. Thomas the Apostle.

As chancellor, Becket did good service to the realm. In this position he first distinguished himself, and in it, as the Bishop of Oxford observes, he was more "at home" than in his later aspect as archbishop and would-be martyr. But this is not a period on which Becket's Roman Catholic biographers love to dwell; they prefer to pass on from the eight years of his secular greatness to the eight years of his ecclesiastical greatness; they prefer to look on the futile struggles of the archbishop rather than on the triumphs of the reforming and successful chancellor. It is easy enough to draw a distinction between the two periods, for the sharp dividing line between the two was drawn by Becket's own action. "He was not," says the Bishop of Oxford, "a man to exchange his splendid position as Chancellor for the life of an ordinary commonplace archbishop. If he undertook the office he would act up to the highest idea of its requirements. Never was there a more sudden transformation." A complete transformation indeed there was, and one which in the eyes of his contemporaries blotted out the memory of the irregularities of his promotion, for even in the twelfth century—accustomed as men then were to manifold ecclesiastical irregularities—it must have been to many Churchmen no small shock to see a worldly, pleasure-loving man such as Becket, not yet a priest, not even a monk, and though an archdeacon yet only in Deacons' Orders, chosen to be Primate of all England. He was hastily ordained priest, and three days later, on Whit-Sunday, 1162, entered upon his memorable career as archbishop.

From henceforth Becket stands forth as the uncompromising and unreasoning champion of the Church, and is brought into never-ending conflict with his royal master and old friend, Henry II. The history of the next eight years is full of perplexing cross issues very difficult to follow. The situation would no doubt be much simpler if we could follow the broad lines of some of the old-fashioned school-histories, and represent the ecclesiastical and secular parties arrayed one against the other in distinct camps—Henry II. and his barons standing forth as the champions of civil rights against Pope and Church and archbishop, and all the strength of the ecclesiastical powers combined in Becket's defence. But this was by no means the true state of things. The king was not antagonistic to the Church just because he had it earnestly at heart to reform certain glaring abuses in the ecclesiastical system. Again and again he was willing to make concessions for the sake of peace, and even in the last year of the weary struggle, when his patience might well have been exhausted, he declared publicly that he asked nothing more than that the archbishop should behave towards him as the holiest of the archbishops aforetime had behaved towards the least worthy of kings. And Henry might fairly complain that Becket was always "tripping him up" by asserting that any proposal which he disapproved was contrary to God's honour. Well might he resent the phrase repeated in season and out of season, Becket's well-known watchword, "saving my order," "saving the honour of my order," words that were clearly understood to offer an impassable barrier to the

most legitimate reforms. The phrase became a jest and a byword even amongst those who might have been expected to be on the archbishop's side, as one of his biographers shows us by his story of the cleric belonging to the archbishop's own retinue, who was overheard rebuking his stumbling horse with the words: "Come up—saving the honour of God and my order!"

As for his brother bishops, with few exceptions they disliked and mistrusted him, and he on his side was reckless in using against them the weapon of excommunication. Even the Pope was utterly impatient of the endless struggle, and at one time suspended his too zealous champion from the use of certain powers; while his chief ally, King Louis of France, only gave expression to the general detestation when he complained that the archbishop sought to be "more saintly than the saints."

But to look upon Becket as a mere obstructive, opposing purely for the sake of opposition, would be entirely to misread his character. He had an ideal: he had an end to serve outside and above his own personal interests, and for that ideal he was prepared to do and suffer much. This it is which makes him worthy of our respect. The appointment to Canterbury was to him a call to throw his whole being into the service of the Church—as he understood that service—and having once made the resolve, he never swerved from carrying it out at whatever cost to himself. Tennyson, who throughout his drama portrays the character of Becket with such keen yet sympathetic insight, has well caught the spirit of his change of ideal in the lines—

> "I served King Henry well as Chancellor;
> I am his no more, and I must serve the Church.
> This Canterbury is only less than Rome,
> And all my doubts I fling from me like dust,
> Winnow and scatter all scruples to the wind,
> And all the puissance of the warrior,
> And all the wisdom of the Chancellor,
> And all the heap'd experiences of life,
> I cast upon the side of Canterbury."

The archbishop's earliest public act showed that he was capable of making sacrifices for the sake of his conscience and his ideal. He who might have held, who was expected to hold, the double offices of archbishop and chancellor, straightway resigned the chancellorship. The king's disappointment and vexation at the unlooked-for step were excessive. He had looked to Becket to co-operate with him in all his ecclesiastical reforms, and here was Becket beginning his career by an act which was an unmistakable demonstration that he intended altogether to reserve his independence of action. Tennyson has thus expressed the inward searchings of heart that must often have troubled Becket's peace when he thought of the king—

> "'Henry the King hath been my friend, my brother,
> And mine uplifter in this world, and chosen me
> For this thy great archbishoprick, believing
> That I should go against the Church with him

> And I shall go against him with the Church,
> And I have said no word of this to him:
> Am I the man?' And the Lord answered me,
> 'Thou art the man, and all the more the man.'"

The archbishop has been much blamed for his conduct in this respect, but the evidence goes to prove that even before his consecration he had given the king fair warning of his future opposition. "You will soon hate me as much as you love me now," were his prophetic words, "if you assume an authority in the affairs of the Church to which I shall never assent." Yes, the sacrifice of the chancellorship cost him far less than the consequent sacrifice of the king's friendship. The intimacy between them had been so close that it could not be broken through without sharp pain on either side; or, to use the figure which Tennyson puts into the archbishop's mouth—

> "O, here
> I gash myself asunder from the King,
> Tho' leaving each a wound; mine own
> A grief to show the scar for ever—his, a hate
> Not ever to be heal'd."

Nothing is more pathetic in the whole miserable struggle than the evident desire of both men to be reconciled, even though each must have known in his secret consciousness that lasting reconciliation was impossible, for each was pledged to a separate path of his own.

Becket never more completely reveals himself both at his best and at his worst than at the famous Council of Clarendon, when from his yearning to be at peace with the king he consented after long hesitation to sign the proposed "Constitutions," and then at the very moment of setting his seal to the newly given promise drew back, accusing himself of deadly sin which made him unworthy to execute the sacred duties of his profession till he had received Papal absolution. Again and again there were on both sides attempts at compromise, and neither Becket's repeated provocations nor Henry's unkingly action in extending to all Becket's relations the sentence of proscription levelled at the archbishop himself, could wholly alienate them the one from the other. At their very last meeting, in the July preceding Becket's murder, when terms of peace were publicly agreed upon and the exiled archbishop received a cordial permission to return to his long vacant post at Canterbury, their intercourse was marked by a warmth of feeling far beyond that which was prescribed by mere policy. The outward acts of courtesy which each vied with the other in performing might have little meaning; the concessions on the one side and the other might be mere political necessities; but it was noted that the king was moved to tears as he implored the archbishop to forget the past, or to remember only their former friendship. As for Becket, he departed, comforting himself after his strange fashion with the expectation that he was going back to England and to death—to die for the Church.

> "I live to die for it, I die to live for it,
> . . . I must die for that which never dies."

This constant parade of his willingness—say rather his *desire*—to become a martyr is one of the most conspicuous and unpleasing features in Becket's character. Long ago at the Council of Northampton, just before his hasty and prearranged flight from the kingdom, he had needlessly irritated his opponents by assuming that his "martyrdom" was determined upon—first, by insisting upon celebrating the mass for S. Stephen's Day as being peculiarly appropriate to his own circumstances; and next, by entering the king's presence bearing his silver cross as typifying at once the banner under which he was fighting and the only shelter under which he might hope to find refuge.

And yet with all this morbid self-consciousness, this perpetual straining after effect, Becket was none the less genuinely devoted to the good of the Church as he understood it. It was for the aggrandizement and liberties of the Church that he was ready to stake everything—wealth, ease, even life itself—and he served his cause none the less zealously because at every turn he was conscious of his conspicuous position as its greatest champion. Moreover, he was capable of playing his chosen part grandly; where it was a question of *doing*, Becket was not one to fail, and the guardianship of the temporal rights of the Church was a task highly congenial to him. It no longer became his position to fight with the sword as he had done in former days, but the more intricate weapons of the law were at his disposal, and he took advantage of his exile to master the use of these weapons, throwing himself into the new study with an assiduity which scandalized some of his friends, who held that his time might have been more fitly occupied by prayer and penitence and reading of the Scriptures. But no man could justly complain that he neglected these more sacred duties. He was diligent in preaching, in the observance of the canonical hours, and the like. Though he still clung when opportunity offered to the unprecedented magnificence which had distinguished him as chancellor, and which he held to be no less befitting his dignity as archbishop, his vigils and his private austerities exceeded those of many a monk, and moreover, their full rigour was unknown to any man till the archbishop's death, insomuch that their after discovery did more than any other one thing to confirm the popular estimate of his saintliness.

In his charities, as might be expected, Becket stood forth matchless. Perhaps his mother's early training in charity may have made on him a lifelong impression. He must often have been told of her quaint custom of placing her little boy in the balance and filling the opposite scale with food-stuffs, which were given in ever-increasing quantities to the poor. At any rate, he delighted to entertain in royal fashion those from whom he could expect no recompense. Nor did he shrink from rendering to his poorer brethren the most distasteful services, washing their feet, and even attending with his own hands to the sores of the lepers.

But when we pass from *doing* to *being*, we feel that Becket is altogether wanting in the finer spiritual qualities that mark the true saint. His was a nature essentially secular; but more than this, there was in him a

hardness, a vindictiveness, which flashes out even in the most sacred moments. His last Christmas sermon, on the very morrow of his glad return to Canterbury, was blemished by curses invoked on those who had harmed him; even in the very moment of dying he could not restrain his angry words. He had to the full the dauntless courage of the martyr, but he had not attained to the true martyr's humble and forgiving spirit. This want in him was a grief to those who loved him best, and it is to the lasting honour of Becket's honesty of purpose that his truest friends should not have feared to tell him of it once and again. In the midst of his ungoverned anger at the Council of Northampton, when he was turning the cross itself into a weapon of offence, one of these friends openly reminded him how unlike his treatment of his enemies was to that of the Apostles and Martyrs, who prayed for their persecutors; and a little later, when speech was forbidden him, the same faithful friend silently drew the archbishop's attention to the crucifix.* Professor Freeman, in an incidental comparison of S. Anselm with S. Thomas of Canterbury, does Becket no more than justice when he observes: "Both were perfectly sincere; but," adds he no less justly, "Thomas acted a part. He had a theory of what a saint ought to do and tried to do it, while Anselm was a saint naturally without thinking about it." †

There is no need to tell again here the events that were enacted in Canterbury Cathedral on that memorable 29th of December, the day of Becket's death. There is hardly another scene in history which has been described with the like minuteness and vividness—first by eye-witnesses, and again in our own day by the pen of the late Dean Stanley. It was on a Tuesday that this great tragedy took place, and for many an age to come men loved to look upon Tuesday as Becket's peculiar day—associated as it was with his birth, his baptism, his flight from Northampton, his return from exile, and many another notable incident of his career. Now it was to be also the day of his martyrdom, as in later times it was to be also the day of the solemn translation of his remains.

The deed was done—a lawless, cruel deed, which with all its unlooked-for train of consequences, all the overwhelming reaction which it was to bring about in Becket's favour, was to do more than Becket himself had done or could do to retard the true progress of the Church. But for a few years longer, even under the first shock of that tremendous news, "there was still at that moment, as in his lifetime, a strong division of feeling." ‡ Even in the very presence of death one of the monks was overheard murmuring that the archbishop had paid a just penalty for his obstinacy, and was not to be regarded as a martyr. It was not until the discovery of the hidden hair shirt, the silent witness of the archbishop's habitual austerities, that the feeling of the monks underwent a complete and lasting change. But even without this they could hardly have resisted for long the great wave of passionate homage to the memory of the people's

* See Hook's "Archbishops."
† Freeman's "Letters," vol. i.
‡ Stanley.

champion that swept over all the land. That feeling, strong already through a cordial admiration for the archbishop's dauntless courage, indignant at the cowardly persecution that had injured not only him but his, grateful recollections of his boundless charities, but yet more of his fearless protection of the weak against even so mighty an adversary as the king himself, gained strength a hundred-fold when to all the rest was added the startling tidings of his horrible death within the walls of his own well-loved cathedral. Henceforth in the eyes of the people the sanctity of that cathedral lay in its being the place of his martyrdom; thither they flocked on pilgrimage, accounting themselves happy if they might but mark themselves with the treasured blood spilt upon the pavement on that dark winter's night. Their archbishop had fallen commending his just cause to S. Denys and to S. Alphege; they would call on no other saint but the "S. Thomas" whom they had known and trusted in life. The opinion of the few was already wavering, and could hold out no longer against this ever-broadening flood of enthusiasm. The king's bitter repentance, his memorable public penance, need not be dwelt on here, only it may be noted that that royal humiliation, tremendous though it was, in no degree outstripped the retribution demanded by the national conscience.

And his fellow-bishops? The leading Churchmen who in his lifetime had been the most impatient of his continued single-handed opposition, who had suffered under his excommunications, and would with the utmost gladness have seen him degraded from his high place,—what of them? They, too, were borne along by the current into an admiration that speedily overleaped all bounds to become the most profound idolatry. There is not perhaps a sadder illustration of the superstition that quickly gathered round the name and fame of Thomas Becket than the history of the well-nigh fatal illness of his old antagonist, Gilbert Foliot, Bishop of London, who, being too ill to confess his sins or to receive the viaticum, was, as he believed, restored to speech and health by the application of relics brought from the tomb of S. Thomas. The words that follow, the exaltation of Becket into an advocate more safely to be trusted than any Divine power, are too painful to be quoted, and yet illustrate with wonderful power the amazing distortion of feeling that had already sprung up concerning the murdered archbishop.* There was, indeed, no end to the miracles—of strangely diverse natures—that were reported to have been wrought by the intercessions of this favourite saint, and his aid was sought for the most homely of troubles no less than for more serious misfortunes. Even little children caught the spirit of the age and prompted one another to pray to S. Thomas in their small griefs, having "heard that the blessed Thomas was good and kind."†

It followed inevitably that all this enthusiasm for the famous Archbishop of Canterbury—already within three years of his death formally recognized among the accredited saints of the Church under the title of "S. Thomas of Canterbury"—should find expression in churches built or

* Froude's "Short Studies." † Ibid.

dedicated in his honour. "Far and wide," says Dean Stanley, "the fame of St. Thomas of Canterbury spread. Other English saints, however great their local celebrity, were for the most part not known beyond the limits of Britain. No churches in foreign parts knew the names even of St. Cuthbert of Durham, of St. Edmund of Bury. But there is probably no country in Europe which does not exhibit traces of Becket." Among the many places of worship so dedicated in France, in Italy, in Portugal, and elsewhere, we may single out one little chapel near Lyons (Fourvières), which boasted a special association with the new-made saint, whose name it bore, because it was well remembered that the exiled archbishop, passing it one day while it was yet in course of building, had, on being asked to suggest to what saint it should be dedicated, made reply, "To the next martyr," on which his companion had answered, "Perhaps then to you." * The truth of the story is in no way discredited by its being told again in the same connexion at St. Lo in Normandy. The archbishop's thoughts in those latter days were, as we have seen, for ever dwelling to a morbid extent upon the likelihood of his own martyrdom, and those about him may have thought it politic to fall in with his mood.

But it would be travelling beyond our limits to say more as to continental dedications in honour of S. Thomas of Canterbury, and indeed there is much to occupy our attention in the seventy or more dedications in his honour which can yet, in spite of all efforts to obliterate them, be traced in this country. It is certain that this number by no means covers all the churches that were at one time so dedicated, but the determined attempt made by Henry VIII. in 1538 to blot out from the land the worship—aye, even the very memory—of the so-called martyr did have a very considerable effect, though falling far short of what it was meant to do. The destruction of the costly shrine in Canterbury Cathedral was but the initial step in the far-reaching proceedings. "His Grace," so ran the royal mandate, "straitly chargeth and commandeth that henceforth the said Thomas Becket shall not be esteemed, named, reputed, nor called a Saint, but 'Bishop Becket,' and that his images and pictures throughout the whole realm shall be put down and avoided out of all churches and chapels, and other places; and that from henceforth the days used to be festivals in his name, shall not be observed—nor the service, office, antiphonies, collects and prayers in his name read, but rased and put out of all books." Wherever the king's direct power extended the order was obeyed to the letter, as may be seen from the careful erasures in the MSS. in the Chapter Library at Canterbury; † wherever the fear of him extended it was carried out, though in a half-hearted manner, as at Exeter, where the church changed its style from S. Thomas the Martyr to that of S. Thomas the Apostle, but still retained the memory of its former patron. In remote country places, where men might in tolerable safety go their own way without dread of royal interference, the familiar name was retained unchanged. The most natural expedient obviously was that adopted at Exeter of

* Stanley. † Ibid.

substituting the Apostle for the archbishop, or, better still, to drop all distinguishing epithets, and to take refuge in the perfectly neutral "S. Thomas," which might be interpreted according to the sympathies of the speaker. There would, moreover, be this additional advantage, that the feast of S. Thomas the Apostle fell within ten days of the highly honoured holy-day of the martyrdom of S. Thomas of Canterbury, which would tend to avoid any violent dislocation of old familiar ways. For a hundred years after Becket's death this had been his principal feast, but latterly almost greater prominence had been given to the summer feast of July 7, the day which marked the translation of his remains in 1220 to the shrine prepared for it in Canterbury Cathedral. Great Wymondham in Norfolk, for example, held its fair, not on the day of its proper patron saint, S. Alban, to whom in conjunction with S. Mary the parish church is dedicated (CH. XXXVIII.), but on "the morrow of the translation of S. Thomas," and it has therefore been erroneously supposed that the parish church was dedicated to S. Thomas. This was not the case; but it did possess a separate chapel, built in honour of the archbishop, which now serves as a grammar school.*

Beauchief Abbey in Derbyshire, a church which was built in "direct expiation of the crime," † seems at the Reformation to have prudently dropped its unpopular patron, for in most lists it appears as anonymous; but the Southwell Diocesan Kalendar for 1896 enters it as "S. Thomas," an obvious relic of "S. Thomas of Canterbury." At an earlier date there was no such desire to conceal their martyred patron; rather it was the policy of the monks to encourage the belief that the name of Beauchief was connected with "the 'Bellum Caput' or 'Beautiful Head' of the slaughtered Archbishop," and to forget the inconvenient theory which showed that "the ground on which the abbey stands was called Beauchief or the *Beautiful Headland* prior to the building of the convent." ‡

The practice of substituting the one S. Thomas for the other has been continued to our own century; witness the West Riding chapelry of Heptonstall, built about ten years after Becket's assassination,§ and keeping its name through all the vicissitudes of time and opinion till its rebuilding some forty years ago, when it assumed the name of S. Thomas the Apostle. The ancient church of Harty in Kent proclaims itself as under the patronage of the Apostle, but as this church was appropriated to Faversham Abbey, and the abbey was possessed of a separate chapel in honour of the local hero, which was a noted place of pilgrimage, the chances are strongly in favour of the original dedication of the daughter-church having been to S. Thomas of Canterbury.

In truth, we may very reasonably surmise that not a few of the pre-Reformation churches which now present themselves simply as S. Thomas belong by rights to the archbishop. Some high authorities on the subject of dedications are disposed to deny to the Apostle almost all share in the

* Murray's "Norfolk."
† Stanley's "Canterbury."
‡ Ibid.
§ Whitaker's "Craven."

churches that bear his name, urging that S. Thomas would be likely to be regarded with disfavour as "a sceptic," though becoming acceptable later on in the "revulsion against popery."* "I would not venture," says Mr. Kerslake, "to say that all St. Thomases were St. Thomas of Canterbury, but most English ones once were, and possibly all." This, however, is going too far, as may be seen by the two differing pre-Reformation dedications to S. Thomas in the county of Durham. S. Thomas at Stockton-on-Tees is known to have been originally "S. Thomas the Martyr," which always, in the language of the Middle Ages, signifies Becket; Stanhope, on the other hand, appears to be a genuine example of a dedication to the Apostle, as is shown by the fair being held upon December 21.† The city of Chester, again, could exhibit chapels in honour of both saints—one "at the northern extremity of Northgate" to the archbishop, and another within the precincts of the abbey (the present cathedral) to S. Thomas the Apostle.‡ It seems probable that this last chapel is the original of the existing church of S. Thomas.

It might be supposed that at any rate all churches of S. Thomas that can be traced back to a date anterior to the archbishop's death must belong to his scriptural namesake, but the assumption is an unsafe one, for in the new-born fervour for the popular hero, existing patron saints were superseded without scruple. We may be thankful that Canterbury Cathedral itself does not in this wave of enthusiasm altogether lose its precious and distinctive dedication to the Saviour. In popular parlance, it did come to be spoken of as "the church of S. Thomas," § but fortunately no formal change of dedication was ever made.

In some cases, as, for example, at Clapham in Bedfordshire, a church which can be traced back before A.D. 1000, the new patron Becket has been accepted so completely that it is no longer possible to determine who the original saint may have been; and the same remark holds good of Farlam in Cumberland, which, though not so venerable as Clapham, was nevertheless in existence at the time of Becket's murder. In this instance Becket remains in undisputed possession; but at Much Dewchurch ‖ in Herefordshire the very name of the parish utters a silent protest in defence of the rightful owner, S. David, in Welsh known as "Dewi;" while a noted church at Oxford wavers curiously between its allegiance to its original patron, S. Nicholas, and the newer favourite, S. Thomas of Canterbury. It was originally dedicated in 1141 by its founders, the monks of Osney, to S. Nicholas of Myra. Built in the troublous times of the disputes between Stephen and the Empress Maud, and intended only to serve a temporary need, it fell into disuse when the need no longer existed, and when, a century later, it was restored and enlarged by the monks, the dedication-name was changed. "It seems," says old Anthony Wood, the seventeenth-century historian of Oxford, "that this church had

* Private letter.
† *Arch. Journal*, vol. 42.
‡ Ormerod.
§ Stanley.
‖ "S. Thomas the Martyr" in Clergy Directory for 1886, but in later issues restored to "S. David."

got a new name, being re-dedicated to a fresh saint about that time started up, that is to say, Thomas à Becket, Archbishop of Canterbury, martyred in 1170, who in his lifetime had been a friend to Osney." But S. Nicholas was too popular a saint to be readily parted with, even for the sake of Becket, and Anthony Wood describes at length the great confusion which arose concerning the true name of this church, and shows how in one document it is styled the Church of S. Thomas the Martyr, and in another the Chapel of S. Nicholas; and how, though it was chiefly known by the name of S. Thomas the Martyr, yet in the time of Henry VIII. the older name was carefully revived. He is acquainted with the report, though he has never found any evidence of its truth, that in the year 1521 it was formally re-dedicated to its original patron S. Nicholas by Bishop Longland of Lincoln, and he can truly testify to the use in legal documents of the sixteenth century of both names: "S. Thomas Becket, modo Sancti Nicholai, as if one should have writ 'S. Thomas alias S. Nicholas.'" In his desire to be rid at all costs of the hated Thomas of Canterbury, Henry VIII. seems for once to have favoured S. Nicholas, a saint whom under other circumstances he would have regarded with an almost equal dislike; but nevertheless the church at Oxford continues to be best known by its later name of "S. Thomas the Martyr."

King Henry would have had some satisfaction if he could have followed, as we can do, the curious history of the Surrey chapel known as S. Martha's-on-the-Hill. Its original dedication to "The Holy Martyrs" is believed to commemorate certain unknown local martyrs of very early date (CH. LI.). The vagueness of this dedication was unsatisfactory to the priest in charge, and in the days when the chapel became a convenient halting-place for the pilgrims on their way to the shrine of S. Thomas at Canterbury, what more natural and easy than to adopt S. Thomas for an additional patron? The invocation then ran as follows: "S. Thomas of Canterbury and All Holy Martyrs;" but in course of time, when Becket's intercessions were no longer sought after, his name ceased to be associated with the Chapel on the Hill. "The Martyrs" lingered for a while; then they, too, were forgotten, and "Martyrs" became gradually corrupted into the present meaningless "S. Martha."

But enough has been said of the doubtful dedications to S. Thomas of Canterbury, and it is time to turn to those which unquestionably commemorate the archbishop. When all allowance is made for doubtful cases, a goodly array—close upon seventy at the lowest computation—still remain scattered over the entire face of the country with complete impartiality, from Northumberland to Cornwall. In Cornwall we should hardly have expected to find him at all, and it must be owned that he is only there as an obvious after-thought, associated with the unknown saint of the locality, under the ascription of "The Blessed Meran and Thomas à Becket."* Out of the forty counties he is at the present day to be found in twenty-nine, and there is little doubt that if we could recover the five

* Borlase.

hundred ancient dedication-names that are unhappily missing, the number of counties that have no single church in honour of Becket would be sensibly diminished. Devonshire leads the way with eleven such dedications, besides the church at Exeter, now changed to S. Thomas the Apostle. The neighbouring county of Somerset can show half the number; Lincolnshire has seven; Hampshire six; Wiltshire and Sussex give us four each; while in many other counties the name is found in twos and threes. Unless we are to ascribe to the archbishop the City church of S. Thomas-in-the-Liberty-of-the-Rolls, it is noticeable that his churches are found chiefly in small country towns and mere villages; Newcastle, Oxford, Salisbury, Portsmouth, and Exeter are the only important towns in which he is represented. If, as we may rejoice to remember, S. Thomas's Hospital is the direct successor of a foundation in honour of the Apostle (CH. VIII.),* and the now demolished church of S. Thomas in the parish of S. Mary, Aldermary, had the same scriptural patron, S. Thomas of Canterbury was nevertheless not wholly unrepresented in London, for on the central pier of old London Bridge was a chapel dedicated in his honour, in which service was daily performed. This chapel, which, like the bridge itself, began to be built within a few years of the archbishop's death, passed through many vicissitudes; and at length, at the close of the eighteenth century, before it was finally swept away, had sunk to the level of a stationer's warehouse.†

Another almost contemporary memorial of him was in old times to be found in the church and hospital of S. Thomas of Acres, as it was called, on the north side of Cheapside. This peculiar title—not seldom, by the way, corrupted into "Acon"—is a reminder that the martyr's fame had been carried to the Holy Land by the Crusaders of Richard I.'s time. The Dean of S. Paul's chaplain, who was among those present at the siege of Acre (1191), vowed that if he entered the place in safety he would there build a chapel to S. Thomas, together with an adjoining cemetery. The city was taken—thanks, it was believed, to the intercessions of the saint—and the chapel was duly built.‡ The new title of S. Thomas of Acres quickly found its way back to England, and was adopted by Becket's sister Agnes for the church and hospital which she was founding in memory of her brother, on a site of special interest to the family—if we may trust the tradition that it was on the very spot formerly occupied by the house of their father, the City sheriff, the house in which Becket himself was born.§ The church rose to considerable importance as a place for civic functions, and retained its distinctive name at least up to 1521, in which year it is recorded that King Henry VIII. had a debt to pay "at the altar of S. Thomas the Martyr in the church of S. Thomas the Martyr in London, called S. Thomas of Acon." How indignantly his Majesty would have repudiated such a debt sixteen years later we need not pause to consider. The site of the chapel is now

* "London P. and P."
† Ibid.
‡ Stanley.
§ "London P. and P."

"merged in Mercers' Hall and Chapel,"* and the very name is lost. But if the memorial raised by one of Becket's sisters has passed away, the memorial raised by the other yet remains. The chapel of SS. Mary and Thomas of Canterbury at Ilford in Essex was already in existence in the days of King Stephen, under the title of S. Mary's Chapel.† It was an offshoot of the great convent at Barking, and formed part of a leper hospital. About two years after Becket's death, Henry II. appointed Mary Becket abbess of this wealthy house, as an atonement for the wrong done to her brother, and she caused the chapel to be re-dedicated, so as to couple her brother's name with that of the Blessed Virgin.‡ It is touching to find from these two sisterly tributes that if Becket was a hero and martyr to the people at large, he was no less so in the eyes of his own nearest relations.

It will be observed that most of the churches enumerated in the appendix speak of their patron as "S. Thomas à Becket," a form which has no warrant at all. In contemporary usage the family name seems to have been simply Becket without any prefix, the form now generally adopted by modern scholars and by Tennyson in his drama; but it is contrary to all mediæval practices to take account of a saint's surname; if he requires some distinctive epithet, it is taken either from his personal history, or from the place with which he was chiefly associated. Newcastle and Oxford are amply justified in styling themselves "S. Thomas the Martyr;" but Salisbury tells its own story more unmistakably by retaining the historic form of "S. Thomas of Canterbury," which is in agreement with such English forms as "S. Hugh of Lincoln," "S. Richard of Chichester," and the like. It is highly probable, however, that many of the churches which here appear in the anomalous form of "S. Thomas à Becket" have, since these lists were compiled, returned to an earlier and more correct style.

So far as appears, the only modern dedication to this saint belongs to a private chapel at Teignmouth, which was "dedicated and formally opened" in August, 1892, by Archdeacon Hodgson of Zanzibar, acting on behalf of the late Bishop Smythies, "to the pious memory of S. Thomas à Becket, Bishop Martyr of Canterbury."§ On the verge of the twentieth century, it may be possible to do with safety that which four centuries ago it was no longer safe to do. We are able nowadays to discriminate and to weigh Becket's real character; we may allow his true greatness without being in danger of falling into the blind idolatry which for three hundred and sixty years had gathered round his name. From an antiquarian point of view, we may be inclined to deplore Henry's rough action in sweeping away to the utmost extent of his power all traces of "Bishop Becket;" but those who know even a little of the terrible abuses connected with the worship of S. Thomas of Canterbury, must be ready to admit with that ardent lover of ancient historic associations, the late

* "London P. and P."
† Morant.
‡ Mackeson.
§ *Western Morning News.*

Dean Stanley, that it is "impossible to read the signs of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries without perceiving that the shrine of S. Thomas fell not simply from a love of destruction, or a desire of plunder, but before a sense of overwhelming necessity."

S. Edmund of Pontigny. Nov. 16, 1242.

Virtually the roll of Archbishops of Canterbury who are commemorated by English churches closes with the world-famous name of Becket; but on the strength of a single church in the Durham diocese, it has been thought that we ought possibly to extend the list so as to include Edmund Rich, who occupied the see for some eight years of Henry III.'s reign, and who, having come into hopeless collision with that king, withdrew into a sort of voluntary exile at Pontigny. The church at Sedgefield in Durham is said to be dedicated to "S. Edmund the Bishop," and it has been pointed out by a writer in the *Archæological Journal* that the "only episcopal S. Edmund is Archbishop Rich of Canterbury, who was canonized as S. Edmund of Pontigny; but," continues the same authority, "there may perhaps be a mistake in putting 'bishop' for 'king.'"* This is all the more likely since it is obvious that in the county of Durham some confusion did exist between the two Edmunds. An old hospital at Gateshead, which was founded in 1248 as "a chapel and hospital of S. Edmund, King and Confessor, and of the glorious Bishop Cuthbert," figures two centuries later as the hospital of "S. Edmund the Bishop."† In the one case as much as in the other the original dedication was probably intended for the martyred king, but the confusion was one which was very liable to arise in the thirteenth or fourteenth centuries, when the short-lived but widespread fame of the episcopal Edmund was at its zenith, and "miracle upon miracle was ascribed to him."‡ We know from a touching notice in the life of S. Richard of Chichester (p. 430) that not long after S. Edmund's death a church in his honour was consecrated at Dover, and that the consecrating bishop was no other than his dear friend, S. Richard, but unhappily Dover has long lost all trace of any such dedication.

The claims of Edmund Rich to be included among our patron saints are, as we have observed, so slender that the list may be said to begin and to end with two names of almost equal celebrity, Augustine and Thomas Becket; and in the five hundred years that intervene, it embraces three such famous names as Dunstan the statesman, Alphege the patriot martyr, and Anselm the philosopher. There are but few counties in England which have not a church in honour of one or another of these great men, but naturally it is on their own proper domain of Kent and Middlesex that the Archbishops of Canterbury have left the most permanent mark. London has itself several memorials of Augustine, of Dunstan, of Alphege, of Anselm, and of Becket; but when we pass to the ancient kingdom of Kent, the power of the archbishops is shown not only in the churches that

* Vol. 42.
† Ibid.
‡ Newman's "English Saints."

bear their names,* but even more strikingly in their influence upon the civil usages of the county. To give two instances—from time immemorial Kent has been divided for the purposes of civil government into five large divisions known by the old Saxon name of "lathes," and the first of these five districts is distinguished by the name of "S. Augustine's lathe;" † while for parliamentary purposes the Eastern division of Kent is still known as "S. Augustine's." Then again, the Quarter Sessions for this same Eastern division are—or were until recent years—held "on the Tuesday after the feast of S. Thomas-à-Becket." ‡ Thus do these mighty men still dominate the region where once they occupied so commanding a place.

* Observe in Canterbury itself the churches of S. Dunstan and S. Alphege; the ancient monastery now known as S. Augustine's College; the chapel in the cathedral dedicated to S. Anselm; while the entire cathedral is in one sense a memorial of Becket.

† Lewis.

‡ Ibid.

CHAPTER XXII.

ARCHBISHOPS OF YORK.

PAGE.	NAME.	DAY.	YEAR.	CHURCHES.	
	S. Samson. See CH. XXXII.				
365	S. Paulinus	October 10	... 644	... 6	
370	S. Wilfrid	October 12	... 709	... 45	*See also dd.*
	S. Chad. See CH. XXIII.				
387	S. John of Beverley ...	May 7	... 721	... 6	
	S. Oswald. See CH. XXIII.				

A WORD of apology is required at the outset for reckoning among the Archbishops of York two bishops who, strictly speaking, have no claim to the higher dignity—S. Wilfrid and S. John of Beverley. It is certain that neither of these two ever received from Rome the pall, which was the outward mark of metropolitan authority; nay, more, it is, as Canon Raine observes,* a matter of argument whether even Paulinus, the first occupant of the see, has a right to the title of archbishop. There is no doubt at all that Pope Gregory the Great intended the Bishop of York to be the metropolitan of the Northern Province of England, as Canterbury was to be the metropolitan of the South, and that to each of these two provinces he meant to assign twelve subordinate dioceses, but his plan was never carried out in its entirety, so far as the creation of the twelve Northern dioceses was concerned. The pall was indeed duly despatched to Paulinus, but when it reached him he had left Northumbria for life, and the privilege was not extended to his immediate successor. Nevertheless, Paulinus and Wilfrid and John of Beverley are the forerunners of the long line of Archbishops of York, and it would be mere pedantry to exclude them from their proper place as the heads of the Northern Church on account of a mere technicality. S. Chad, on the other hand, does not find a place in this chapter, because, although he held the see of York for some time during Wilfrid's absence, his natural connexion is with the Mercian Bishopric of Lichfield rather than with York (CH. XXIII.). A notice of the tenth-century Oswald will also be found among the English bishops of that period (CH. XXIII.), because if he is commemorated amongst us at all, it is rather as Bishop of Worcester than as Archbishop of

* D. C. B.

York. One other omission will be noted by some; no account is here taken of the traditional British Bishop of York, S. Samson, whose memory is still retained by one of the churches in that city. This omission springs from no desire to ignore the existence of the British Church in York with its long succession of bishops. "The names," says Canon Raine, "of Samson, Pyramus and Thadiocus have been preserved, rightly or wrongly, by tradition, as occupiers of the see of York in those stormy times when the British Church rose and fell with the fortunes of the British people. . . . Where there were churches in those days there were bishops. . . . If Samson, and Pyramus, and Thadiocus, are mythical personages, there were others in their room of a more substantial character." * But without pronouncing them mythical we must allow that they are shadowy—so shadowy that it seemed unsuitable to put any one of them into the same category with such strongly defined personalities as S. Paulinus or S. Wilfrid, and therefore S. Samson has been classed among those Welsh Saints to whom by birth he appears to belong (CH. XXXII.).

Of each of the three bishops, therefore, with whom alone we have to do—Paulinus, Wilfrid, and John of Beverley—there is much to be said. Paulinus is interesting as forming a connecting link between the Provinces of York and Canterbury; he belongs to both, and his dedications, as we shall afterwards see, mark out with tolerable distinctness the various stages of his life. Wilfrid is one of the most striking figures in the history of the seventh century; he is of European fame, and yet, so far as ancient dedications in his honour are concerned, he has not a single English church south of Nottinghamshire. The gentle John of Beverley is still remembered at his birthplace, and in one or two of the spots most closely bound up with the associations of his manhood, but he, too, is uncommemorated in southern England.

S. Paulinus. Oct. 10, 644.

The story of Paulinus is inseparably bound up with that of his royal master, Edwin of Northumbria (CH. XXXIX.), and the most striking incidents of the conversion of Northumbria belong rather to the life of the king than to that of the bishop. Those eight eventful years at the northern court do not, however, cover the whole of Paulinus's public career, and we must now carry back our thoughts twenty years earlier, to the time when Gregory the Great, hearing from Augustine of Canterbury that he had "a great harvest, and but few labourers, sent to him several fellow-labourers and ministers of the word, of whom the first and principal were Mellitus, Justus, Paulinus, and Rufinianus." †

From Gregory's own monastery on the Cælian Hill, that monastery of S. Andrew's which had already sent forth Augustine and his companions, a second band of missionary workers now set out, not a few of whom were to leave their mark upon the infant English Church.

Alcuin tells us that Paulinus was a Roman citizen, but there seems a possibility that though Roman by name and education, he may yet have

* "Historians of the Church of York." † Bede.

been English by birth. In the writings of the pseudo-Nennius the conversion of Northumbria is attributed to one Rum, the son of Urien, and it has been suggested that this Rum may be none other than our Paulinus. "After the fall of Urien and his family, Rum," it is argued, "may have been educated at Rome, changing his name when ordained, as was frequently the case."* It would be pleasant to believe this; and certainly, as Canon Raine observes, if it were so, there would be "a peculiar propriety in his subsequent mission into Northumbria;" but Bede's description of him, gathered from one who knew him—"tall, dark-haired, his nose slender and aquiline"—suggests the image of a southerner.

But whatever his race, Paulinus had the traditions and the learning of Rome, and now he came from his Italian monastery into Kent, bearing with him vestments and ornaments for the beautifying of the new churches —"besides many books." And then for twenty-five years we lose sight of him completely, until once more he is needed for fresh work. The daughter of Ethelbert, King of Kent, was to be given in marriage to the still pagan King of Northumbria, and some faithful man must be found to go with her, who by his "daily exhortations," and his constant celebrations of "the heavenly mysteries," should confirm his young mistress and her companions in their faith, and keep them from being corrupted by the association with pagans. For this high trust the Archbishop of Canterbury deemed none so fit as "Paulinus, a man beloved of God." Paulinus therefore was consecrated bishop—though without having any special see assigned to him—and journeyed up with the queen to Northumbria.

Was it the first time that Paulinus had ever been North? was it now for the first time that he came into contact with Edwin? or may we believe that once before they had met, when Edwin was a hopeless exile at the East Anglian court? Are we to suppose that he was the mysterious visitant who there brought new courage to the heart of the king (see CH. XXXIX.)? We know not; but if so it was, Paulinus ever preserved strict secrecy as to that strange meeting, and Edwin on his side never recognized in his wife's chaplain the unnamed messenger of former years, but believed rather that "a spirit had appeared to him."

It is a noble picture that Bede draws of Paulinus at this time—his earnestness and singleness of purpose, "his mind wholly bent upon bringing the nation to which he was sent to the knowledge of truth." Patiently he laboured at his double task, "not only to retain those that went with him, by the help of God, but, if he could, to convert some of the pagans by his preaching."

The king, on his side, held loyally to his agreement, and opposed no hindrance to Paulinus's missionary efforts; yet for some time his labours seemed in vain. Then came that notable series of events, which ended in the baptism of the king, together with the chief of his nobles. As regards this most notable event, the Bishop of Bristol observes that if we are right in identifying our Paulinus with Rum, the son of Urien, of the ancient

* See the question discussed in Canon Raine's article in D. C. B.

royal race of Britain—and this identification is actually made in some of the later manuscripts of Nennius—we should have an "explanation of what always seems a difficulty,—the effect produced on these many thousands of country folk by the teaching of a man whose natural speech was Latin in one form or other,—an Italian ecclesiastic. If, as I suppose, there still remained in his time a comparatively large number of Britons in the hill country of Yorkshire, and to the west and north, a Briton of royal race, trained in Rome as a Christian teacher, would speak to them and influence them as no foreigner could." *

And now an open door was set before the faithful bishop, and for the six remaining years of Edwin's reign king and bishop co-operated in the glad work of spreading Christianity throughout Northumbria. The regular ecclesiastical organization which was beginning to shape itself in southern England was naturally wanting as yet in the North. Paulinus had but few clergy under him—indeed, the only one of whom we hear was James the Deacon, that pillar of steadfastness who, in the troublous years that were to come, remained single-handed at his post. Under these circumstances it was inevitable that his work should be "a work of foundation, not properly of construction." "He could do little else," adds Canon Bright, "than travel about; planting wherever he best could, in the hope that he might afterwards be enabled to water; and we may best judge of his capacity for organizing a church by what he did in the way of preparing for its organization." †

What can give us a deeper impression of the man's untiring zeal than Bede's account of him on one occasion when he was with the king and queen at their "royal country-seat" in Northumbria, near to the existing village of Wooler? He "stayed there with them thirty-six days, fully occupied in catechizing and baptizing; during which days, from morning till night, he did nothing else but instruct the people, who resorted from all villages and places, in Christ's saving word; and when instructed, he washed them with the water of absolution in the river Glen,‡ which is close by." The like scenes repeated themselves in Yorkshire, when he baptized in the Swale and Derwent such multitudes as to earn for one of these rivers the designation of "the Jordan." §

Another of these riverside baptisms was on the shores of the broad Trent, near to what is now Southwell. The picture of that noonday scene was stamped for life upon the memory of one at least of the new converts, and in his old age this man loved to tell how "he had himself been baptized by the Bishop Paulinus, in the presence of King Edwin, with a great number of the people;" and then the old man would go on to describe, as though he saw him still before his eyes, the looks of that

* "Lectures on English Church History."

† "Church History."

‡ Now called the Bowent.

§ "The name of Jordan is still given to a portion of the course of the river Derwent, near the old Roman ford of Malton, in memory of the numerous subjects of Edwin that were there baptized by the Roman missionary."—Baring-Gould, October 10.

Paulinus to whom he owed so much,—"tall of stature, a little stooping, his hair black, his face emaciated, his nose slender and aquiline, his aspect both venerable and majestic." *

A more noteworthy convert than this nameless old man was Blecca, the governor or prefect of Lincoln, whom Paulinus converted "with his whole family." Doubtless this Blecca had a share in building "the stone church of beautiful workmanship," which was the first outward token of the submission of the old Roman city to the faith of Christ. In that church, about the year 628, a memorable event took place, when Paulinus of York (at that moment actually the only English bishop within reach) consecrated Honorius, the Archbishop-designate of Canterbury.

East Anglia felt the influence of the rising tide of Christianity, and it seemed as though all the vast dominions that owned the supremacy of Edwin would alike own the supremacy of Edwin's heavenly King, when the infant Church was overtaken by that terrible reverse of which a full account will be found in the history of S. Edwin (CH. XXXIX.). The battle of Hatfield and the death of Edwin had a paralyzing effect upon the yet imperfectly organized Northern Church; and Paulinus, deeming his first charge to be the widowed queen who had been entrusted to his care, and seeing no "prospect of safety except in flight," sought refuge with her and her children in the kingdom of Kent.

The question, of course, suggests itself why he did not afterwards return to Northumbria, to stand by his faithful helper, James the Deacon; and those who can know but little of the circumstances have blamed him for his conduct in this respect. We are not in a position to judge of his action; and if to us it seems wanting in heroism, it is well to recollect that it was not found fault with by his contemporaries, by Eadbald, King of Kent, or by Honorius, Archbishop of Canterbury, who must have understood the rights of this difficult matter as we cannot do.

And there was abundant work for him still. The see of Rochester was vacant, and Paulinus, at the joint request of king and archbishop, "took upon him the charge of it, and held it until he departed to heaven." † And so the great missionary passed into smoother waters; yet one cannot but think that he must have felt a pang when, in the first year of his peaceful retirement at Rochester, he received from the Pope, who knew nothing of all the changes that had taken place in Northumbria, the long-delayed pall, symbol of the authority which he would never now be called to exercise. He returned no more to the north, but he was too great a traveller to be content to remain in one place; and we hear of him next at Glastonbury, rebuilding the church there and covering it with lead.

For the rest his time seems to have been mainly spent in Kent, where we may imagine him helping his loved mistress Ethelburga in the foundation of her monastery at Lyminge; but, in truth, we know hardly anything of those last eleven years of his life; they form one of those periods

* See Bede, ii. 16. † Bede.

of silence that are so striking a feature in Paulinus's history, contrasting so strangely with the activities of the brief interval in which his work lies open before us.

He died on October 10, 644, forty-three years from the time of his first coming to Canterbury.

There are six English churches associated with S. Paulinus, but these are not the only memorials of him. In that very district of Glendale in Northumberland where Bede makes mention of his remaining for more than a month catechizing and baptizing, we have a twofold witness to his presence—first in the dedication of the neighbouring church of Branxton to "*S. Paul*"—almost certainly an abbreviation of the more lengthy "Paulinus"—and again in the name of *Pallinsburn*, i.e. "the burn or brook of Paulinus,"* still to this day borne by a streamlet in those parts, a stream in which, we may well believe, some of his new-made converts may have stepped down to be "buried with Christ by baptism."

Other memorials there once were of him in Yorkshire which now are lost. Camden the antiquarian, who lived some nine centuries later than Paulinus, had been told of a stone cross that formerly existed at Dewsbury with the inscription: "Paulinus hic prædicavit et celebravit." That cross is gone now, but surely the corporation of Dewsbury, which has already taken care to preserve this inscription by incorporating it into the municipal seal, will some day for the sake of its own honour put up another such cross with the like inscription, that so the passers-by in the midst of their bustling life may be reminded of the great missionary who thirteen hundred years ago made known to Yorkshiremen in that very place the way of salvation. There were similar crosses at Easingwold near York and at Whalley in Lancashire, though we have no record of any such westerly journey. But these crosses have all passed away, and we must turn from these vanished memorials of the first Archbishop of York to those that yet remain to us.

"Paulinus also preached the word to the province of Lindsey [Lincolnshire]; . . . he first converted the prefect of Lincoln. . . . He likewise built, in that city, a stone church of beautiful workmanship," so says Bede; and he adds that though the church had fallen into a very ruinous condition, the roofless walls were still standing in his day. The direct representative of this church is that which still stands on the cathedral hill, and which under the name of *S. Paul's* bears witness to its connexion with its first founder, S. Paulinus. "S. Paul's church in the Bail, which we have good grounds," says Precentor Venables, "for asserting has retained the same site, and in abbreviated form, the same name, may be safely regarded as the most ancient locality dedicated to Christian worship in Lincolnshire, and," observes he, "this church is an example of what Professor Stubbs terms 'proprietary dedications,' *i.e.* the calling a church by the name of the holy person who built it, and in connexion with whom

* *Arch. Journal*, vol. 42.

it obtained local celebrity." * Is it possible that S. Paul's, Stamford—also in this same county of Lincoln—has a like origin?

Southwell Minster has always traditionally claimed Paulinus for its founder, but it does not bear his name, and it may have been Paulinus himself who placed it under the invocation of the Blessed Virgin Mary, who is to this day its patron saint.

The modern church of S. Paulinus at Hucknall-Huthwaite in the Trent Valley recalls the memory of the great missionary's labours in that very region, and should bring before the minds of the worshippers the debt of gratitude which Nottinghamshire men owe to his name.

Of the remaining dedications to S. Paulinus, two of them are connected with the closing period of his life when he returned into Kent, and "took upon him the charge of the church of Rochester." Neither of them are very far distant from Rochester, and it is probable enough that both churches may have been founded by the saint whose name they bear. The first of the two is at Crayford near Dartford, and the second at Cray near Bickley—distinguished from the adjacent parish of "Cray St. Mary" by the designation of "Cray St. Paul's." Thus for the third time we meet our saint abbreviated into the easier and more familiar form of "Paul."

Last of all, we come to St. Paul's parish near Penzance, which, curiously enough, accounts S. Paulinus of York as its patron. It is obvious that S. Paulinus had no real connexion with this remote corner of England, and the name is most likely derived from the Breton bishop, S. Paul of Léon (CH. XXXVII.); but more than five hundred years ago Bishop Grandison of Exeter re-dedicated the church in honour of the better known S. Paulinus, and to this day the parish feast is kept on the Sunday nearest to October 10, or, in other words, on the Sunday nearest to S. Paulinus's Day.†

Of the places with which S. Paulinus was really associated, Glastonbury alone has kept no memory of her benefactor; but Glastonbury is not conspicuous for her fidelity to old associations, and so far as her existing church dedications go, she has forgotten her legendary founder, S. Joseph of Arimathea, just as she has forgotten her historic benefactor, S. Paulinus.

S. Wilfrid. Oct. 12, 709.

Very striking is the contrast between S. Paulinus and the next Bishop of York with whom we have to do, the celebrated Wilfrid. In Paulinus we have felt a touch of mystery; he flashes forth from obscurity to do some great work, and then, when his work is done, disappears once more from our sight; but Wilfrid's life, from his birth to his last hour upon earth, is fully known to us; it was lived in the fierce light of conflict, and to friend and foe alike it was important that his every word and deed should be closely watched. For if our saint had devoted friends who would have died for him, he had likewise many foes, and among them were some of the noblest and best of his contemporaries. Men could not know that ardent spirit and remain neutral in their feeling towards him; some he inspired with passionate

* *Arch. Journal*, vol. 38.

† Mr. Boase in D. C. B. and the Truro Kalendar.

love, and some with no less passionate hatred; and so strong is his personality that even now, when he has been at rest for more than eleven centuries, his modern biographers* write of him with scarcely less intensity of feeling than did the monk Eddius, who was his companion and friend.

He made so great a mark upon his age, this Wilfrid, that his impress could not quickly fade away; in his native North some five and forty churches help to keep alive his memory, while the name of "Wilfrid" has passed into the very limited stock of non-Biblical Christian names current among the peasantry of Yorkshire and Westmoreland. Oswald, Aidan, Cuthbert, these other Northern saints have made no impression, or next to none, upon the nomenclature of our rural population, but "Wilfrid" has been handed down from generation to generation in many a North-country family, and is found in refreshing variety to the well-worn Johns and Williams.

Nor is it wonderful that Wilfrid should thus have lived on in the memories of his countrymen; for even those who like him least, who most resent his vehemence and his intolerance, even they are forced to admire his steadfastness of purpose, his invincible courage, his brilliant versatility. Undoubtedly Wilfrid was in many ways a benefactor to the English Church, but to many of us he is more interesting by virtue of what he was than of what he did, and more attractive by far in his years of adversity than in his brief intervals of prosperity. At all events, he is well worthy our study, this staunch champion of the rights of Rome, this man who would fight to the end in order to assert a right, and when once the cause was gained and the principle established, never so much as care to exercise that right. Montalembert says, happily enough, that "England's proud motto '*Dieu et mon droit*' is written on each page of Wilfrid's life." But it is also true that Wilfrid was like the traveller in the old fable—the strong winds of opposition only confirmed him in the force of his resistance, but the sunshine of a generous word instantly disarmed him; he would meet his opponent halfway and let bygones be bygones with a magnanimous completeness such as few men can rise to.

His history is complicated and difficult to follow, with its constant vicissitudes; its periods of princely splendour followed by sudden downfalls. We are perplexed, too, by the frequent change of scene; from Northumbria to Rome, from Rome to the Frankish court, from thence to Sussex, from Sussex to the Midlands, and then the whole round over again once more. Still more confusing is the way in which the same individual is to be found, now befriending Wilfrid and now opposing him; and we feel bewildered until we discover that there is one unmistakable thread running through the whole confused web—namely, Wilfrid's unfaltering devotion, maintained throughout a period of more than sixty years, to his ideal of Roman unity and Roman supremacy. It is this very directness of purpose

* See Canon Bright, Montalembert; also Father Faber in Newman's "English Saints."

which gives dignity to all his interminable conflicts, and it is this, together with his own natural vehemence of temperament, which explains much both of what is best and of what is worst in his chequered story.

Our knowledge of this saint is peculiarly full and minute, for we have a copious contemporary life of him, written by one of his companions,* which is the groundwork of all the later accounts of him.

Wilfrid was born of noble parents in Northumbria in the year 634, some few months after the catastrophe of King Edwin's overthrow and death and S. Paulinus's retreat into Kent. During the whole of his youth, therefore, the see of York lay vacant; Roman customs and traditions were represented only by James the Deacon—if indeed the faithful James were still alive—and the greatest religious and educational power in the land was now the Celtic monastery of Lindisfarne. At Lindisfarne the most impressionable years of Wilfrid's life were spent, and there the boy set himself eagerly to learn all that the Scottish monks could teach him. He became a general favourite; the combination of devotion and scholarship was congenial to him, and he became so habituated to the stern Celtic habits of bodily self-discipline that he clung to them through life beneath the outward splendours and luxury that his artist nature delighted in, and only gave them up in extreme old age at the direct bidding of the Pope himself.

The austere life at Holy Island had more charms for him than the life of a young thane at the Northumbrian court of which he had had a glimpse before he came to the monastery; and yet even Holy Island did not wholly satisfy his imagination. He yearned to see for himself the glories of Rome, of which echoes had reached him from one source and another. He had his way, and after a year's sojourn at Canterbury he set forth on his pilgrimage. From the moment he reached Canterbury our young reformer gave in his unquestioning adhesion to all things Roman as opposed to Celtic. In proof of his zeal he set himself to forget the translation of the Psalter with which he had been familiar all his life long, and to learn anew the unrevised version in use at Rome, which differed from the more modern version adopted at Lindisfarne much as our Bible translation differs from that given in the Prayer-book. The difficulty of his task can only be appreciated by those who have tried a like experiment.

It is evident that there was something very captivating about this young Englishman of twenty, so active both in mind and body, so sunny in looks and so pleasant in manner. The Archbishop of Lyons, with whom he made some stay, was so attracted by him that he offered him all manner of advantages, including the hand of his niece, if he would remain with him as his adopted son; but Wilfrid was firm in his desire to press on to Rome.

* "In Kent Wilfrid found and closely attached to himself Stephen, called *Eddi*, he who afterwards became a noted choir-master in Northumbria, and the enthusiastic follower and biographer of Wilfrid."—Bright's "Church History."

At last his goal was reached, and though the visit was but a short one, it was all-satisfying to the young pilgrim, as he kneeled in joyful reverence in the famous churches so long known to him by report. On his homeward way he stayed again at Lyons—a three years' visit that might, it would seem, have been indefinitely prolonged had it not been for the terrible death of his friend the archbishop, who fell under the displeasure of the civil authorities and was condemned to execution. Wilfrid stood by him to the last, prepared to share his friend's fate, when his looks attracted the attention of one of the officers, who, on learning that the "fair youth" was an Englishman, gave orders that he should be allowed to return in safety to his own land. Wilfrid returned, therefore, to Northumbria,—not to Lindisfarne, but to the court of King Oswy. There he found a kindred spirit in the king's son, Alchfrith, who became his willing helper in all good works. This prince—as was not uncommon in Saxon England—was already possessed of a large share of the kingly power, and therefore he was able to forward many of Wilfrid's dearest schemes by gifts of money and lands.

To this period belongs the foundation of Wilfrid's earliest and best loved monastery, that of Ripon, and of another less famous house at Stanford or Stamford. His other monasteries of Oundle and Hexham were founded at a later date. Throughout life the building and beautifying of churches was Wilfrid's greatest delight. No detail was too small for his diligent attention; like another David, he desired that what he built for the Lord should be "exceeding magnifical," and in the spirit of David he made preparation for the work, bringing together out of foreign lands the richest materials attainable, and bands of skilled artificers able to display them in their greatest beauty. And of all these costly offerings there was none more precious in Wilfrid's eyes than the richly illuminated copy of the Gospels in golden letters on a ground of purple vellum, which he laid upon the altar of S. Peter's church at Ripon on the day of its consecration.

At Hexham Wilfrid was overlooking the progress of the almost completed work when a fearful accident occurred. A young mason fell from the roof and was taken up for dead. His fellows were about to lay him in his coffin, when Wilfrid came up and checked their despairing haste. "Let us ask God," said he with tears, "to restore the life of this child." He then called in the aid of the doctors, and it was discovered that the injuries, though most grave, were not mortal. Very gradually the young man regained strength and activity, and lived to a good old age. A somewhat similar story is told of our saint in later days, when he was going about the country baptizing and confirming. In a certain village where the mothers came thronging round him, bringing their little ones to receive from the bishop the holy rites, there came one poor mother who bore not a living child, but, as it seemed to all who saw it, a little lifeless body. Still she pressed on with her piteous burden, and held it up before the bishop. As he bent down to receive it the truth flashed on him, and

he stood in silent compassion. But the mother could not keep silence, and cried beseechingly, "O holy man, help me to believe; raise up this child and baptize him. For God and for you he is living still. Have courage! and in the might of Christ do not fear to do this thing." Her passionate words roused Wilfrid's faith anew. He knelt down on the ground and prayed; then laying his hand on the little one, he felt it breathe. Soon there were fresh signs of returning life, and Wilfrid, having baptized the child, gave it back to its mother, charging her to bring it to him when he should have reached the age of seven, that he might be in a special manner dedicated to the service of God. It is a curious illustration of Wilfrid's unfailing memory, and also of the sternness of his disposition, that when the time came it was he who insisted upon the carrying out of the agreement, though strongly against the will of the unhappy mother, who had fled with her child into a distant part of the country. The boy was recovered and brought back, to be educated in one of Wilfrid's famous monastery schools. Ultimately he became a monk at Ripon, where he was always spoken of as "the bishop's son," the child of his adoption.

But in speaking of the building of Hexham and of Wilfrid's episcopate, we have been anticipating. Wilfrid was not destined to be remembered chiefly as a builder of churches, or as a patron of ecclesiastical art, or as a successful abbot. These things had their charm for him, but he was essentially a man of action; and we must now follow him from these peaceful pursuits into the conflicts which made up so great a part of his life.

The first event which brought Wilfrid into prominence in his own country was the memorable Synod of Whitby, a conference held between the respective supporters of the Roman and Celtic Churches, for the consideration of the great Easter controversy. Wilfrid was at this time only in Priests' Orders, but his position at court gave him a certain standing, and his readiness of speech was doubtless known to many of his friends, for he was selected to reply to the arguments of Bishop Colman of Lindisfarne, the representative of the Celtic party. His speech was a masterpiece for its purpose; he first entered at length into the complicated arguments as to the correct computation of the day, answering Colman's objections one after another by a series of carefully chosen precedents; then, becoming more general, he appealed to the practice of the Church Universal, and finally asked whether the judgment of the isolated Columba, holy though he might be, was to be preferred to that of the blessed Prince of the Apostles, to whom the Lord Himself promised the keys of the Kingdom of Heaven. Upon the king, at least, these words made a profound impression. The previous discussion had been beyond his comprehension, but here was something he could lay hold of. The Roman party claimed to represent S. Peter, and who should dare to stand against one to whom such mighty authority had been given? In the famous conclusion: "Peter is the door-keeper, whom I will not contradict, but will in all things obey his decrees, lest when I come to the gates of the

Kingdom of Heaven, there should be none to open them," King Oswy announced his determination henceforth to support the Roman usage; and Bishop Colman and his followers, seeing their cause to be lost, left the country and returned to Iona. Of the far-reaching results of this Synod this is no place to speak, but it is important to note its influence upon Wilfrid's career. From this time forward he stood forth as the recognized champion of the Roman cause in England; from henceforth also he was regarded by the Celtic party as their bitterest enemy.

Just about this time the see of Lindisfarne fell vacant, and Oswy, instead of looking as heretofore to Iona for the new bishop, desired his favourite Wilfrid to undertake the charge. Wilfrid hesitated, on the ground that as things were he could not be properly consecrated in England; finally it was decided that he should go over to France for the purpose, and there the ceremony was performed by twelve of the French bishops with a pomp and splendour that must have delighted Wilfrid's soul. On his return journey the ship was driven ashore on the Sussex coast, and the lives of Wilfrid and his companions were in the greatest danger from the savage heathen natives. This storm at the very beginning of his public life is typical of the storms that were to beset him for all his remaining years.

When at last he made his way back to Northumbria it was to find his place occupied, and himself regarded as an intruder. During his absence the fickle Oswy had given his favour to another, and the authority that should have been Wilfrid's was committed to Bishop Chad. Chad was installed at York—for York was now become the most important centre of the great Northumbrian diocese; and Wilfrid had both the wisdom and the right feeling not to press his claims against an antagonist so universally loved and revered, and silently and voluntarily withdrew into the kingdom of Mercia, where at that time he was sure of a friendly reception. This action of S. Chad's in allowing himself to be intruded upon another man's charge is very incomprehensible to us, but it should be remembered that in those days the spheres of episcopal jurisdiction had not been laid down with the exactness of later times; and besides, Chad was just one of those spiritually minded people who set themselves to do the good work nearest them at the call of external authority, without considering how far the authority is lawfully constituted. In just the same spirit of unquestioning obedience in which he now took up the task did he afterwards relinquish it when Archbishop Theodore thought good to reinstate Wilfrid. Chad's actions may be found blameworthy, but assuredly not his motives.

But before justice was to be done to Wilfrid four long years must pass, years of busy activity on his part. Wherever Wilfrid was there was work to be done. His monastery at Ripon still required his fostering care; then there was the new interest of founding another monastery at Oundle in Northamptonshire. He set himself to make it as perfect as he could, to introduce into it the Benedictine Rule in all its strictness, and to root

out all lingering traces of Celtic customs. In addition to these occupations he undertook, at the request of the King of Mercia, to supply all episcopal needs throughout the kingdom, there being at that time no bishop in Mercia.

At the end of four years the appointment to Canterbury of the vigorous Archbishop Theodore of Tarsus brought about a change in Wilfrid's fortunes. The metropolitan authority of the Northern Province was for the time in abeyance, and the authority of Canterbury was recognized throughout Christian England. Theodore, on examining into the state of affairs in Northumbria, decreed that Wilfrid was the rightful Bishop of York, and that Chad must needs retire. Probably nothing would have been so congenial to Chad as to be allowed to retire into the peaceful seclusion of his dear monastery at Lastingham ; but, acting upon a graceful suggestion of Wilfrid's, it was determined to send him to carry on Wilfrid's work in Mercia. It is doubtful whether since the days of his boyhood at Lindisfarne Wilfrid had ever found himself so heartily in sympathy with one of the schismatical party ; but then Chad had conformed to the decision of the Synod of Whitby as regards the keeping of Easter and such matters. Perhaps his estimate of the true proportion of things was juster than Wilfrid's own, but in any case Wilfrid could not resist the softening influence of that gentle nature.

Nine years of active work in the York diocese mark the next stage in Wilfrid's history. For a while all seemed to be most prosperous with him ; he was in favour with Archbishop Theodore, and the equal friendship between himself and the new king of Northumbria, Egfrid, seemed like a repetition of the friendship of S. Oswald and the holy Bishop Aidan. A yet more ardent friendship grew up between Wilfrid and Egfrid's queen, the celebrated Etheldreda, afterwards Abbess of Ely—a friendship that was fraught with evil consequences for both. She yielded up to her spiritual adviser, not merely the fairest portion of her possessions—those rich lands of Hexham upon which Wilfrid built his most sumptuous monastery—but the control of her entire life. And Wilfrid abused the trust, for he warmly encouraged the visionary enthusiastic queen to believe that the marriage into which she had entered against her will was no marriage, and that the vocation of a nun for which she yearned was higher than the vocation of wife to which she had been called, and it was with Wilfrid's full knowledge and concurrence that she ultimately deserted her husband and set up her conventual establishment at Ely (CH. XL.). It is a miserable story ; but in justice to Wilfrid it is fair to remember, that though, as Montalembert says, "it is happily certain that no Catholic of to-day would approve Wilfrid's conduct, it is no less certain that at the time when he lived no one seems to have blamed it."

But if few dared openly to condemn his action, there were many who resented it bitterly enough. It was inevitable that there should be a breach between Wilfrid and the king. Egfrid had loved the beautiful wife who had turned from him so gladly, and though in time he obtained a divorce

and took another wife, he never forgave the real author of his wrong. Moreover, his hatred was continually fanned by the insinuations of the new queen, Ermenburga, who became Wilfrid's direst enemy. Very artfully she drew the king's attention to the almost loyal magnificence in which the bishop lived. It was true enough, for the artist side of Wilfrid gloried in the beauty and perfection of all his surroundings, and the queen neither knew nor cared to know anything of those long fasts, those rigorous austerities, which he practised continually in secret.

But the king and queen might have been comparatively powerless to injure Wilfrid had they not succeeded in discrediting him in the eyes of Archbishop Theodore. The hostility of the old archbishop to his fellow-worker is one of the worst blots on Theodore's character, but it is not difficult to understand how it originated, and we need not believe the disgraceful but ill-supported charge that he let himself be bribed to injure Wilfrid. In matters of opinion they were largely agreed: both were supporters of the Roman supremacy, both were ardent reformers of ecclesiastical abuses, both were indefatigable in their endeavours to perform their self-assigned tasks. If they had lived apart, with only an occasional meeting, it is likely enough that they would have been full of admiration for one another, but they were so much alike in disposition that when they came into contact friction was almost inevitable. Theodore laid down that it was necessary for the good of the Church that the unwieldy Northumbrian diocese should be subdivided. In theory he was right, and if the reform had been proposed in a moderately conciliatory spirit, Wilfrid, who knew well the impossibility of overtaking with his utmost efforts the needs of that far-reaching district, would have hailed it only as a measure of seasonable relief. But Theodore's monstrous and high-handed action only provoked him to indignant resistance. Doubtless Theodore's secret jealousy had predisposed him to give easy credence to the evil reports he heard of his brilliant rival at the court of Egfrid. There is no possible justification for Theodore's method of proceeding. He took advantage of a temporary absence of Wilfrid's to divide up his diocese into four parts, and Wilfrid on his return home found one bishop installed in his own cathedral city of York, and another ruling over the monastery church that he himself had founded at Hexham. All an Englishman's hatred of injustice was roused within him. "It is sheer robbery," he cried. But his protest was unheeded by either king or archbishop. "We accuse you of no crime," was the cold answer, "but we can in no wise go back from our judgment." "Then," replied Wilfrid, "I appeal to the Holy See."

And so he left England and set off on his toilsome journey to Rome. He was supported now as always by a faithful band of disciples, but the complete absence of sympathy for him on the part of the leading Churchmen of Northumbria is the most striking proof how Wilfrid, through his iron determination to uphold the Roman supremacy at whatever sacrifice of national susceptibilities, had made himself hated by his fellow-countrymen.

He had ridden rough-shod over all their prejudices, and now that he was suffering unjustly all stood aloof from him.

His adventures and hairbreadth escapes in the course of his journeys to and from Rome might serve for another "Odyssey," but there is not space to recount them here. The malice of his enemies pursued him everywhere; they planned at least three distinct attempts upon his life—attempts which failed only because the charm of Wilfrid's personal bearing in each case captivated those who should have been the instruments of his death. To his opponents he was harsh and masterful, but the natural graciousness of his manners, the eager delight with which he would do any kind office that was demanded of him, the buoyant cheerfulness that no misfortune could quell,—these were gifts which drew many hearts to Wilfrid.

English Churchmen of the seventh century seem to have made almost as little of the toilsome journey to Rome as we might make of it in these days of through trains, and yet the difficulties were immense, and in winter-time well-nigh insuperable. In the winter, therefore, Wilfrid did not attempt to continue his journey, but spent several months in Frisia, preaching the gospel to the heathen tribes of those parts, among whom no missionary had yet laboured. He was enabled to lay a good foundation, and he never lost his interest in this infant Church, but in after-years helped it by all the means in his power.

At last Rome was reached, and Wilfrid found his case already known and exciting not a little interest. It was but a one-sided version, however, that was known as yet: only the accusations drawn up by Archbishop Theodore and his partisans, in which the Englishman was treated as a defaulting bishop who had wilfully abandoned his see. Wilfrid, in addition to explaining his case privately, drew up a counter-document, and both statements were carefully read aloud and discussed in a council summoned for the express purpose by the Pope. At this point Wilfrid, who had been waiting without, was called in, and by his own wish his statement was publicly re-read. It was a model of self-repression and moderation, and served his cause far better than a more vehement complaint would have done. He professed himself wholly at the disposal of his ecclesiastical superiors, to be reinstated or not at their good pleasure; he was willing to acquiesce in the division of his diocese, only he pleaded that it should be done by properly constituted authority. The council after due deliberation ruled that Wilfred was blameless, and that he was to be restored to his full dignities. They approved, however, Theodore's principle of the subdivision of the diocese, but decreed that the occupants of the new sees should be chosen by Wilfrid himself and be regarded merely as his coadjutors.

Wilfrid's triumph appeared complete, and still greater honour was shown to him a little later when he was asked to represent England at an important General Council that was about to be held at Rome for the purpose of guarding against a growing heresy that was at this time threatening the orthodoxy of the Church. Theodore himself had been summoned

to take part in this council, but for some reason he had not appeared; and now, by a strange irony of fate, he was represented by the "fugitive bishop," whose downfall he was seeking to accomplish.

Wilfrid made sure that when he returned home armed with the Pope's own sealed decree there could be no further resistance to his just claims; and, if we may trust a document of somewhat less authority than the rest, he now affixed to one of his official signatures this description of himself: "I, Wilfrid, by apostolic favour about to reclaim my See of York." But he was destined to be grievously disappointed. His powerful enemies were too wary openly to resist the Pope's decree, but they boldly declared that those decrees were forgeries. A council of the nobles and clergy, presided over by the king, was held at Whitby—in the precincts, doubtless, of S. Hilda's famous abbey—and there Wilfrid produced those carefully drawn up documents, which were to right the wrong that had been done him. Wilfrid's biographer, Eddius, notes that they bore the signatures of the bishops assembled in council, and that they were sealed with the leaden official bulls or seals in use at Rome for such purposes.*

No formalities seem to have been wanting, but the angry council was determined not to be convinced. "They rejected the edict," says Eddius; and a curious relic that has lately come to light seems to show that the rejection was of a very literal sort, and that they were bent on hiding from all eyes this witness to their deliberate falsehood. The Bishop of Bristol, in a lecture given in S. Paul's Cathedral (January 31, 1893), mentions a recent discovery that throws a bright flash of light upon the whole transaction, and brings us strangely into touch with that bygone conflict of twelve centuries ago. "On a ledge of rock," says he, "some little distance below the top of the cliffs on which Whitby Abbey stands, has now been found a quantity of kitchen refuse, bones, a broken comb with runes scratched on it, and so on. Among the refuse was a leaden bulla, bearing the name of Boniface, the Archdeacon. This is a suggestive hint that the King and Council in their wrath flung the obnoxious document out of the window, into the sea far below, as they supposed, and it was caught on this ledge of rock, and there, in course of time, perished, all but its seal of lead."

As to Wilfrid himself, he was treated with the utmost severity, and condemned to nine months' imprisonment, first in Bamburgh Castle and afterwards, under still more rigorous conditions, in the remote Scottish fortress of Dunbar. Egfrid, judging the bishop by himself, offered him not merely liberty, but the restoration of a portion of his rights,

* "The *bulla* is properly a *seal* either of gold, silver, lead, or wax. On one side are the heads of Peter and Paul; on the other the name of the Pope and year of his pontificate" (Haydn's "Dictionary of Dates"). Hence, of course, is derived the name of "bull" as applied to the Papal edicts. Besides *papal bulls*, however, there were other bulls, and this particular bull bore the seal, not of the Pope, but of the Archdeacon of Rome, Boniface. This is precisely what would be the natural form of signature for "an attested copy of the decrees of the Roman Synod." It would be issued, says the Bishop of Bristol, by the archdeacon in his official capacity, and would therefore bear his seal.

if he would only consent to declare the Papal letters a forgery. It is easy to imagine the scorn with which Wilfrid replied that he would sooner lose his head. Theodore, to his eternal shame, seems to have made no effort for his release; and the bishop might have lingered on indefinitely in prison had not the guilty fears of the wicked queen been at length worked upon by her aunt Ebba, the famous Abbess of Coldingham. The king and queen were visiting S. Ebba (CH. XL.) at her monastery, when the queen was taken violently ill. Ebba, though belonging to the national party, was too just a woman not to resent the ill-treatment of an innocent man, and she now charged her terrified niece with suffering the just reward of her cruel behaviour. Above all she denounced the covetousness that had made her rob Wilfrid of a precious reliquary which he had brought with him from Rome. In their terror both husband and wife were willing to promise anything. Wilfrid was forthwith set at liberty, and his treasure restored to him.

He was free, but not yet safe; he dared not remain in Northumbria, and a change of sovereign in Mercia had closed against him that once friendly refuge. He passed on into Sussex, which, though heathen as to its people, was reigned over by a king who had newly accepted the faith of his Christian wife, a Mercian princess. By both king and queen Wilfrid found himself eagerly welcomed, and his ministrations among the natives facilitated in every possible way. One little glimmer of Christian truth Wilfrid found burning on in this dark tract. Nestled in between the sea and the forest, at a place that still keeps its old name of Bosham, was a tiny settlement of some five or six Celtic monks, who in their complete isolation still clung to their rule of poverty and humility; but these monks had done nothing to prepare the way for Wilfrid, for, as Bede plainly says, "none of the natives cared either to follow their course of life or hear their preaching." A far more skilful fisher of men was Wilfrid; he first won the confidence and gratitude of the ignorant natives by showing them how to better their temporal condition, and then raised their minds to higher things. He had entered the kingdom at the close of three years of famine, and the starving population was at length reduced to such dire despair that bands of men, thirty or forty together, would come to the top of the cliffs and there jump hand in hand into the sea beneath so as to end their misery. Wilfrid, when he came among them, pointed the sufferers to the plentiful supply of food that was being left untouched in the sea itself and in the rivers. Practical man that he was, he taught them the art of fishing—for hitherto they had taken nothing bigger than eels. "The bishop's men," says Bede, "having gathered eel-nets everywhere, cast them into the sea, and by the blessing of God took three hundred fishes of several sorts, which, being divided into three parts, they gave a hundred to the poor, a hundred to those of whom they had the nets, and kept a hundred for their own use. By this benefit the bishop gained the affections of them all, and they began more readily at his preaching to hope for

heavenly goods, seeing that by his help they had received those which are temporal."

As it happened before in Kent and Northumbria, so now in Sussex, a great wave of enthusiasm passed throughout the land. So many both of the nobles and of the common people came together at one time to be baptized that Bede can speak of "*the very day* on which the nation received the faith," and he tells us, too, how that day was rendered doubly memorable by the gentle rain which fell, marking the happy close of the long drought. There is no brighter spot in the whole of Wilfrid's stirring career than the five years in which he was patiently and contentedly building up the Church in Sussex.

But though he had ample work to occupy him in the south of England, his heart was in his beloved Northumbria; and now at length the way was opened for him to return thither. He received a message from his former enemy, Archbishop Theodore, now an old man of eighty-four, saying that he desired before he died to be reconciled to him, and requesting him to meet him at the house of the Bishop of London. There Theodore frankly acknowledged that he had shown himself harsh and unjust, and besought Wilfrid's forgiveness, which Wilfrid, on his side, gave with all his heart.

Theodore even went so far as to offer to nominate him as his successor in the see of Canterbury; but Wilfrid, though earnestly bent on being restored to his rights, was not ambitious of fresh honours. All the powerful influence of the dying archbishop was now exerted on behalf of Wilfrid as once it had been exerted against him; he wrote letters to the Kings of Mercia and Northumbria, pleading Wilfrid's cause so effectually that at length, after seven years of exile, the banished bishop found himself once more restored to his loved Northumbrian diocese. Not, however, to the commanding position of the old days before the division of the diocese; new interests had sprung up during his absence and needed to be considered, and from henceforth we hear of Wilfrid making his headquarters at Hexham, Lindisfarne, York, and Ripon successively, according to what best suited the different circumstances of the times.

For five years there was a sort of truce between Wilfrid and his foes, but there was perpetual secret hostility underlying the semblance of deference to his authority. Nor can we wonder at it, when we see how Wilfrid still enforced his old irritating policy against the followers of Celtic usages. But the wrong was by no means all on one side. If he was openly tyrannical, the Celtic party, supported by the changeable king, were secretly unjust. Under cover of carrying out the wishes of the dead archbishop, they set themselves to limit Wilfrid's power in every direction. He submitted to many limitations, but when they threatened to interfere with his rights over his own peculiar monastery at Ripon he resisted to the utmost, and chose rather to go once more into exile than agree to conditions that he held to be wholly unjust. Abundant work and a cordial welcome awaited him in the neighbouring kingdom of Mercia, and

here for eleven years he was content to bide his time. The first year seems to have been spent in retirement; then the good Bishop Chad of Lichfield died, and Wilfrid succeeded to his position and to his manifold labours.

But Wilfrid was too great a figure to be allowed to end his days in peaceful obscurity. His inveterate enemies yearned for his more complete downfall, while honester men, like the new Archbishop of Canterbury, Berthwald, were uncomfortably conscious that he had been treated with scant justice. So once again Wilfrid was cited to appear before the Northumbrian king and bishops at a council to be held at Nesterfield, near Ripon, under the presidency of the archbishop in person, where his grievances should be fairly investigated. There was the semblance of justice but not the reality. In the Archbishop of Canterbury Wilfrid might reasonably have looked for an impartial judge, but he found only an unjust opponent. Berthwald had been trained in the famous Celtic monastery of Glastonbury, and with whatever fair intentions he may have convened the Synod, it would appear that his intercourse with the vehemently Celtic party in Northumbria so stirred the old associations as to change him into the most bitter and unscrupulous of partisans. If Wilfrid had a single friend among the judges, he had at least not one bold enough to stand by him openly, and the result was a foregone conclusion. He was assured that if he would sign a paper promising to submit himself unreservedly to the conditions demanded by the archbishop, all would be well with him; but Wilfrid was far too acute to accept so dangerous a proposition—even without the warning secretly conveyed to him by a timid well-wisher that his enemies had laid this snare for him in the expectation of thus making him the instrument of his own ruin. Resentful at their failure, their next scheme was to tax him with contempt of duly constituted authority, and the king and the Archbishop of Canterbury proposed that he should be deprived of all property and rights within the kingdom of Northumbria. They found, however, that by their extreme severity they had outstripped popular feeling, and the sentence was so far modified as to allow of his retaining on sufferance his own foundation of Ripon, provided he consented to renounce all episcopal functions, and to consider himself a prisoner within the precincts of his monastery. They were impossible terms, and no one of the council can have been surprised to hear from Wilfrid's lips the same famous words which, twenty-five years before, he had had occasion to utter: "I appeal to Rome." Archbishop Berthwald, in whom national and Celtic sympathies were strongly developed, was so stung by this appeal to a foreign tribunal that he seemed in danger of accepting the king's base suggestion that the matter should be ended by once more thrusting Wilfrid into prison; but the other bishops had enough sense of honour remaining to plead the safe-conduct by which he had been summoned from his retreat in Mercia, and he was permitted to depart in peace; though the hatred felt towards him was shown by the violence

of the storm that fell upon his adherents in the devoted monastery of Ripon.

Attended as usual by a band of faithful friends, Wilfrid at length reached Rome, and there, as once before, he told his story and claimed redress. Messengers from the king and archbishop followed hard upon his track, presenting the other version of the dispute. Pope John VI. determined to sift the matter to the uttermost, and not less than seventy council meetings were held before judgment was pronounced. Five popes had come and gone since Wilfrid had last pleaded his cause in Rome a quarter of a century before. The whole matter must long have been well-nigh forgotten; but the Englishman was able to refer his judges to the archives in which were recorded the transactions of the former council. Bede, with one of his most dramatic touches, tells how all the great assembly was stirred by the discovery of the identity of the aged suppliant bishop before them with the "Wilfrid, beloved of God," the unjustly accused Bishop of York, of whom the revered Pope Agatho had written in terms of such high praise. The reading was interrupted while men asked one another who could that Wilfrid be; and then one after another of the old men stepped forward, and declared how he was this very man—now as then wrongfully accused, now as then appealing to the justice of Rome. The impression created in his favour by this incident was immense, and Wilfrid was unanimously acquitted of all blame. He was more than satisfied; his honour was vindicated, and for the rest he would have been content to end his days in Rome; but to this the Pope would not consent. He wrote letters into Northumbria, directing the Archbishop of Canterbury to do all honour to Wilfrid in a council of the Northern bishops expressly convened for the purpose. The details of the arrangement he left to Berthwald, only stipulating that if either of the bishops now occupying York and Hexham refused to recognize Wilfrid's supremacy they should be sent to Rome to be dealt with.

Whatever others might now accord to Wilfrid, he desired nothing for himself beyond the peaceful enjoyment of his two favourite monasteries of Hexham and Ripon. He had aged visibly in the last year, and was no longer equal to the fatigues of administering a great diocese. Hitherto his journeys across Europe had been made on foot; now he was forced to go on horseback, and had at some points to be even borne in a litter. At Meaux he was struck down by an attack of illness which seemed likely to prove fatal. It was, in truth, the beginning of the end. Though he lived for four years longer, he henceforth lived as a man who has received his summons; and the solemn impression of those days when he lay between life and death never left his memory (see the life of his friend and companion, Bishop Acca, CH. XXIII.).

At last he reached England, and even now there was a doubt what manner of reception he would meet with. Archbishop Berthwald indeed loyally accepted the Pope's ruling, and by his zeal in welcoming Wilfrid

and his care in making arrangements for the stipulated Synod, seemed seeking to atone for his former harshness. The king, however, remained utterly irreconcilable, and had he not suddenly been cut off by death, matters might have gone ill with the aged bishop. As it was, a reaction at length set in in favour of the heroic old man who had dared and suffered so much. In the last few years many of Wilfrid's bitterest foes had been removed by death, and now that King Aldfrid was dead and that the Archbishop of Canterbury had transferred his great influence to the Roman side, the Celtic party was thrown into confusion. Add to this that the reigning king was but a child, and that the royal power lay for the moment in the hands of a partisan of Wilfrid, and it will be seen that the situation had greatly altered since the Synod of Nesterfield two years earlier. This last Synod was also held near Ripon, on the banks of the little river Nidd. The Council of the Nidd is a less painful page of Church history than the Council of Nesterfield; the tone was more Christian, and on both sides there was an evident desire to put a term to the long unseemly strife. It ended in a complete reconciliation between all the bishops present, and in the formal recognition of all Wilfrid's claims—claims which he no longer cared to press.

Wilfrid's remaining years were for the most part spent in the retirement of one or other of his monasteries. The whole powers of his energetic mind were now bent on perfecting the organization of those numerous Benedictine houses in various parts of England, which counted him not only as their founder but as their guide and director. A fresh attack of illness, like that he had had at Meaux, overtook him on one of his journeys, and served to draw forth an expression of the love and veneration with which he was regarded by his spiritual children. At the news of his illness the abbots and monks gathered together from all parts of the country, and thronged around the wayside house where he lay in a state of stupor, beseeching to be allowed to see him once more. But again that marvellous vitality reasserted itself, and he rallied sufficiently to undertake a visitation of the different monasteries in Mercia. Before setting out he made a will that was strikingly characteristic of himself, dividing his wealth into four portions—one for the adornment of certain Roman churches, one for the maintenance of his two favourite abbeys, one for the purchase of masses for his own soul, and one for the benefit of the faithful companions of his good and evil fortunes. His last public act was the consecration of the Worcestershire Abbey of Evesham (see CH. XXIII., S. Egwin), a duty which was specially entrusted to him by his former adversary, Berthwald of Canterbury.

From Evesham he turned his face homewards, and as he rode he beguiled the way by telling to the tried friend who rode beside him the whole story of his chequered life. Active in mind but worn out in body, he pushed onwards, but suddenly at Oundle in Northamptonshire his journey was interrupted. The end came, not in a foreign land or in some chance resting-place, but in one of the religious houses that he had himself

founded, where he was received as the honoured master, the beloved father, and ministered to with the tenderest reverence. His sufferings were brief, and on October 12, 709, he passed peacefully away. There was a universal feeling that he ought to be buried at Ripon, and thither his remains were solemnly borne, and laid to rest with all fitting splendour.

The hated exile of one generation became the honoured patron saint of the next. Already in the closing years of his troubled career the tide of popularity had begun to flow in his favour, and as the better organized forces of the Roman party gradually overmastered the earnest but less well regulated efforts of the Celtic Church; as the network of Benedictine houses, closely conformed to their foreign model, overspread the land, displacing the broader, freer monastic system which is the peculiar glory of such Celtic trained saints as Hilda and Aidan;—as all this took place it was inevitable that increasing honour should be paid to the one Englishman who more than any other had contributed to the promotion of Roman unity in his native land. Thus the most truly national of our saints were allowed to sink into obscurity, while the popularity of the untiring champion of Rome waxed more and more.

Very few of the forty and odd churches that bear the name of Wilfrid can be traced back to any direct personal connexion with himself. He was too much of a wanderer on the face of the earth to have any one plot of ground specially associated with his name, like the *Hibaldstow* of the anchorite Hybald (CH. XXVIII.), or the *Peakirk* of the gentle S. Pega (CH. XLVII.). It is true that he built churches in many places, but these churches for the most part bear the name, not of their founder, but of those Apostolic patrons of whom Wilfrid himself made choice. His two most famous foundations, Ripon and Hexham, still retain the names which he bestowed upon them, S. Peter and S. Andrew respectively; but Ripon, the special child of his affections, centuries ago, by a fortunate inspiration, superadded the name of her own honoured founder, so that the cathedral now stands under the twofold invocation of "SS. Peter and Wilfrid." It is pleasant to think how Wilfrid himself would have delighted in such a combination! It is at Ripon, if anywhere, that we must look for local associations with our saint, and there we shall find that throughout these twelve centuries the thread has never wholly been broken. His monastery has vanished away; of the church he built nothing remains—unless it may be the cathedral crypt of Saxon date—but his memory has never quite faded from the city. For long years after his feast-day had lost all religious significance it continued to be a popular festival, and "Wilfrid's Sunday" was a familiar institution to every inhabitant of Ripon. It must be owned, however, that it had fallen into a meaningless and discreditable revel, and it is pleasant to find that it is now being restored to a dignity worthy alike of the city and of the great man whom it commemorates. Thus we read in a Yorkshire newspaper:* "The annual Feast of S. Wilfrid

* *Leeds Mercury*, August 1, 1892.

commenced at Ripon on Saturday. In the afternoon there was the usual procession of the patron saint, headed by the Ripon City band. Yesterday [Wilfrid's Sunday] the Mayor and members of the Corporation attended Divine service at the Cathedral in their robes of office." It is curious to note by the way that Ripon Feast is held in the close of July, whereas October 12 is the day most commonly associated with Wilfrid. Mobberley in Cheshire, founded in 1206 in honour of "God, the Virgin Mary and S. Wilfrid," but generally known only as "S. Wilfrid's," is more correct in this point, for "Mobberley Wake" is duly observed on October 12.*

It is highly probable that not a few of the country churches dedicated to S. Wilfrid were the offshoots of Benedictine monasteries founded by Wilfrid himself, but this is merely a surmise. The geographical distribution of dedications to S. Wilfrid presents some points of interest, for with one exception the whole number are to be found within the limits of the ancient kingdoms of Northumbria and Mercia, the portions of England most connected with his personal history. Mercia—the kingdom which so frequently accorded him a welcome in the days when Northumbria drove him from her borders—has, properly enough, rather the larger share of the two; twenty-three as against twenty-one. Yorkshire, as might be expected, has its ten or twelve churches in honour of S. Wilfrid, but Nottinghamshire absolutely outnumbers its greater neighbour with fourteen such dedications. And in truth there is a certain poetic justice in these figures, for in Northumbria Wilfrid ever showed himself as a man of strife, while in Mercia he was quietly and patiently building up the Church of God. But in that corner of England where Wilfrid showed himself at his very best, in the kingdom of Sussex, where he laboured with the self-forgetfulness of a true missionary, here for centuries there was no memorial of him. The omission has at last been made good by a modern church at Hayward's Heath, which by its name of S. Wilfrid—so unfamiliar in South-country ears—may stir up new interest in the thrilling story of the evangelization of Sussex.

The modern church of S. Wilfrid's at Pool in the West Riding of Yorkshire is the successor to an old chapelry which may possibly have been so named, but it is more probable that the name was first given at the rebuilding. It is well justified by the presence in the surrounding district of more than one old church of S. Wilfrid.

A careful study of pre-Reformation Wills is sure to add to the number of churches under the patronage of this saint. There are five Nottinghamshire churches of S. Wilfrid each of which has also an alternative dedication to some scriptural saint, such as S. James or S. Luke. These scriptural patrons were no doubt introduced at a time when all non-scriptural saints were beginning to be looked upon with suspicion. Two other Nottinghamshire churches, Kingston-on-Soar and Screveton, which have hitherto figured in most lists as "*S. Winifred*," belong of right, we cannot doubt it, to S. Wilfrid. It was a standing perplexity what should

* Ormerod.

have brought the Welsh maiden (CH. XI.) into this uncongenial part of the world, but the confusion, doubtless, arose from some copyist's error.

Shall we see an increase of modern dedications to S. Wilfrid? It is difficult to say. In many respects he falls short of the highest standard of saintship; but this much is certain, that so long as Englishmen are attracted by the sight of an heroic nature dauntlessly struggling on behalf of a great principle, the story of Wilfrid can never wholly lose its fascination.

S. John of Beverley.* May 7, 721.

In the passage from Ecclesiasticus which has been chosen as a fitting introduction to these histories of our English Patron-saints, special mention is made of such as were "by their knowledge and learning meet for the people, wise and eloquent in their instructions." To few do the words apply with more force than to the scholarly John of Beverley, at once a student and a teacher, whose sayings and doings were treasured up long after his death in the memories of his grateful pupils. He was no statesman like Wilfrid, no popular leader; his peaceful life offers the most complete, not to add refreshing, contrast to his great predecessor's stormy career; but the few whom Bishop John influenced he influenced for life, as we may see in the pages of his pupil Bede.

John, surnamed of Beverley, was born at Harpham in the East Riding of Yorkshire, a place which is still associated with him. He was himself singularly fortunate in his teachers—the Northumbrian abbess, Hilda of Whitby, and Theodore of Tarsus, the distinguished Archbishop of Canterbury. He was one of the students in that famous school at Canterbury, where Archbishop Theodore and his efficient helper, the Abbot Hadrian, loved to gather together "a crowd of disciples," and to impart to them all that they themselves knew of sacred and of secular lore. Latin and Greek were there taught with such thoroughness that many of the scholars became as well versed in those tongues as in their own. There, too, astronomy and arithmetic were taught, and the complicated rules for determining Easter were doubtless expounded, together with all the endless arguments involved in that most perplexing of controversies. Nor were the lighter studies neglected—"the art of ecclesiastical poetry" was a regular part of the curriculum, and so, too, was "sacred music," according to the system of Gregory the Great.

With what enthusiasm does Bede speak of those days when on the one side was the desire to learn, on the other the power to teach; when the "minds of all men were bent upon the joys of the Heavenly Kingdom of which they had just heard;" "nor," adds he, emphatically, "were there ever happier times since the English came into Britain."

But of all the studies within his reach, the one for which our young Northerner seemed to have the strongest natural bent was that of medicine. Constantly in later life we find him by sick beds, or going out of his way to search for some case of more than common suffering to which he might

* Authorities for this sketch: Bede and D. C. B.

minister; and years after he would recall some medical maxim which he had learnt from his master Theodore, as when he found fault with the practice of some of the Yorkshire nuns of bleeding a patient "on the fourth day of the moon," because, as he said, "I believe that Archbishop Theodore of blessed memory said that bleeding at that time was very dangerous."

It was the archbishop who bestowed on him his name of John, in place, doubtless, of some Saxon appellation that sounded strange and uncouth in Southern ears.

If part of John of Beverley's training was gained under a remarkable man, part of it was gained under a no less remarkable woman. The religious house of the Lady Hilda at Whitby was no mere nunnery, but a home of learning, industry, and holy contemplation, where men and women alike were trained for their various duties and position in life. Elsewhere we shall have to speak more fully of S. Hilda (CH. XL.), but here it may be noted that her house at Whitby had the honour of furnishing to the Church five contemporary bishops, three of whom occupied at some time or other the see of York—Bosa, John of Beverley, and Wilfrid, second of that name. The foundation of all other studies at Whitby was the careful reading of the Bible. Bishop John was specially famous in after days for his exposition of Holy Scripture, and in this bent of his mind we may see the fruit of those quiet days at Whitby, when the abbess "obliged those who were under her direction to attend so much to reading of the Holy Scriptures." Half a century earlier the Lady Hilda had been at the court of her uncle Edwin, and there from the lips of Paulinus she first heard the faith of Christ, which found in her so ready a response. To the first Bishop of York Hilda owed the greatest blessing of her life, and now she was unconsciously repaying the debt by training up another Bishop of York, less able, less influential, but no less holy and single-minded than his great predecessor.

We hear nothing more of our saint till, on the partition of Wilfrid's extensive diocese in 687, he was chosen to be Bishop of Hexham. It is matter for doubt whether the student of S. Hilda's monastery was well suited to the active life of a bishop. Even in these early days his yearnings were all towards retirement and learned leisure; and though he was indefatigable in going about his diocese, and in performing the routine duties of his office, we hear more in his life's story of little individual deeds of kindness to friends and neighbours than of any powerful influence brought to bear upon the Church at large by public acts or utterances.

On the banks of the Tyne, almost opposite Hexham, sheltered by a green wooded mound, lay a peaceful burying-ground with its little chapel, dedicated to the Archangel Michael. To this quiet spot Bishop John, year after year, loved to come with a few chosen companions, for though so given to retirement he was nothing of an anchorite, and was always happiest when he had some of his pupils around him. Here he delighted to pass his Lent, always marking the season by some unobtrusive act of

charity. He would bid his disciples seek out "some poor person labouring under any grievous infirmity, or want, whom he might keep with him during those days;" and on one such occasion they brought him a lad who, in addition to certain repulsive bodily afflictions, was quite dumb. With a tender patience the bishop devoted himself to this case. He first took care that the boy should be provided with the good food of which he stood sorely in need, and then he set himself to the task of teaching the unpractised tongue to speak. Syllable after syllable was slowly formed under his careful direction, until at length the dumb spake, and was able to "express his private thoughts and will to others, which he could never do before." The good bishop then handed over his patient to the care of the regular physician, and in time the youth returned home perfectly restored to health, and with "a ready utterance." This anecdote, with not a few others, was told to Bede by one of Bishop John's favourite pupils, a certain Berthun, who was with his master both at Hexham and afterwards at York and Beverley.

According to one authority Bede was himself among the number of John's pupils, but if so, it can only have been for a short time, for none of the stories that he delights to tell concerning him rest on his own authority, but were diligently collected from those who had had the privilege of being intimate with him. Bede clearly had a strong hero-worship for "that holy man," and it must have been a deep satisfaction to him that it was by "Bishop John" that he was ordained both deacon and priest (CH. XXVIII.).

In 705, when John had been at Hexham for eighteen years, he was translated to York. Wilfrid was still living, and still, in theory, though not in fact, the sole bishop of the great undivided diocese of York. It cannot but have been a bitter moment for Wilfrid, but if any man could soften the bitterness of such a moment, it must have been the gentle Bishop John. In his mouth the much-abused phrase "Nolo episcopari" would have been no mere conventional formula; but he accepted the duties of his new office as a trust, and fulfilled them faithfully for thirteen years. John was emphatically one of those who laboured for peace, and Wilfrid cannot have found it hard to bestow on him the kiss of peace, or to take part with him in that joint communion by which all the five bishops present at the Council of the Nidd sealed their reconciliation.

And so to York Bishop John went, and in the next thirteen years we catch many glimpses of him travelling about his diocese—visiting a monastery here, consecrating a church there, and everywhere endearing himself by his acts of kindness to the sick and sorrowing, and by his inexhaustible sympathy, bestowed as freely on the poor as on the rich, on the servant-boy as on the master.

We get a pleasant picture of him in his lighter moments from the narrative of another of his pupils, a certain Herebald, afterwards Abbot of Tynemouth, but at that time one of the younger clergy in constant attendance upon the bishop. It was a law of Bishop John's circumstances that

he should travel about a great deal; it was no less a law of his nature that he should teach a great deal, and he managed to combine the two things by taking his pupils with him on those long riding journeys of his; and gladly enough the young men followed him, taking lessons in reading and singing and all the other arts, how and where they could in their intervals of leisure. Never surely was there anything so congenial to a party of young men as this roving college under its venerated and beloved head! Now, it befell in the course of one such journey that they came "into a plain and open road," so tempting for a gallop that the youths petitioned to be allowed to have a race. The bishop first forbade it, then somewhat reluctantly yielded, being "prevailed on by the unanimous request of so many,"—only he conditioned that Herebald should have no part in the race. But Herebald, who himself tells the story, was bent on showing off the powers of the fine horse which the bishop had given him. For a time he kept his post by his master's side, but the temptation was at length too strong for him, and striking in among the rest, he began to ride at full speed, hearing but disregarding his bishop's call, "Alas! how much you grieve me by riding like that!" Another moment and his "fiery horse" had taken an unexpected leap, and the rider was lying wounded and stunned upon the ground, his head having struck upon a stone that lay concealed by a shallow covering of turf. For hours they durst not move him, but watched beside him as he lay there; but towards evening, when some signs of consciousness began to show themselves, they carried him home. They had no hopes of his recovery, as his injuries seemed beyond the reach of human skill. The good bishop spent the entire night alone in prayer. Very early in the morning he stood by the bedside and —so Herebald afterwards said—"called me by my name, and as it were waking me out of a heavy sleep, asked, 'Whether I knew who it was that spoke to me?' I opened my eyes and said, 'I do; you are my beloved bishop.' 'Can you live?' said he. I answered, 'I may, through your prayers, if it shall please our Lord.'" The bishop would not let him speak more at that time, but betook himself again to prayer on his behalf. When next he returned to him he was able to speak with more ease, and the bishop now called in the physician and bade him do his part. So rapid was Herebald's recovery that by next day he was able to mount his horse and ride out with his master to another place, while before long he was as well as ever again.

The busier life of his new diocese made John more careful than ever to secure certain periods of retirement, and the little church of S. Michael's, near to his own house in York—a church which Canon Raine * thinks may probably be identified with the existing S. Michael-le-Belfry—became his favourite place for secret prayer. But still he yearned for some place as quiet as the little graveyard-oratory of his Tyneside days, and in the course of his episcopal journeyings he came across a spot that wholly captivated him. It was "a land of wild forests and waters," † and in

* D. C. B. † Ibid.

the midst of it stood a small church dedicated to S. John the Evangelist. The place in those days was called Inderawood, that is, "the wood of the Deiri," * but a little later was designated "Beverley," from the beavers that then abounded in the river. From henceforward Inderawood, or, to use its modern name, Beverley, became the dearest spot in the world to Bishop John. He bought land there; he added to and beautified the church, and attached to it a double monastery—one portion for men, the other for women—and by large purchases of lands in other parts of Yorkshire, he richly endowed his new foundation. He chose one of his own clergy to be the abbot of this loved monastery, and when at the end of thirty-one years he determined to retire from active life, it was under the roof of this old friend and pupil that he came to spend the three remaining years of his life, while he resigned his diocese to yet another friend and pupil, that other Wilfrid (see p. 388).

So, loved and tended to the last by those whom he had taught, the evening of his life was passed in the very circumstances that he would have chosen, and there at Beverley he died on May 7, 721.

He was not formally canonized till the eleventh century; but long before then the popular voice had proclaimed him as belonging of right to the great company of the saints, and for seven centuries after his death his fame was continually on the increase. Beverley adopted him as her special patron, and the Saxon Athelstan and the Norman William, and many another royalty, each in his turn came to worship at the shrine of S. John of Beverley, and confer some new dignity upon the monastery that he had founded.

But it was in the reign of Henry V. that Beverley attained to its greatest glory. The battle of Agincourt was fought, as we all know, on "Crispin Crispian's" day, that is, on October 25: we are not equally familiar with the fact that October 25 was the festival of the translation of the remains of S. John of Beverley to a more stately resting-place than the porch in which they had at first been laid. But King Henry not only remembered this, but attributed his victory to the intercession of the saint of Beverley. He and Queen Katherine travelled north to pay their thanksgiving in the beautiful minster, and by order of the Archbishop of Canterbury, it was announced that henceforth May 7, the anniversary of the bishop's death, should be observed with peculiar honours.

On the whole, the chief matter for surprise is that the memorials of so justly esteemed a saint are not more in number than they actually are. His greatest memorial unquestionably is Beverley itself, which has become so bound up with him that it is difficult to think of that noble collegiate church without also thinking of its founder, while this fourth occupant of the metropolitan see of York is known to history, not as John of York, but simply as "John of Beverley." Town and minster alike are his monument; but strangely enough neither the minster nor any of the other churches in the town are dedicated to him. It will be remembered

* The tribe to whom Yorkshire owed its ancient name of Deira.

that when Bishop John first came to Inderawood, he found there a tiny church under the invocation of S. John the Evangelist; and this original dedication was never changed, though the nunnery which was added to the original building was placed under the special patronage of S. Martin. Both names are now to be found in the existing dedication of the minster to "SS. John the Evangelist and Martin." There is another church to S. John in the parish, a nineteenth-century edifice, built as a chapel of ease to the minster, and this might fitly have been dedicated to S. John of Beverley, but it also is dedicated to the Apostle and Evangelist. Nevertheless, S. John of Beverley still lives in the memory of his fellow-townsmen. He is credited with having presented to the town the fine stretch of common-land, over five hundred acres in extent, known as Westwood. The real donor seems to have been an archbishop of the fourteenth, not the eighth, century,* but the gift is popularly ascribed to S. John. Among other purposes, the common serves as a recreation ground, and to those who have in mind the story of the good bishop and his wilful young pupil so bent on horse-racing, it is inexpressibly quaint to hear a native of Beverley boasting of "our race-course which was given us by S. John of Beverley."

Turning to the churches that bear his name, we find six in all—two of them of special interest. First, there is Harpham, which tradition claims as the saint's birthplace; but far more interesting than this is a little church on the wooded hill on the bank of the Tyne, nearly opposite Hexham. That little church is the direct representative of the tiny oratory where twelve hundred years ago Bishop John of Hexham was wont to refresh his soul by undisturbed communion with his God. The chapel was dedicated in those days to S. Michael the Archangel, but it has long borne the name of the devout Englishman whose earnest prayers have for all times hallowed that beautiful spot, and in the very name of the parish, "St. John Lee," sometimes abbreviated still further into "Lee" alone, we may recognize the shortened form of "S. John of Beverley," just as impatient Northern tongues have cut down Paulinus to bare Paul, or S. Etheldreda to S. Awdry.

The remaining dedications to Bishop John are to be found, two of them in Yorkshire—at Salton and Wressle—and two of them in Nottinghamshire—the one at Whatton, and the other at Aslackton (otherwise called Scarrington). Wressle has an alternative dedication to S. Anne, and Aslackton is given in modern lists as Holy Trinity, but in pre-Reformation Wills it appears as S. John of Beverley; and there is little doubt that both Holy Trinity and S. Anne are alterations of later date, and that the earlier dedications in both cases were to the loved diocesan, John, Bishop of York, and founder of the great religious house at Beverley.

It will be seen that there is not a single dedication to S. John of Beverley that may not with reasonable probability be assumed to have

* Murray's "Yorkshire."

had some personal connexion with the saint. John was no traveller like Wilfrid—that visit of his in early youth to Theodore's school at Canterbury seems to have been the furthest limit of his wanderings—and the rest of his life was wholly spent in his native North, which he loved so well. And there, at Harpham, Lee, Beverley, and the rest, he is still remembered, and his spirit still seems to haunt the places where once he dwelt in bodily presence—the places where his numberless deeds of kindness were wrought, his prayers poured forth, his scholars trained up for this world and that which is to come.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE ENGLISH BISHOPS.

PAGE.	NAME.	DAY.	YEAR.	CHURCHES.	
	S. Aidan. See CH. XXXIII.				
395	S. Birinus	December 3 ...	650 ...	1	
396	S. Felix	March 8 ...	654 ...	2	*See also dd.*
398	S. Chad	March 2 ...	672 ...	41	*See also dd.*
400	S. Eata	October 26 ...	685 ...	1	
	S. Cuthbert. See CH. XXIX.				
401	*S. Acca*	August 6 ...	cir. 740 ...	1	(alternative)
403	S. Aldhelm	May 25 ...	709 ...	3	
408	S. Egwin	January 11 ...	720 ...	2	
409	S. Aldwyn	—— ...	{Eighth or ninth cent.} ...	1	(parish)
410	S. Swithun	{July 2 trans. July 15} ...	862 ...	54	*See also dd.*
413	S. Oswald	February 29 ...	992 ...	Doubtful	
416	S. Egelwine	—— ...	Eleventh cent.	1	
417	S. Wolstan, or Wulstan	January 19 ...	1095 ...	1	
422	S. Osmond	December 4 ...	1099 ...	3	
423	S Hugh of Lincoln ...	November 17...	1200 ...	3	
429	{S. Richard of Chichester, or Richard de Wych}	April 3 ...	1253 ...	2	
	Bishop Ridley. See CH. XLVIII.				
	Bishop Ryder. See CH. XLVIII.				
	Bishop Lightfoot. See CH. XLVIII.				

VERY nearly two hundred of our churches bear the names of English bishops. This class of dedications extends over twelve centuries of our history, ranging from the saintly Aidan of Lindisfarne in the seventh century to Dr. Lightfoot, Bishop of Durham, in the nineteenth. And here we have the advantage of being on the firm ground of history. There are legendary touches no doubt in the accounts of some of the earlier bishops, but they are not of the sort of fairy-tale order that we find in the lives of many of the Romish saints; rather they seem often to have had their origin in some poetic fancy, some inward vision, so impressive to him who first imagined it, that those who only heard it spoken of regarded it as a literal fact. Other more tangible miracles there are—though many of these are capable of natural explanation—but through all

one feels strongly that instead of the centre of interest being the supposed miracle, the miracle is but an accident, and that our whole interest lies in the individual character of the man to whom it is ascribed.

They are so full of living human interest, these old English bishops who are sketched for us so plainly in the pages of Bede or of some admiring nameless biographer! Their deeds, their words, their way of living, their very pleasantries, their little foibles even—all are recorded. And what a worthy body of men it is with whom we are thus brought into such close contact!—men whose names may most fitly be kept in remembrance by the churches of the country in which they laboured.

For convenience' sake the post-Reformation bishops will be considered when we come to review the "Memorial Churches" (CH. XLVIII.); S. Aidan will be classed among the North-country Missionaries (CH. XXXIII.); and the story of S. Cuthbert, whose claim to veneration in the Middle Ages rested more on his sanctity as an anchorite than on his activity as a bishop, will be told among the Hermit Saints (CH. XXIX.). There still remain, however, some dozen bishops, the first of whom in order of time is Birinus of Dorchester. It is only within the last few years that the memory of this great pioneer has been revived amongst us by a newly founded church dedicated in his name. While we regret that there is no more ancient memorial of the debt of gratitude which the whole of Southern England owes to the preaching of this zealous missionary, we can only rejoice that the omission has at last been made good.

S. Aidan.

S. Birinus. Dec. 3, 650.

That Birinus had in him the true spirit of an apostle we may judge from his promise to Pope Honorius that he would "sow the seed of the holy faith" in the interior of England, "where no other teacher had been before him." But the preconceived plans, formed before his departure from Genoa, underwent a necessary change when he landed on our shores and found that the inhabitants of the districts lying near the coast—what we now call Hampshire and Dorsetshire—were still heathen. In view of this he thought it better "to preach the word of God there, than to proceed further to seek for others to preach to." Bede, who tells us of this "day of small things," tells us also how fresh fields of usefulness continually stretched themselves out before the new-comer; how he became the trusted friend and adviser of two kings—Cynegils of Wessex and the sainted Oswald of Northumbria—and how these two together "gave to the bishop the city called Dorchester" (*i.e.* the Oxfordshire Dorchester, not the county town of Dorsetshire), "there to settle his episcopal see; where, having built and consecrated churches, and by his labours called many to the Lord, he departed this life, and was buried in the same city; but many years after . . . he was translated thence to the city of Winchester," * of which city S. Birinus is accounted the first bishop.

It would appear that Scotland, which owes him nothing, has been more ready than his own extensive diocese to do honour to Bishop Birinus,

* Bede.

for the late Bishop Forbes instances two Scottish parishes, Kilbirnie and Dumbarney, which he considers in all likelihood take their name from this saint.*

The new church of S. Birinus, to which we have already referred, is at Morgan's Vale in Wiltshire, in the parish of S. Laurence, Downton. It is nowise impossible that during his sixteen years' episcopate Bishop Birinus may have personally ministered in this place. Undoubtedly it formed part of the immense diocese which lay under his charge; for the creation of the bishopric of Salisbury, or even of Salisbury's predecessor, the yet earlier see of Sherborne, did not take place till some time after the death of our saint.

S. Felix. March 8, 654.

Almost exactly contemporaneous with S. Birinus is S. Felix, sometimes called the Apostle of East Anglia. "A.D. 636, Bishop Felix preached the faith of Christ to the East Angles." Such is the scanty record of the English Chronicle; but the outline is filled up for us by Bede, who tells us that this Felix was a native of Burgundy, who came into East Anglia at the instance of Sigebert, the king of that country. Bede further describes Sigebert as "a most Christian and learned man, who was banished, and went to live in France during his brother's life, and was there admitted to the sacraments of the faith, whereof he made it his business to cause all his province to partake as soon as he came to the throne." †

King Sigebert found an efficient helper in the French priest Felix, who, having received episcopal consecration (seemingly at the hands of Honorius, Archbishop of Canterbury), began his seventeen years' labour in the Eastern counties. His see was fixed at Dunwich, on the Suffolk coast, a place which for many centuries to come was one of the most considerable in the district, though "now"—to quote old Camden—"by a private pique of Nature the greatest part of it is swept away by the violence of the waves, and the Bishops having many years ago transfer'd their see to another place, it lies in solitude and desolation." ‡

In addition to his direct missionary work, Felix sought to raise his people by improving their means of education. He took part with King Sigebert in founding a school on the model of those to which he had been accustomed in France, and furnished it "with masters and teachers." The bishop worked under favouring circumstances. His preaching was gladly received and his labours were abundantly blessed. "The pious husbandman," says Bede, "reaped a large harvest of believers, delivering all that province (in accordance with the signification § of his name, Felix) from long iniquity and infelicity, and bringing it to the faith and works of righteousness, and the gifts of everlasting happiness." ‖ The missionary

* D. C. B.
† E. H.
‡ "Britannia."
§ "Eng. Illus."
‖ The word Bede uses is literally "the *sacrament* of his name," and the Bishop of Bristol comments on this "unusual and very interesting application of the word, forecasting the answer in our Catechism." —"Conversion of the Heptarchy."

work of the zealous Felix ended only with his death, which took place about the year 654.

It is pleasant to find that the memory of the good bishop still lingers in his own diocese, though if it were to depend solely upon the churches dedicated in his name, there might be some danger of its being forgotten. The existing dedications are but three in number—Babingley in Norfolk, and Feliskirk and Kirkby Ravensworth in the North Riding of Yorkshire. Foremost among the three stands Babingley, which makes its proud boast to be the oldest church in Norfolk, and to have been actually founded by the saint whose name it bears, and in confirmation of its claim it points to the surrounding hills known as "Christian Hills." * At Kirkby Ravensworth we find S. Felix conjoined—as is so frequently the case with our national saints—with the Apostle Peter, "SS. Peter and Felix." Feliskirk, though outside the known limits of his missionary work, yet bears unmistakable witness to his memory, but the distance is not great, and it would be by no means unreasonable to suspect some direct personal association with the saint. At any rate, the name of Felix is very deeply impressed upon the actual scene of his labours. There is Felixstowe, for example, where, according to tradition, the bishop made his first landing, but the existing church is dedicated to SS. Peter and Paul, a dedication highly characteristic of East Anglia. The little peninsula in which Felixstowe is situated was at one time very much dominated by the local saint, but his traces are fast vanishing. Walton, near Felixstowe, which was originally dedicated to S. Felix, is now ascribed to S. Mary, and the neighbouring church of S. Felix at Hallowtree, which we hear of in the time of William Rufus as being appropriated to the monastery of Rochester,† is now demolished, and even the parish itself is said to be extinct. Two parishes of Flixton in Suffolk are said to "take their name from Felix," ‡ and the same origin is claimed for the Norfolk village of Flitcham,§ but in each case the church is ascribed to some scriptural saint and not to the Apostle of East Anglia. Dunwich, with its boasted fifty churches,‖ might, we should say, have commemorated its most illustrious benefactor, but the only church of them all that has escaped the ravages of the sea and the vicissitudes of time is dedicated to "All Saints."

Shernborne in Norfolk, not very far from Babingley, is remarkably circumstantial in its traditions. It claims to be only second in antiquity to Babingley itself, and like it to have been founded by Felix, or, more strictly speaking, by the lord of the soil, one Thoke, who was converted by the preaching of S. Felix.¶ Unhappily for its claim, it has been demonstrated that Thoke flourished in the time of the Confessor.**

* Camden.

† "Eng. Illus."

‡ So the Bishop of Bristol; but it must be admitted that there is also a Flixton in Lancashire, quite beyond the proper sphere of S. Felix's influence.

§ Camden.

‖ Ibid.

¶ Ibid.

** Blomefield's "Norfolk."

Shernborne, like Felixstowe, is dedicated to SS. Peter and Paul, a name which it has probably borne since its foundation.

Mediæval tradition adds one or two more items, which, however, are not supported by our existing dedications. It makes S. Felix the founder of the Norfolk church of Reedham (now S. John Baptist), and it further adds that after his death the saint's remains were translated to Soham (existing church, S. Andrew) in Cambridgeshire; but these traditions add nothing of value to our real and trustworthy conception of S. Felix, as described to us by Bede.

There is, indeed, one other dedication to a S. Felix at Philleigh in Cornwall, but it is so highly improbable that the very local fame of the Apostle of East Anglia should have extended thus to the farthest West that we are fain to ascribe the dedication to some other saint of like name; and on the whole there is much to recommend the theory that in this instance *Felix* is only one of the many corruptions of that most popular Welsh saint Teilo, whose name has passed into sundry forms hardly to be recognized as his own (CH. XXXII.).

S. Chad. March 2, 672.

Attention has been called by many writers to the *family* character of Christianity in Saxon England, which was one of its most distinctive marks. The family of S. Chad of Lichfield offers a striking illustration of this characteristic; for Bede says, in speaking of S. Chad and his three brothers: "The four brothers we have mentioned (which is a rare thing to be met with) were all celebrated priests of our Lord, and two of them also came to be bishops." *

It is not easy to see why the fame of S. Chad should so have eclipsed that of his episcopal brother. S. Cedd, Bishop of the East Saxons, afterwards Bishop of London, and founder of the celebrated Yorkshire monastery of Lastingham, was as devoted a worker, as energetic an organizer, as his brother, and his influence was extended over the wider sphere of the two; yet whereas we have over forty churches in honour of S. Chad, there is not a single one dedicated to S. Cedd. It may be that the singular attractiveness of the younger brother's personality has caused him to be the favourite. Humility was the very key-note of his character. When Oswy, King of Northumbria, called him out of his quiet monastery at Lastingham and sent him to Canterbury to receive episcopal ordination, he went with unquestioning obedience. The see of Canterbury being at that moment vacant, Chad sought consecration from Wini, Bishop of the West Saxons, who was assisted by two bishops of the British Church. Untroubled by any scruples as to the validity of his consecration, Chad threw himself at once into the evangelistic work which was in those days one of the first duties of a bishop. "He began immediately," says Bede, "to travel about, not on horse-back, but after the manner of the apostles, on foot, to preach the Gospel in towns, the open country, cottages, villages and castles; for he was one of the disciples of Aidan, and endeavoured to instruct his people, by the

* E. H.

same actions and behaviour, according to his and his brother Cedd's example."

But when, some three years later (669), Theodore, the new Archbishop of Canterbury, came into England, he found many things that he deemed faulty and irregular, and "among the rest he upbraided Bishop Chad that he had not been duly consecrated."* And he, with the humility that marked the man, made answer: "If you know that I have not duly received episcopal ordination, I willingly resign the office, for I never thought myself worthy of it; but though unworthy, in obedience submitted to undertake it." Theodore replied that he must not resign it, and that he would himself make good what had been wanting in his consecration.

Chad had spoken sincerely when he said that he had accepted the office from duty rather than desire. The King of Northumbria had appointed him to be Bishop of York, but that more stirring spirit, Bishop Wilfrid, being now returned from France (CH. XXII.), Chad retired in his favour, and again withdrew to his beloved Lastingham. He was not long left in retirement: the vast diocese of Mercia was vacant, and Theodore summoned Chad to rule over it. To say that he was Bishop of the Midlands would not give an adequate idea of the extent of his diocese, for "it comprised," says Mr. Baring-Gould, "seventeen counties, and stretched from the banks of the Severn to the shores of the German Ocean."† He would fain have kept to his old simple habits and gone through his diocese on foot, but Archbishop Theodore wisely insisted on his riding whenever he had a long journey to undertake; and to overcome his reluctance to such an indulgence he with his own hands lifted him on the horse; "for," says Bede, quaintly, "he thought him a holy man and therefore obliged him to ride wherever he had need to go."

For two years and a half Chad "most gloriously governed the church"‡ in the province allotted to him. He had fixed his episcopal see at Lichfield, and there, not far from the church, he had built himself a little oratory, where "he was wont to pray and read with seven or eight of the brethren, as often as he had any spare time from the labour and ministry of the Word."§ It was while he was alone in this oratory that he was forewarned of the day of his death by the sweet singing of "the heavenly company," who came to summon him to his reward. Such was his own account of the visitation to one of the monks,‖ who from his post without had heard the "song of joy," but knew not its meaning.

By nature Chad's was a sensitive, fearful spirit. Storm and thunder always affected him powerfully, filling him with thoughts of the judgment to come. If when he was reading there blew a strong gust of wind, he would close his book, and call earnestly upon God for mercy, for himself

* Bede.
† March 2.
‡ Bede.
§ Ibid.
‖ The monk here referred to was that faithful Owen, formerly "prime minister" to the East Anglian queen Etheldreda, of whom mention is made in the life of S. Etheldreda (CH. XL.).

and for all mankind. And if the storm increased and the air was full of thunder and lightning, he would go to the church and there pray and repeat psalms till the weather was calm again. When asked why he did this, he made answer that the thunder was the voice of the Most High admonishing men to search out the very secrets of their hearts and to prepare themselves for His coming.

But when his own time came "perfect love had cast out fear;" and, says Bede, "it is no wonder that he joyfully beheld the day of his death, or rather the day of our Lord, which he had always carefully expected till it came." He had asked his friends' prayers for "his passage to our Lord," and some of those who loved him believed that when his soul passed from this world it was received into glory by the soul of his brother Cedd and by a company of angels.

Thirty ancient churches still remain to bear witness to the widespread veneration in which the saintly Bishop of Lichfield was held, and there were undoubtedly other dedications in this name which have been unhappily lost. Chadshunt in Warwickshire, for example, is now known as All Saints, but it looks very much as if it ought rather to be S. Chad's, like Wishaw and Bishop's Tachbrook in the same county. Two of the dedications to S. Chad—those at Middlesmoor and at Saddleworth—are in Yorkshire, in his first diocese, but the rest are all to be found within the limits of the great Mercian diocese—in Cheshire, Derbyshire, Lancashire, Lincolnshire, Shropshire, Staffordshire, or Warwickshire. In his own city of Lichfield he is doubly commemorated—first in the beautiful cathedral of SS. Mary and Chad, and also in an ancient parish church within the city dedicated to S. Chad alone. Chadkirk in Cheshire (mentioned in Domesday Book) tells its own story; so does "Chad's Chapel" at Tushingham in the same county.

Most of our dedications to S. Chad are in quiet country villages, but Shrewsbury, Stafford, and Rochdale each have a church in his honour. The church at Rochdale is not mentioned in Domesday Book, but in the following century we find one Adam de Spotland granting "six acres of land in Spotland to God and S. Chad of Rachetham," *i.e.* Rochdale.*

S. Chad is one of those saints upon whom the Middle Ages and the nineteenth century are entirely agreed, and we have eight modern churches dedicated to him. Whether by accident or design, historical fitness is well satisfied by the situation of all these new churches, for all of them except one are either in Yorkshire or else in S. Chad's other diocese of Mercia. The one exception is at Haggerston near London, and this ought by rights to have been dedicated, not to S. Chad, but to his brother S. Cedd.

S. Eata. Oct. 26, 685.

The next bishop upon our list is S. Eata of Lindisfarne and Hexham. His chief interest for us lies in his connexion with two men, both of them more famous than himself, Aidan and Cuthbert. He was the pupil of Aidan and the teacher of Cuthbert.

* Baines's "Lancashire."

"He was one," says Bede, "of Aidan's twelve boys of the English nation, whom he received when first made bishop there, to be instructed in Christ." *

When first we hear of Eata he was ruling over the monastery of Melrose. It was there that he received and taught the fifteen-year-old Cuthbert. For many years Cuthbert remained at Melrose, learning all that the monastery could teach him. We can well believe how Eata would fill the boy's mind with traditions of his great master Aidan, and how he would rejoice to see him wandering on foot among the mountain villages, and seeking like a second Aidan to draw the neglected peasantry to "heavenly employments." A close friendship grew up between "the most reverend and meek" abbot and his fervent young helper; and when Eata was transferred to the island of Lindisfarne, he took Cuthbert with him that he might assist him in the task of "instructing the brethren in the observance of regular discipline."

In the year 678 Eata was consecrated bishop by Archbishop Theodore at York. He held the sees both of Lindisfarne and Hexham, but the exact order in which he held them contains some points of difficulty. What alone appears perfectly clear, and what is beautifully in harmony with all that we know of the character of the "meek and simple" Eata is that his final transference from Lindisfarne to Hexham, seven years after his consecration, was arranged in order to meet the wishes of his pupil and friend Cuthbert.†

The gentle Eata did not long survive his return to Hexham, but died, probably, that same year. The fame of Cuthbert has entirely eclipsed that of his master. Cuthbert has his sixty and more ancient churches, S. Eata has but one; and, curiously enough, that one is not, as might be expected, in his own country of Northumbria, but in the kingdom of Mercia, at Atcham in Shropshire. Dr. Cox, an authority on all Mercian dedications, says that the church dates back certainly to the tenth and possibly to the eighth century,‡ and it is clear that the connexion with S. Eata is more than a purely accidental one; it is stamped upon the very name of the parish, for archæologists tell us that *Atcham* is only a corruption of "Eata's *ham*," or dwelling, and see in it another proof of the traces of Northumbrian influence in Mercia.§

S. Cuthbert. See CH. XXIX.

S. Acca. Aug. 6, cir. 740.

A curious doubt has arisen as to whether the church of Aycliffe in Durham is or is not dedicated to a successor of S. Eata's, Acca, Bishop of Hexham. The "Liber Regis" gives the church as "S. Acca's." But the "King's Book," though a useful authority on dedications, is by no means infallible; and according to more careful researches the true dedication is to S. Andrew, and S. Acca is thought to be "an example of place-name erroneously suggesting church name." ‖ Aycliffe was anciently written "Accliffe" and "Aclif," meaning

* E. H.
† Bede.
‡ "Lichfield Year Book," 1884.
§ Canon Raine.
‖ *Arch. Journal*, vol. 42.

"oak-cliffe," and the first syllable, it is said, may have given rise to the idea that the name was derived from Bishop Acca. The mistake, if mistake it be, is at least an ingenious one, and has been believed long enough to give S. Acca a right to a place among our English patron saints.

Like S. Eata, Acca is chiefly known through his relation to one more distinguished than himself. He was a devoted follower of the fiery S. Wilfrid of York. "Wilfrid's priest" is the designation given of him in the English Chronicle. He travelled over Europe with Wilfrid, and with him he worshipped at Rome. He was with him on the return journey through France, when Wilfrid was taken dangerously ill, and lay for four days and nights in a monastery at Meaux in a death-like trance (p. 383). And when on the fifth day the bishop suddenly roused up and saw the unknown brethren singing and weeping around him, his first question was where was "Acca the priest?" The faithful Acca came in at once, and seeing the change that had passed over his master, he knelt down, and in presence of all the brethren gave thanks to God. Then after they had altogether discoursed for awhile "with much reverence, on the heavenly judgments," Wilfrid ordered the rest to go out for an hour, while he confided to Acca the "dreadful vision" that had been vouchsafed to him, together with the promise of renewed health and a peaceful return to his own country.*

Acca was clearly a man with a great capacity for hero-worship. Another of his heroes was Oswald the famous Northumbrian king, and whether he was staying in a strange monastery in Sussex or travelling through Friesland with his master, he listened with earnest attention to floating stories of the saintly king, treasuring them up in his memory for long years, and then handing them down to others.

S. Acca, however, has his own claims to remembrance. Immediately after the death of Wilfrid he was appointed to the bishopric of Hexham, which he held for about thirty years. In 733 "he was driven from his bishopric;" † why or by whom is unknown, but his exile did not last long. "He was," says his contemporary, the Venerable Bede, "a most active man, and great in the sight of God and man." His cathedral church of S. Andrew's at Hexham must have been all the more dear to him from its having been built and dedicated by Wilfrid himself. He took a pride in beautifying it, and did a great deal to improve it without and within. He was a cultivated man, and he had learnt much during his travels. He set himself to form a large and well-chosen ecclesiastical library, and he was at great pains to improve the church-music throughout his diocese. As was to be expected in a pupil of Bishop Wilfrid's, he was ardently attached to the usages of Rome, and was "most observant in the rules of ecclesiastical institution; nor did he ever cease to be so," adds Bede, "till he received the rewards of his pious devotion."

If S. Acca is to be deprived of the honour of having named the church

* Bede. † Ibid.

at Aycliffe, at least we may be glad that he has been displaced by no other than S. Andrew, for was not the Apostle Andrew the favourite saint of Acca's loved master Wilfrid, and the chosen patron of the church at Hexham, so dear alike to Wilfrid and to Acca?

S. Aldhelm. May 25, 709.

We pass now to bishops belonging to the Southern province—S. Aldhelm of Sherborne, S. Egwin and S. Oswald, both of Worcester, and S. Swithun of Winchester.

S. Aldhelm was a West-country man, of noble, probably of royal, birth. He became ultimately the first Bishop of Sherborne, but he held the see for four years only, and is better known to fame as the scholarly Abbot of Malmesbury than as the Bishop of Sherborne. His early training was given him by an Irish anchorite called Maildulf,* who had built a hut for himself under the protecting shadow of a nobleman's castle near to the spot which we now call Malmesbury, and there collected round his forest hermitage a band of scholars. "Any one," says Montalembert, "who in our days should open a school in a forest would run great risk of dying of starvation. But such was then the thirst for learning among the Anglo-Saxons, and so few were the opportunities of quenching it, that Maidulph's speculation succeeded perfectly."

Among the most promising of the scholars was Aldhelm. He spent fifteen years with his revered Irish master, learning all that he could teach him; but during that time he paid two visits to Canterbury. Here he became the pupil of the Abbot Hadrian, an African by birth, brought into England by Archbishop Theodore of Tarsus. The foreign Hadrian was the master-influence of Aldhelm's life. His larger learning opened to the young student a whole new world. Latin of a sort would of course be familiar to him already, but not the Latin of the classic poets; and under Hadrian he studied Latin and Greek and Hebrew, and strove to form his own literary style upon classical models. With his mind full of the new learning, Aldhelm returned home to Wiltshire. The little irregular settlement was becoming gradually transformed into a regular monastery, and thus when the first founder Maildulf passed away, it still held together. Aldhelm himself was now in Priest's Orders, and in 683 he was elected abbot of the little community at "Maildulf's town." He had all a true scholar's enjoyment of study for its own sake, and he delighted in composing elaborate treatises on the rules of grammar and of Latin verse, but all his scholarship was consecrated in his eyes by the sense that it was an instrument for the better appreciation of the Scriptures. "Devote your time above all," so he wrote to a young student, "to prayer and the study of the Scriptures; and if you wish to occupy yourself with secular literature, let it be above all with the intent of entering more closely into the sacred text, of which the sense almost everywhere depends upon an understanding of the rules of grammar." †

His contemporaries had boundless admiration for both his erudition and his style. Bede speaks admiringly of his pure style and wonderfully

* His name is variously spelt. † Montalembert.

wide learning, and mentions with respect his theological writings. Monks from Ireland and monks from France sought to be admitted as his disciples, and sent him copies of their verses. A certain Scottish prince went further, and entreated him to undertake the revising of his poems, and to soften down all the Scotticisms he might detect in them. So far, however, as style goes, the laudatory judgment of his contemporaries has not been upheld by later critics. William of Malmesbury, who four centuries later wrote a life of Aldhelm, is very severe upon his "pompous English and involved Greek;" a modern English historian pronounces him to have been "utterly carried away by the new charms of style;" * and the Count de Montalembert openly expresses his pity for the young prince to whom Aldhelm sent one of his treatises with the admonition that he should read the "tiresome volume" (so Montalembert designates it) from end to end.

But Aldhelm was more than a mere grammarian; he was a musician and a poet. He wrote second-rate Latin verses for his private diversion, but he wrote popular ballads in his native tongue for the instruction of his fellow-countrymen. "Aldhelm's songs," says Mr. Green, "led the way in that outgrowth of popular poetry which was soon to fill the land with English verse." †

King Alfred, writing a century and a half after the death of Aldhelm, has preserved for us one picture of him by which the Abbot of Malmesbury will be better remembered than by all his attainments in grammar and Roman Law and astronomy and mathematics. He tells ‡ how Aldhelm noted with pain the inveterate habit of the peasantry in hurrying out of church the moment Mass was ended, without waiting to hear the sermon. He determined, if possible, to win them to an interest in the sacred truths which now they despised. He stationed himself on a bridge at the entry of the town and began to sing ballads of his own composition. Crowds quickly gathered round to listen to him, and then—like many a Christian missionary to India in our own day—he seized the opportunity so gained to raise his hearers' minds to higher things. None of these Saxon ballads have come down to us, but in the time of William of Malmesbury they were still popular, and this was four hundred years from the time of their composition. §

During the thirty years that Aldhelm was Abbot of Malmesbury the monastery increased both in numbers and reputation, and was enabled to plant offshoots at Frome and Bradford-on-Avon. His own abbey church, too, he restored and beautified, if he did not entirely rebuild it. The laity loved him, for was not his figure a familiar one in the market-place and at fairs and in other public places, where he might be seen moving about, talking to one and another, persuading sellers and buyers alike to lay aside their occupations for a few moments and to follow him into the church? ‖

* "Making of England."
† Ibid.
‡ Quoted by William of Malmesbury from King Alfred's Handbook.
§ Green.
‖ Montalembert.

Aldhelm did good service in helping to heal the trivial but vehemently contested differences between the Roman and Celtic Christians. He was in some respects peculiarly fitted for such a task, for he had been trained in his youth in the austere discipline of the Celtic Church, and though he gave up the Celtic ritual, he kept through life the impress of his Irish master's training. Winter and summer he used nightly to say his psalter standing up to the neck in a spring of water. It is Aldhelm who is the forgotten author of the often-quoted saying concerning Bible-reading and prayer: "In reading, God speaks to me; in prayer, I speak to God."

Four years before his death the huge diocese of Wessex was divided into two portions, Winchester and Sherborne. Aldhelm was called to rule over Sherborne, a far more extensive diocese than the modern Salisbury, for it embraced six counties and extended to the Land's End. Being obliged to leave Malmesbury, Aldhelm desired the monks belonging to the three houses to make choice of a new abbot. They flatly refused, declaring that so long as Aldhelm lived they would own no other head. Their loyalty to their first abbot was approved by the King of Wessex and by the clergy of the two dioceses assembled in council under the Bishop of Winchester, and thus Aldhelm's connexion with Malmesbury ended only with his death.

This matter settled, he journeyed to Canterbury to seek consecration from the archbishop. While at Canterbury news reached him that a French ship from the country of the Moors had touched at Dover. Perhaps memories of his scholarly African master, Abbot Hadrian, flashed into his mind; but at least the book-lover's instincts were strong within him, and he went off to Dover on the chance that in the cargo of the foreign ship he might light upon something of value. He was not disappointed; the ship was there at anchor, and among the goods displayed upon the beach were several books. One there was which specially attracted his attention—a complete copy of the Old and New Testaments. He fingered it again and again, and asked the price; but he was poorly clad, and the busy French sailors drove him away with rough words. Meantime a storm had risen, and the ship was in considerable danger. Aldhelm first prayed, and then, throwing himself into a boat, went to the vessel, and succeeded in bringing off the sailors who were still on board. Their fellows on land gave expression to their mingled feelings of shame and admiration by giving Aldhelm for nothing the volume which he appeared to value so highly. It was probably in their eyes a strangely cheap benefaction. When William of Malmesbury wrote his life of Aldhelm four centuries later, this Bible was still in the library of the monastery.*

Aldhelm was not less active as a bishop than as an abbot, but we have very few details of his brief episcopate. He died suddenly in the midst of his work. As he was journeying through his diocese, he was seized with

* Montalembert.

illness at the little village of Doulting in Somerset. He asked to be carried into the church where he had just been preaching, and there, his head resting upon a stone, he died, or rather—to use the words of William of Malmesbury—"made his soul an offering to Heaven; in the year of our Lord's Incarnation 709." After his death his remains were carried from the little church at Doulting to the abbey at Malmesbury, and by the direction of his friend and biographer, Bishop Egwin of Worcester,* who was himself present at the funeral, silver crosses were set up to mark each stage of the solemn journey.

What memorials do we possess of this lovable Aldhelm? More perhaps than appear at first sight. Beyond all dispute there is the church of Doulting, not of course the original simple wooden building in which the saint breathed his last, but the beautiful new one, erected by the monks of Glastonbury in memory of him whom the old chroniclers fondly called "the good Aldhelm," and endowed like Glastonbury Abbey itself with all the privileges of sanctuary.† Broadway, in this same county of Somerset, is also dedicated to S. Aldhelm, and in the time of Edward I. we find a royal charter entitling the parish to an eight days' feast in honour of its patron saint.‡ The church of S. Aldhelm at Bishopstrow in Wiltshire may not unreasonably be presumed to have been furnished with its dedication-name from the same episcopal source that supplied the name of the parish.

Aldhelm's two monastic foundations of Frome and Bradford have neither of them preserved any special memory of their founder; but what of Malmesbury, the place that is of all others bound up with his life's work? In one sense the entire town is his memorial, and if this is true even now it was yet more strikingly evident in pre-Reformation days. Then, Camden tells us, they still showed many relics of "that holy man"—for example, "his psalter, the robe wherein he said mass, a great bell in the Abbey steeple called S. Aldhelm's bell;" yet none of these things were so constantly before the eyes of his fellow-townsmen as the "meadow near this place," which, even to the present day, goes by its old name of "S. Aldhelm's meadow." §

In the eleventh century the great influence of Aldhelm had so overshadowed the famous monastic town that it had come to be called from him "Ealdelmsburg," ‖ instead of by its earlier form of Maidulfesbyrig—"the town of Aldhelm," that is to say, rather than "the town of Maildulf." A curious accidental confirmation of this usage is to be found in Hilmarton, a little village near Malmesbury, which figures in some ancient manuscripts as Aldhelmerton.¶ The connexion with S. Aldhelm is unmistakable, though unfortunately the existing church is dedicated to S. Laurence. But if the town was beginning to call itself Aldhelm's town, how did it slip back into Malmesbury, which looks so suggestive of the Irish founder

* S. Egwin's biography is no longer extant, but it may well have formed the basis of the lives that have come down to us.

† Pooley's "Stone Crosses of Somerset."

‡ Ibid.

§ "Britannia."

‖ So in the English Chronicle for 1015.

¶ Camden.

Maildulf? The Bishop of Bristol explains it in this fashion.* "I have always," says he, "resented the change from Meildulfesbyrig to Malmesbury. Aldhelm was of course the famous man. . . . The Irish seem not to have pronounced any consonant followed by an *h*, so they would call him Allem. Then the Irish prefix of reverential affection, as in 'Monenn,' 'my dear Ninian,' † would give *Mallem* for 'my dear Aldhelm,' or 'holy Aldhelm.' That is exactly how Malmesbury was pronounced before we softened it to Marmsbury." Or as the Bishop put it at a public meeting at Malmesbury called to consider the restoration of the abbey that Aldhelm founded: "The ordinary Latin name was certainly from the Irishman, but most of the English forms were derived from *Aldhelm* with the Irish prefix of reverence and affection, 'mo.'" His Irish master, continued the Bishop, "would almost certainly call Aldhelm by the pet name Mallem. The use of that name of endearment would spread among a people naturally given to pet names." That it did so spread we find from two manuscripts of the Chronicle, which speak of the town as *Mealdelmesburgh*. Finally, however, the name crystallized into its present form of Malmesbury; and without any wish to stir up rivalry between Aldhelm and his earliest teacher, we may be well content to take the word as the Bishop of Bristol would have us do, as "a perpetual evidence of the unbroken link between British, Irish and English Churches."

But we may well be content to leave on one side the exact derivation of Malmesbury, so long as we are enabled unhesitatingly to associate S. Aldhelm with the fine old abbey, which is likewise the parish church. Malmesbury Abbey has passed through so many vicissitudes in the matter of dedications that their succession is somewhat hard to trace. Its earliest recorded dedication—chosen, we may reasonably suppose, by Aldhelm himself—was to "The Saviour, SS. Peter and Paul." In course of time the name of S. Paul was attached to another church in the place (of which the tower still remains), and the monks were removed to *S. Mary's* church. In the tenth century Abbot Elfric added the name of S. Aldhelm to that of the Blessed Virgin; but a hundred years later (1087), Bishop Osmond of Salisbury (p. 422) "translated S. Aldhelm into a shrine,"‡ and from this time forward S. Aldhelm became the centre of honour in Malmesbury. The dedication to S. Mary was transferred to the still existing parish church of Westport, and the abbey, now rebuilt, was henceforth known only as "S. Aldhelm." § All the other churches in Malmesbury (S. Michael, S. Laurence, etc.) have disappeared, and of the abbey itself there remains only the nave; but ruin of its former splendour though it be, it is yet a right noble parish church, and a worthy memorial of the well-loved Aldhelm—indeed, we may justly say that the entire town of Malmesbury is an enduring memorial of him.

* Private letter, October 4, 1898.

† Cf. Maidoc for "my dear Aidan" in life of S. Maidoc, CH. XXXII.

‡ See "Guide Memoir to the Abbey of S. Aldhelm," by MacKenzie E. C. Walcott, B.D. F.S.A.

§ Ibid.,

S. Egwin. Jan. 11, 720.

Bishop Egwin, the friend and biographer of S. Aldhelm, is himself numbered among the saints, and has two churches dedicated to him in his own diocese of Worcester. He is chiefly known as the founder of the celebrated Abbey of Evesham. His real history has been overlaid with legend, and it was for the sake of the foolish legend rather than for the sake of his earnest missionary labours that he was held in veneration in the Middle Ages.

According to the story, Egwin's boldness in rebuking vice gained him enemies, and the then King of Mercia drove him from his diocese. The exiled bishop determined to go on pilgrimage to Rome, and, says Mr. Baring-Gould, "he resolved to expiate at the same time certain sins of his youth, by putting iron fetters on his feet, which were fastened with a lock, and he threw the key into the Avon. As he neared Italy, a huge fish floundered upon deck, and was killed and cut open." * The rest of the story—the finding of the key and the loosening of the fetters—may easily be imagined. Even William of Malmesbury was inclined to doubt its probability,† but it became popular, and was the cause of S. Egwin's being regarded as a protector against shipwreck. Of this we have a curious proof three centuries later in the stormy years succeeding the death of Canute. When Harold Harefoot's brief reign was ended, one of the messengers chosen to recall his brother Hardicanute from his banishment in Flanders was Elfward, the then Bishop of London (1039). On the outward voyage a storm arose, and the ship was in great danger. Now Elfward had been in former days Abbot of Evesham, and therefore must have been versed in all the traditions concerning Evesham's greatest hero, S. Egwin. So now he invoked the aid of S. Egwin, and vowed that if he would help him in his present distress he would fashion in his honour a silver shrine. The storm abated, and the vow was not forgotten. In due time the shrine was "curiously fabricated," and came to be held "most earnestly in veneration by the faithful." ‡

Some time later this same Elfward was afflicted with leprosy, and would fain have retired into his old monastery at Evesham. But his sufferings were regarded as a Divine judgment upon him for his impious conduct in having tried to rifle the tomb of the Saxon queen, S. Osyth, and the monks refused to admit him. Then he tried his fate at the Abbey of Ramsey, and here his peccadilloes were overlooked, and he was "courteously received by the brethren," because of the "precious gifts" that he brought with him. There were not only valuable books, but there was the blood-stained cowl of S. Alphege, and, above all, the cheek-bone of S. Egwin. However much the monks might disapprove in the abstract of sacrilegious relic-hunting, such gifts were too much for their virtue, and as the old chronicler frankly says, "the whole community was turned to compassionate him by the bribes of all his precious presents." §

* January 11.
† Ibid.
‡ Chronicles of Ramsey, quoted in Brayley's "History of London and Middlesex."
§ Ibid.

But more interesting to us than all the fantastic legends of S. Egwin is the one glimpse we have of him at work in his diocese, striving to evangelize the rough heathen population. Christianity was slowly making its way over all the land, but in the great tracts of forest that occupied so large a part of Egwin's diocese heathenism still held its own, and fiercely resisted the new faith. One day as the bishop was preaching on the royal estate of Alcester, "there rose up such a din of hammers and anvils that he was fain to depart with tingling ears." * The Chronicles of Evesham attribute the interruption to the malice of demons, but since it is further recorded that many "blacksmiths" carried on their trade in the neighbouring wood,† the supernatural explanation seems hardly required. "But in spite," says Mr. Green,‡ "of the hammers of the Woden-worshipping miners Ecgwine's preaching left a lasting trace behind it." For Egwin became the founder of the historic Abbey of Evesham.

At a spot not many miles distant from the scene of the bishop's unsuccessful preaching, there appeared to Egwin's swine-herd—Eoves by name—a vision "brighter than the sun," of the Blessed Virgin. The man told his master what he had seen, and Egwin, on a subsequent morning, attended by three companions, went barefoot to the place, and saw a similar vision. The little ancient church of unrecorded dedication which already stood upon this spot was now replaced by a new one in honour of S. Mary. But though technically the patron of Evesham might be the Virgin, the patron in popular estimation was rather S. Egwin himself. The two Worcestershire churches that bear the name of S. Egwin—Norton-by-Evesham and Church-Honeybourne—are neither of them very far distant from Evesham, and if they had no official connexion with the abbey, at least they lived within the shadow of its traditions.

S. Aldwyn. Eighth or ninth cent.

A passing notice must be given to the obscure bishop who has given his name to the Gloucestershire parish of Coln St. Aldwyn, so named to distinguish it from the neighbouring villages, Coln St. Denis and Coln Rogers. The present Bishop of Bristol § thus explains the name: "The meaning probably is *Coln of the holy Aldwyn*, or *Coln of the holy Aylwin*; and it would naturally take that name from having been the early home of some Aldwyn or Aylwin who afterwards became a well-known ecclesiastic."

There are two bishops, one of Lichfield, the other of Worcester, either of whom may reasonably be connected with Coln St. Aldwyn, for this Gloucestershire parish has belonged successively to three different sees—first to Lichfield, then to Worcester, and now to Gloucester.

The earlier of the two episcopal patrons, and the one whose name agrees best with the present spelling of the parish name, is Aldwin (otherwise called "Wor"), who held the vast undivided see of Lichfield from

* Bright's "Church History."
† Ibid.
‡ "Making of England."
§ In a paper drawn up for the *Coln St. Aldwyn's Parish Magazine.*

721 to 737, at the time when Bede was finishing his "Ecclesiastical History." This Aldwin—"bishop in the province of the Mercians," as Bede describes him *—was a personage of considerable importance. His signature is given in not a few eighth-century charters; and he is mentioned as having taken part in the consecration of one of the Archbishops of Canterbury.† "It is reasonable to suppose," says the Bishop of Bristol, "that he was in early life the parish priest of Coln, and that his life there had been such, that when he was called to the highest position in the kingdom of Mercia, his old home was named in affectionate remembrance *Coln of the holy Aldwyn.*"

On the other hand, in nearly all pre-Reformation documents the parish is described as "St. Aylwin's," or "St. Elwyn's," which seems to favour a certain Alwin or Ahlwin, who held the see of Worcester, after the partition, from 848 to 872. Of him it can only be said that he was not so conspicuous a personage as his brother of Lichfield, but it is no whit the less possible that he "may have been the holy man who gave his name to Coln." Perhaps even it may have been he who built and endowed the church. "In either case," says the Bishop of Bristol, "the name is probably at least a thousand years old."

S. Aldwyn, though indissolubly associated with Coln, is not in a technical sense its patron. The church itself is dedicated to S. John the Baptist, and enjoys the somewhat rare distinction of keeping its festival in memory of the day assigned in our Kalendar to the Beheading of S. John Baptist, instead of on the more commonly observed feast of his Nativity. Strictly speaking, that day is August 29; but Coln is conservative enough to have clung to the "Old Style" of reckoning, and so keeps its feast on "the first Sunday after September 9."

S. Swithun. July 2, 862; trans. July 15.

Passing over more than a century, we come to S. Swithun of Winchester. Probably there is no one of the black-letter saints whose day is so well known as that of S. Swithun; but the man himself has been lost sight of in the observation of the curious metereological law supposed to mark his feast.

It may surprise those who regard S. Swithun merely in the light of a barometer to find how much he was esteemed in old days. Judged by the number of his churches, he is far the most popular of the English bishops.‡ And our forefathers were in the right: S. Swithun, in his threefold capacity of bishop, statesman, and historian, was well deserving of all the honour that was paid him. It is the more striking that this saint should have churches scattered all over England, from Yorkshire to Devonshire, from Cheshire to Lincoln, since his local associations are very closely limited to his own province of Wessex, and indeed it may almost be said to his own cathedral city of Winchester. It was in a monastery in Winchester that he was brought up, and it was at Winchester that he was ordained priest.

* E. H.

† Stubbs in D. C. B.

‡ S. Swithun has over fifty churches. S. Cuthbert, indeed, has a still larger number, but then he enjoyed the additional popularity of a hermit-saint.

During the seven or eight years that elapsed between his ordination and his promotion to the see of Winchester, Swithun occupied the double position of chaplain to King Egbert and tutor to the king's eldest son, Ethelwulf. The influence that he then gained over the mind and affections of his royal charge told much upon the after history of England. Soon after Ethelwulf's accession to the throne the Bishop of Winchester died, and the king at once appointed Swithun to fill his place. The late King Egbert had already made him his chancellor, for the custom of those days allowed the union of the two offices, and thus the name of S. Swithun is to be found in the roll of the Lord Chancellors of England as well as in that of the Bishops of Winchester.

According to the commonly received opinion, S. Swithun kept the conscience of the king, and was his guide in all things spiritual. Mr. Green is of opinion that Ethelwulf was a more independent and far-sighted ruler than is generally allowed, but it seems clear that in the formation of his character he owed much to the counsels of the Bishop of Winchester on the one hand and of Ealstan, Bishop of Sherborne, on the other. William of Malmesbury says that these two men, "perceiving the king to be of heavy and sluggish disposition, perpetually stimulated him by their admonitions to the knowledge of governing. Swithun, disgusted with earthly, trained his master to heavenly pursuits; Ealstan, knowing that the business of the kingdom ought not to be neglected, continually inspirited him against the Danes: himself furnishing the exchequer with money, as well as regulating the army."

Another illustration of the ascendency of these two bishops over the king's mind is found in the wording of Ethelwulf's charter granting certain revenues to the Church. One sentence in it relates to the masses that were to be sung for the soul of the king, both during his life and after death, and it begins with the words: "It hath pleased Ealstan bishop of Sherborne and Swithun bishop of Winchester with their abbots to appoint" so and so, and then follow the conditions. This charter was afterwards fraudulently interpreted in the interests of the Church to mean far larger privileges than had been originally intended.* It was probably because his influence tended so directly to the enriching of the Church that S. Swithun was so widely venerated throughout the land: the patriotic services of the warlike Ealstan, on the other hand, ended with the occasion that called them forth and were "never remembered with sufficient gratitude." †

It was a leading part of S. Swithun's policy to draw his master into closer union with Rome. To this end Ethelwulf sent his little four-year-old son, the future King Alfred, on a solemn embassy to Rome, and there is an unsupported but not improbable tradition that he placed the child under the charge of his own old tutor, Bishop Swithun. A couple of years later the king went himself to Rome, and on his return he found that his

* Green's "Conquest;" Kemble's "Saxons in England."

† Pauli's "Alfred the Great."

throne had been usurped by one of his sons. The kingdom was divided into two parties: Ealstan of Sherborne deserted to the side of the young prince, but Swithun remained faithful to his rightful king. Civil war was only averted by the gentle Ethelwulf's consenting to surrender the half of his kingdom. "Although," says Dr. Pauli, "the name of Swithun does not appear, he undoubtedly had a great share in inducing the other side to give way so wisely."* Ethelwulf did not long survive the partition of his kingdom, and the new king still further scandalized the nation by marrying the young French princess to whom his father had been formally affianced. According to the later chronicles, it was the remonstrances of the Bishop of Winchester that caused the marriage to be dissolved.

This is the last mention of S. Swithun in any public connexion, for his twenty-four years' episcopate was drawing to a close.

We turn to the consideration of his private character. The twelfth-century life of him hands down to us a beautiful picture of the fatherly bishop in his own house and among his own people. "His feasting," says his biographer,† "was not with the rich but with the needy and poor. His mouth was always open to invite sinners to repentance: he ever admonished such as were standing to beware of falling, and such as had fallen to rise again without delay." And then, after describing his abstemiousness in food and sleep, the writer dwells once more on the Christian grace that marked his every word, and which seemed to be remembered as one of his most distinguishing traits. Nor did Swithun neglect the more external needs of his diocese. He visited it assiduously, travelling on foot and by night in order to avoid the appearance of ostentation. He was active in church-building, and we may reasonably believe that some of the churches in the Winchester diocese which now bear his name were actually of his foundation.

There is one other matter in respect of which S. Swithun claims our honour—namely, in his services to the cause of English history. Before the time of Swithun each diocese had had its own records, wherein were roughly noted down in Latin the local events of special importance. "But Swithun was probably," says Mr. Green, "the first to begin the series of developments which transformed this Bishop's Roll into a national history."‡ Swithun, or more probably the clerk who wrote under his direction, not only made the additional entries relating to his own times, but also "revised and enlarged the work throughout," and it was apparently this Latin Chronicle of Swithun's that served as the groundwork for that English Chronicle which King Alfred afterwards edited for his people; that work of which it has been said that "with it English history became the heritage of the English people."§

It is this very Chronicle which tells of the storming of Winchester by the Danes, and of the manful resistance offered by the men of Hampshire

* Pauli's "Alfred the Great."
† Quoted in Nightingale's "London."
‡ "Conquest of England."
§ Green.

and Berkshire. The next brief entry is a year later, and runs simply thus: "This year died S. Swithun the bishop." By his own desire he was buried in the churchyard of the cathedral, but a hundred years later one of his successors, Bishop Ethelwold, sought to remove his bones to the new cathedral which he had built and dedicated in honour of S. Swithun. One of those long spells of wet weather which often occur in June and July now set in and prevented the translation of the remains. It is this tradition which has given rise to the popular superstition concerning the weather on July 15, the feast of S. Swithun's translation.

The history of the manifold changes of dedication in Winchester Cathedral is very curious. It has been stated * that the earliest building of all was dedicated to "S. Amphibalus," the fictitious name bestowed upon the priest in the story of S. Alban (CH. XXXVIII.), but in S. Swithun's life-time the church was already known as S. Peter's. When a hundred years later Bishop Ethelwold rebuilt the cathedral, he dedicated it to S. Swithun himself; but a subsequent Bishop of Winchester at the time of the Conquest caused it to be re-consecrated, and then added the names of SS. Peter and Paul. Nearly five hundred years later Henry VIII. imposed his favourite dedication to "The Sacred and Undivided Trinity." Probably this remains its legal designation, but here, as at Ely, the older names were too firmly rooted to be forgotten, and popularly the cathedral is known as "The Holy Trinity, SS. Peter, Paul and Swithun," † a combination of past dedications which embraces all but S. Amphibalus.

S. Swithun's churches are found in twenty-five out of the forty counties, as well as in the Isle of Wight. Hampshire, as is natural, stands first with five dedications, exclusive of the cathedral. Nottingham, Lincoln, and Devon come next, each of them with four. Into Cornwall, as might be expected, S. Swithun does not penetrate.

The constant tendency to substitute scriptural for national saints shows itself in the case of S. Swithun, for two of these churches hesitate between S. Swithun and S. Mary, and the Derbyshire chapelry of Twyford is diversely ascribed to S. Swithun, S. Andrew, and S. Luke. The one known Yorkshire dedication to this saint at Sproatley in the East Riding was changed in 1819 to All Saints. Perhaps at some future time the parishioners may consider how worthy a patron they have ousted, and resume their old dedication.‡

Two modern churches at least have had the courage to choose S. Swithun for their patron. One of these is at Bournemouth, and is therefore situated, appropriately enough, in the good bishop's own diocese of Winchester.

S. Oswald. Feb. 29, 992.

A passing notice must be bestowed upon S. Oswald of Worcester, though his claims to rank among our actual patron saints are doubtful in the extreme. Although he was raised to the greater dignity of Archbishop of York, he never resigned the see of Worcester, and it was in his southern diocese and in the cathedral

* Heylyn's "Helps to History," 1773.

† Clergy List, 1896.

‡ Now done: see Clergy List, 1896.

city where his personal presence was most familiar that his memory lingered longest.

Oswald's public life followed much the same lines as that of his more celebrated friend, S. Dunstan. Educated in a monastery at Winchester of the informal type common in the England of those days, and for a while falling in with—perhaps even exaggerating—the lax tone of the house, a not unnatural reaction came over him. He yearned for a stricter discipline, and rejoiced when it was made possible for him to go abroad, as Dunstan had done before him, and complete his training in the famous monastery of Fleury. There his studious bent found ample gratification: the ordered discipline of the place was wholly congenial to him, and there the young Englishman might have remained indefinitely had he not been hastily summoned back to England to attend the death-bed of his uncle, Odo, Archbishop of York. It was at York that he became acquainted with Dunstan, and it was through Dunstan's instrumentality that he was made known to King Edgar, and was appointed, first to the see of Worcester, and afterwards to York also. Henceforth, until the time of the primate's death, Dunstan and Oswald were in everything fellow-workers, following the same policy both as regards matters ecclesiastical and secular. We find them co-operating at the solemn re-coronation of King Edgar at Bath; we find them together, in the troublous years that followed Edgar's death, supporting the claims of the hapless Edward the Martyr. In theory they were entirely at one in their desire to introduce throughout England monks in place of the secular clergy, but Oswald carried the scheme more thoroughly into practice than Dunstan ever did. The founding and the oversight of monasteries was Oswald's chief business. The great Benedictine house of Ramsey in Huntingdonshire was his special delight, and he watched over its every stage with unfailing solicitude, but his home was in the monastery of his own cathedral city of Worcester. Despite more active cares, despite occasional journeys to his archiepiscopal halls at York, Oswald found time to cultivate his old scholarly tastes; like another S. Swithun, he made it his duty to preserve with the utmost care the records of his own time. "He seems," says Mr. Green, "to have taken a copy of the original chronicle of Ælfred to his church at Worcester," and there to have linked on the earlier records to the story of his own day, so that, thanks to him, Worcester became "the centre of English historical literature." *

But it is not on Oswald's greatness as historian or statesman that his contemporary biographer † loves to dwell, but rather on the intense lovableness of his nature which made his coming an ever new joy and his departure the signal for irrepressible grief. He dwells on his deep sense of justice, on the tenderness which found in ministering to the lowliest of his fellows a true refreshment of spirit. The last scene of his life is described with loving minuteness. It was mid-Lent; the archbishop was spending

* "Conquest of England."

† Raine's "Lives of the Archbishops of York."

the season at home in his monastery of Worcester, and neither age nor bodily weakness could persuade him to lay aside his constant Lenten custom of daily washing the feet of twelve poor men, after the example of his Saviour. On the last day of February he went with all his accustomed method through his usual devotions—only upon that night his monks remarked in his bearing even more than his wonted sweet cheerfulness. Then he turned to his self-appointed task, chanting as he performed it—in that rich voice which had once been the pride of Fleury—the Songs of Degrees, and even as the words of the *Gloria* left his lips his gentle spirit passed away.

Worcester might well treasure the memory of its saintly bishop, and for centuries it did not fail in its obligations. When one of Oswald's successors in the see, Bishop Wolstan (p. 417), rebuilt the cathedral in 1089, he solemnly enshrined therein the relics of S. Oswald;* at a later rebuilding in 1202, both these bishops were associated with the Blessed Virgin and S. Peter as patrons of the cathedral under the style "SS. Oswald and Wolstan, Confessors," but in the time of Henry VIII. both the local saints were displaced.

There are two if not three dedications to "S. Oswald" within the limits of his Worcestershire diocese (though all three of them in the county of Gloucester)—Compton Abdale, Shipton Oliffe, and Rockhampton.† At first sight it seems reasonable to attribute them all to S. Oswald the Archbishop, and Shipton Oliffe at least is, or was, so ascribed locally, but as will be shown more fully in the chapter on the English kings (XXXIX.), Compton Abdale can show proof that its patron was the Northumbrian king and not the archbishop, and the presumption is very strong that the same influences which account for Compton Abdale account also for the other Gloucestershire dedications to S. Oswald. The matter is still further complicated by the fact of Archbishop Oswald's associations with York—he was a north-man by birth—and it has even been supposed that he has a right to some of the many churches of S. Oswald in Yorkshire. It must be remembered, however, that the popularity of the martyred king had already enjoyed nearly three centuries of growth before his namesake was born, and on the whole we are inclined to think that all the dedications in this name, except the lost ascription of Worcester Cathedral, are intended for S. Oswald the king.

We pass on now to the period of the Norman Conquest; to a time when bitter hostility of race and wide difference of speech, laws, and customs made it a hard thing for Norman and Saxon to remember their common Christianity.

Of the three bishops belonging to this period, the first, Egelwine, was a complete Englishman by race, and probably also by his sympathies; the last of them, Osmond, was as thorough-going a Frenchman; while

* Valentine Green's "History of Worcestershire."

† This last has an alternative but probably later dedication to S. Leonard.

midway between the two stands the upright and patriotic Wolstan, whose mission it was to reconcile the two nationalities, and whose loyalty to his own unhappy countrymen did not hinder him from recognizing and upholding the authority of the Norman king.

S. Egelwine. Eleventh cent.

But it ought in honesty to be said that in order to establish our three types something must be assumed as to the identity of the first of the three, S. Egelwine (or Egelwyn) the Martyr. This Egelwine is the patron of the church of Scalford in Leicestershire. The dedication is a unique one, and nothing has yet been positively established as to the saint's identity. According to one theory he is to be sought for among the early Bishops of Worcester,* but it is just possible that he may have been a far more notable personage—namely, the warlike Bishop Egelwine of Durham, who took part with Hereward the Wake and Edwin and Morcar, Earls of Northumbria, in defending the Isle of Ely against the Conqueror. This Egelwine had succeeded his brother Egelric in the see of Durham ten years before the Norman Conquest. After holding it for thirteen years he was "out-lawed."† The exact cause of offence is not specified, but it follows so closely upon a rising of the Northumbrians and Danes, united together against the Frenchmen, that we may reasonably infer that the bishop took part in the rising. We hear of him next a couple of years later, when he with "many hundreds" more came into the Isle of Ely, there to make a last desperate stand. "And when," says the English Chronicle, "King William heard this, he called out a fleet and army: and he surrounded that land, and he made a bridge and entered in, his fleet lying off the coast. Then all the out-laws surrendered; these were Bishop Egelwine and Earl Morcar, and all who were with them, excepting only Hereward and his followers whom he led off with great valour. And the king seized their ships and arms and much treasure; and he disposed of the men as he would; and he sent Bishop Egelwine to Abingdon, where he died early in the winter." It was believed that he died of starvation, and this, joined to his patriotism, might well give him in the eyes of his countrymen a claim to the title not only of saint but of martyr.

Neither this Egelwine nor any other of the name is to be found among the saints of the Roman Church, and it is clear that Rome would have no thought of canonizing a bishop who opposed the king approved by her authority; but there are other of our English saints whose claim to saintship rests on the popular voice and not on the formal recognition of the Church of Rome. In defence of the theory that the S. Egelwine who is commemorated at Scalford is the hero of the Fens rather than the unknown Bishop of Worcester, it may be urged that while there is no natural connexion between Scalford and Worcester, in the other case there is a natural connexion; for at the time of Egelwine's death, and for more than

* Either presumably, as S. Egwine (A.D. 692), or as that Ahlwin (A.D. 848) who is supposed by some persons to have given his name to Coln St. Aldwyn in Gloucestershire (p. 410).

† English Chronicle.

thirty years afterwards, Ely, Abingdon, and Scalford were all of them included in the one great diocese of Lincoln. However, fuller knowledge may even yet come to light, enabling us to speak with certainty of the claims to remembrance of S. Egelwine the Martyr.

S. Wolstan,* or Wulstan. Jan. 19, 1095.

When we come to S. Wolstan (or Wulstan †) of Worcester we are on much firmer ground. Among our group of English bishops no personality stands out more vividly, none is more pathetic, than this strong, straightforward Englishman, whom Dean Church calls "the last Saint of the Anglo-Saxon Church."

A plain, peaceable man, taking pleasure in a settled life of holy routine, his lot was cast in days of constant storm. Passionately devoted to his country, he lived to see it first harried by the Danes, then conquered by the Normans. Profoundly attached to the last of the Saxon kings, "my Master, King Edward"—so after Edward's death he still fondly called the Confessor—he yet felt himself conscientiously obliged to take up arms in defence of Edward's foreign successor.

The son of Warwickshire parents of good family, Wolstan was sent to be educated at the minster-school of Peterborough. He was not intended for a monastic life, and when his school-days were ended, he returned home "to live," says the writer before quoted, "in his father's hall, a Thane's son, who might one day be a Thane himself, among his father's dependents and friends and enemies, with such amusements and such business as Thanes' sons followed. He was beautiful in face, and of a well formed person; active and dexterous, of free and engaging manners, and he entered with zest into the society and sport of his neighbours."

But this careless happy life could not satisfy him for long. One of those strong religious impulses that so often stirred whole households in Saxon England, now passed over Wolstan's family. His aged parents determined to end their days in the quiet of a monastic life at Worcester, and Wolstan himself was desirous of following their example. The Bishop of Worcester ordained him priest, but did not oppose his wish to retire into a monastery, and there he spent twenty-five peaceful years, rising from office to office till at length he became prior.

All through his life it was characteristic of Wolstan to be severe towards himself and lenient towards others. Many little traits have been preserved that show him under this double aspect. No anchorite could be more strictly exact in his devotions by day and by night. He loved to spend the silence of the night praying and saying psalms in the empty church, and when he was tired out he would stretch himself on the floor with a book for his pillow. It was recorded of him that he had been led to give up the use of meat by the discovery that his thoughts had been distracted

* This account of S. Wolstan is mainly based on the history of him contributed by the late Dean Church to Newman's "Lives of the English Saints."

† Wulstan is the commonest form of his name, but it is as S. Wolstan that he is commemorated in the only dedication that remains in his honour.

during Mass by the smell of a roast goose that was preparing for his dinner! He did not deviate from his strict Lenten rule for the sake of visitors of distinction (two Roman cardinals and the Archbishop of York) who came to stay with him. For them he provided all things with a liberal hand, but he maintained his own severely simple way of life. The cardinals took note of their devout and hard-working host, and recommended him to Edward the Confessor for the then vacant see of Worcester. Wolstan at first strongly resisted the new dignity, and only yielded at last as a matter of obedience.

But in truth the work of a bishop was not uncongenial to him; the active life of the overseer of a great diocese was better fitted to his genius than the seclusion of a monastery. He was no student, but he had a wonderful gift for influencing the common people, and the going in and out amongst them was a real joy to him. Even in his monastic days he had made himself the friend of the people; it had been his practice so to time his devotions that he might leave the greater part of the day free for the wants of the poor who came to seek his help and advice. His plain preaching gathered crowds around him, and, says his biographer (a monk named Coleman, who was a personal friend of Wolstan's, and for fifteen years his chaplain *), he so chose his subjects that he was ever sounding forth Christ's name, "ever, if I may so speak, drawing Christ by violence to his side." In some quarters it gave offence that a monk should go about preaching, but Wolstan's answer was short and pointed: "My brother, the word of God is not bound."

After he was consecrated bishop he was constantly travelling about his diocese—preaching, dedicating churches, hearing confessions, baptizing, and confirming. He was, in very truth, the father of his people. He loved to have to do with children. Parents brought their little ones to be baptized by him, not merely because he set his face against the growing practice of receiving money for it, but because of his known tenderness for children. Confirmations were a real refreshment to him, and "from sun-rise to sun-set on a summer's day he would go on without tasting food, giving the sacramental seal and his benediction to batch after batch, as they came and knelt before him, till his attendants and clerks were fairly wearied out; while he himself seemed proof against fatigue." In church he would bend over to smooth the disordered vestments of the choir-boys. Once we are told how he laid his hand on the curls of one of the little lads and said: "All these will fall off one day." The child turned round frightened, and said: "Oh! save my curls for me!" And the bishop comforted him, and promised him that as long as he lived he should keep his abundant hair.†

Through all his journeyings the old devotional habits were steadily maintained, though the psalms had often now to be chanted on horseback

* "Coleman's Anglo-Saxon life of him," says Dean Church, "is the ground-work of William of Malmesbury's Latin narrative."

† Baring-Gould, January 19.

instead of in church. It was impressed on the memory of his fellow-travellers how he clung to the "prayer-verses," and how he used to put out the chanting and try their patience by repeating these over and over again.

Indeed, his love of church-going under all circumstances was occasionally very annoying to his clergy, who doubtless resented the bishop's standard as uncomfortably high. On one occasion he was bent on going, as was his daily habit, to an early service. It was at Marlow, on a dismal winter's morning; sleet was falling, and the roads were deep in mire. All this was represented to the bishop; but, in the words of his biographer, "however far off it might be; whether it was snowing or raining, through muddy roads or fog, to church he must go; he cared for nothing, so that he got there; and truly he might say to Almighty God, 'Lord, I have loved the habitation of Thy house.'" He would not force any man to go with him, only he asked to be set in the right way. Thereupon one of his clerics vented his ill-temper by taking him by the hand and leading him where the swamp was deepest and the road roughest. The bishop sank up to his knees in the mud and lost one of his shoes, but he steadily held on his way. It was late in the day when he returned, half dead with cold. He made no reference to what had occurred, beyond ordering search to be made for the shoe, and passed over the affront offered to himself as though unconscious of it.

Wolstan was a great church-builder, but he cared little for beauties of architecture, and his monks noted with perplexity that when his stately new cathedral was finished, and the workmen were beginning to unroof the plain old church built by King Oswald, he burst into tears. His thoughts were dwelling on the saintly men of old, who cared more to bring themselves and their flocks to God than to build fine churches. "But all we think of," added he, "is to rear up piles of stones, while we care not for souls."

The foreigners who overran England after the battle of Hastings regarded the old bishop as very illiberal and homely. "Wolstan is a fool! he cannot speak French!" was the king's verdict; while the Bishop of Coutances took upon him to criticize his plain lamb-skin dress, and to point out that he might really afford the fur of beaver, or sable, or fox. Wolstan was at no loss for a retort, and observed that the skins of such shifty animals might do for experienced men of the world, but that he was a plain man, and content with lamb-skin.

The new order of things was bitterly painful to him, but he regarded it as "the scourge of God," the just punishment of those national sins of drunkenness and unthinking luxury against which he had been so long bearing his brave testimony, and he now counselled loyal submission as a duty alike to God and to the country. But he had enemies at court, and Archbishop Lanfranc himself was prejudiced against him. An attempt was made to deprive him of his bishopric on the ground of incapacity and want of learning, and he was summoned to Westminster to

make his defence. His calmness as to the result of the inquiry amazed his anxious adherents. In a literal obedience to the command, "Take no thought what ye shall speak; for it shall be given you in that hour," he allowed himself to fall asleep during his opponent's argument, and occupied the whole time allotted him for preparing his reply in chanting the service for that hour. His friends entreated him to arrange his arguments first and to chant his office afterwards, but he answered: "No! the duty to God must be done first, and then we will consider the petty disputes of men." According to one account, he committed his case to a monk, whose French was none of the best, but the goodness of the cause decided it in favour of Wolstan. There is, however, a later and more dramatic description of this scene which became the basis of Wolstan's fame. According to a twelfth-century chronicler,* Lanfranc called upon him in open conclave to deliver up his pastoral staff and ring. Then the old bishop rose, and in a speech full of dignity declared how he had from the first known himself to be unworthy of the office of a bishop, and had only assumed it at the bidding of King Edward, who offered it to him with the authority of the Holy See. To none would he resign the insignia of his office but to him who gave it. "Behold a new king, a new law, a new primate! Thee," he continued, addressing himself, not to the living who stood waiting to judge him, but to the dead man around whose tomb they were gathered—"thee they accuse of error in so commanding: me of presumption in having obeyed. *Then* indeed thou wast liable to error, being mortal; but now being with God thou canst not err." So speaking, he thrust his crozier into the stone that covered the Confessor's grave, saying: "Take this, my Master, and deliver it to whom thou wilt;" then he laid aside his episcopal vestments and seated himself among the monks. One after another tried to withdraw the staff, but it remained miraculously embedded in the stone. All wondered, but Lanfranc alone interpreted the sign aright. He wept, and bitterly reproached himself, saying: "We mocked at thy righteous simplicity, my brother, but God hath made thy righteousness to shine as the light; therefore the charge of which we inconsiderately deprived thee, we again commit to thee." Then, nothing doubting that the outward sign would again be vouchsafed, he commanded him to take back his crozier. Wolstan came forward, and with one last appeal to "his Lord Edward" to stand by his former judgment or reverse it as should seem best to his wisdom, he laid hold on the staff, which instantly yielded to his touch.

Wolstan was far too great-hearted a man to harbour resentment, and from the time of the Westminster conclave he and Lanfranc became fast friends. They were the Buxton and Wilberforce of their day, and worked hard to put down the slave-trade, which at Bristol had begun to assume formidable proportions. The slaves were sold into Ireland, and a certain commission was paid from this source into the royal exchequer. Lanfranc set himself to influence the king, while Wolstan took up his quarters at

* Aelred of Rivaulx.

Bristol, and appealed direct to the fierce slave-dealers, preaching to them Sunday by Sunday in their own English tongue. The venture was a bold one, but Wolstan's confidence inspired respect. The better nature of the men was awakened, and, thanks to the united efforts of Lanfranc and Wolstan, the trade was proscribed; and when one of the merchants would have carried it on in spite of the bishop, the others turned upon him and drove him out of the city.

In the year that followed the accession of William Rufus, when Wolstan was an old man of eighty, "the land was much disturbed and filled with treason."* In the West of England a large body of insurgents marched upon Worcester, intending to plunder the cathedral and to seize the castle. "The worthy bishop Wolstan seeing this, was much distressed in mind because the castle was committed to his keeping. Nevertheless his retainers, few as they were, marched out, and through the mercy of God and the good desert of the bishop, they slew and took captive 500 men, and put all the rest to flight."†

So even to the last was Wolstan able to make proof of his loyalty. His closing years were not blessed with the peace for which he yearned. His house had to be more of a garrison than a monastery, and the rough ways of the Norman soldiery were a perpetual trial to him. Still, as of old, his delight lay in ministering to the poor among his own countrymen, and it was a joy to him that in the last Lent he spent upon earth he was enabled to show kindness to all the multitudes who came to take part in the ceremonies of Maundy Thursday. Food and water and change of raiment were provided for all who had need, and though the strain on the household resources was great, no man was sent empty away. At Whitsuntide he was taken ill, but he lived till the following year, when, on January 19, 1095, he passed away at the age of eighty-six.

It is matter for regret that this good and patriotic man should be so inadequately recognized amongst us. In the Roman Missal there is a special collect for his day, and up to the Reformation his name held its proper place in our own national Kalendars, but then it was unhappily swept away. For centuries his memory was cherished in his own city of Worcester, and when in 1202 the cathedral underwent reconstruction after extensive repairs, its original dedication to the Apostle Peter was expanded as follows: "To Mary the holy Mother of God, the blessed Apostle Peter and SS. Oswald and Wulstan, Confessors,"‡ but at the time of the Reformation the names of both the local saints were blotted out, and the cathedral, by order of Henry VIII., assumed its present style, "Christ and S. Mary."

We turn now to the one existing dedication in honour of S. Wolstan, which is to be found, not, as we might expect, in Worcestershire, but in Leicestershire. Leicester, for some unknown reason, seems to have had

* English Chronicle.

† Ibid.

‡ Valentine Green's "Worcester," and Camden. Strictly speaking, according to Camden, it was "the greater Altar" that was dedicated to the Blessed Virgin and S. Oswald, and "the middle Altar" to SS. Peter and Wulstan.

rather a kindness for S. Wolstan, perhaps in virtue of this very church of which we are about to speak, for the saint's name lingered on as a baptismal appellation as late as 1733, when Dr. Johnson * was usher in a school at Market Bosworth, which had for its patron a certain Sir "Wolstan" Dixie.† S. Wolstan's church is at Wigston Magna, not very far from Market Bosworth, and it has a very curious history. The parish at the present time contains two churches, All Saints and S. Wolstan's; and as far back as the reign of Stephen there is a charter making mention of the "churches" of Wigston, but unfortunately not by name. S. Wolstan's is a small building with a fourteenth-century tower and spire. There is no evidence as to whether the name was given at the rebuilding or carried on from the earlier structure. In any case it was probably chosen for the sake of the miracle believed to have been wrought by Wolstan at the Westminster conclave. In process of time the little church, though traditionally regarded as the mother-church of the parish, fell into disuse. In 1888 the then Vicar of Wigston, the Rev. W. Romanis, wrote as follows concerning it in a private letter: "For more than three centuries it lay in ruins. During the latter part of that time part of it was occupied as a cottage, a school and shed for farm implements. Early in the eighteenth century it was for a time let to the Independents who met in it. Forty years ago it was restored for a mortuary chapel, and funerals transferred to its churchyard. Eleven years ago, in my incumbency, it was restored to Divine service, and the first (full) service of the Church of England, since the Reformation, celebrated in it." ‡

Thus, after the lapse of centuries, the fame of the old Bishop of Worcester is being revived; for many who worship in the little church and those who hear its name mentioned may be led to ask, Who was this Wolstan, and why was he accounted a saint?

S. Osmond. Dec. 4, 1099.

S. Osmond (or Osmund) of Salisbury was a contemporary of S. Wolstan's. He is a far less interesting personality than the old Saxon bishop, but he has been to us the more direct benefactor of the two, for to him we mainly owe the famous "Use of Sarum," the service-book which has practically formed the basis of our English Prayer-book.

Osmond had all the advantages of courtly training and liberal education which Wolstan lacked. On his mother's side he was a nephew of William the Conqueror. Before his birth his mother had visions foretelling his future greatness, and marvellous stories were told of his infancy. At his baptism his godmother seemed to see upon his brow a glittering star, and she was not permitted to pronounce his name, for there were angels present, who declared that it was the will of the Most High that he should be called *Osmond*, "whereupon," says the quaint old history, "all

* Boswell's "Johnson."

† There is reason to believe that even to the present day the name of Wolstan is kept up in the Dixie family.

‡ Mr. Romanis adds further: "I once saw over a shop, a coach-builder's I believe, either in Coventry or Leicester, the name 'Wigston-Wolstan,' which seems to point to some local connexion, now irrecoverably lost."

were astonished, because that name had never been heard in those parts before." *

His precocious piety and childish asceticism are features too common in the Lives of the Saints to be very interesting. There is generally a suspicious sameness and unnaturalness about them, but it may be observed in passing that precocity of this sort is very rarely recorded of our native-born English bishops, with whose simpler nature it would seem out of harmony.

In time Osmond was sent to study in Paris, where he made rapid progress in all sorts of learning. All his property he spent on the poor, and when he was about to leave Paris, he sold his books and furniture and gave away the proceeds. He showed his greatness by his obedience and humility. "Whatever his parents commanded him he instantly fulfilled," and praise was only painful to him as bringing more forcibly to his mind his own unworthiness. "I commend myself to your prayers," he would say, "that I may be made worthy, and that the praises ye have given me may come to be worthily bestowed." He had scruples against entering the priesthood, but it is probable that these scruples were soon overcome, and that he was in orders at the time of his coming into England. He was a favourite with his royal uncle, King William, who made him Earl of Dorset and Chancellor of England, and finally (1077) Bishop of Salisbury.

His bent, however, was that rather of a student than of a man of action. He completed and dedicated the cathedral of Salisbury, but his delight was in literary work. Of his service-book mention has already been made. In addition to this, Osmond wrote a life of S. Anselm, copied manuscripts, and founded the cathedral library. William of Malmesbury adds that he not only wrote books, but sometimes bound them with his own hands.

Three Dorsetshire churches bear the name of S. Osmond—Evershot, Melbury-Osmond, and Osmington; and it is to be observed that in the two last parishes his memory is kept alive by the name of the place as well as by the dedication of the church. The Earl of Dorsetshire has left his mark here not less than the Bishop of Salisbury.

S. Hugh of Lincoln. Nov. 17, 1200.

Next upon our list stands Hugh of Avalon, better known as Hugh of Lincoln. He is one of the four English bishops whose name is to be found in our Prayer-book Kalendar, where he is briefly designated as "Hugh, bishop." Strictly speaking, he was a Frenchman, both by birth and upbringing, but his life's work belongs to English history, and he is so thorough an Englishman in his straightforwardness, his love of justice, his sturdy independence, that we have readily adopted him as one of ourselves. "Such men as he," says Froude, "were the true builders of our nation's greatness." †

But the character of S. Hugh does not merely compel respect, it wins love. Ruskin, after speaking of the striking combination of "immense

* From a MS. Latin history of the saint in the British Museum, quoted in Armfield's "Legends of Christian Art."

† "Short Studies," vol. ii., on which this account is mainly based.

mental grasp and serenely authoritative innocence," which was the strength of the Carthusian Order, makes special mention of "our own Hugo of Lincoln, in his relations with Henry II. and Cœur de Lion, to my mind the most beautiful sacerdotal figure known to me in history. Hugo's power," continues he, "is in his own personal courage and justice only; and his sanctity as clear, frank, and playful as the waves of his own Chartreuse well." *

Our knowledge of Bishop Hugh is unusually close and personal, for we have a biography of him written by a monk named Adam, who was for many years his chaplain. The lad's upbringing was one that might have been supposed little calculated to fit him for the part he was destined afterwards to play in dealing with the proud Plantagenet kings. He was from the beginning a child of the monastery. From the time he was eight years old till the time he was forty, his whole life was passed under the limitations of a severe monastic rule. His father, the Lord of Avalon, near Grenoble, determined, upon the death of his wife, to leave the world and retire into a monastery. He divided his property between his two eldest sons; the little eight-year-old Hugh he took with him into his retirement, and kept him constantly near him, instead of letting him mix freely with the scholars of the collegiate school. Probably those who watched him recognized in the boy a strength of purpose that, if rightly guided, gave rich promise for the future. "You, my little fellow," the master of the school once said to Hugh, "I am bringing up for Christ; you must not learn to play or trifle."

The training, which would have crushed a weaker spirit, was well suited to Hugh; his only complaint was that the life was too easy a one. When he was nineteen he accompanied the prior on a visit to the Grande Chartreuse. The loneliness, the silence, the rigid discipline, the absolute self-devotion of the brethren, made a deep impression on Hugh's imagination: he declared his intention of becoming a Carthusian monk, and it was in vain that one of the old monks sought to deter him by showing him how ill fitted was his frail body to bear all the austerities it must needs undergo in that house. And here the next twenty years of Hugh's life were passed. We hear little of his doings during that time, but it is clear that those around him still expected great things of him. The last period of this long probation was a marked crisis in his spiritual life. He was beset with strong temptations from within, and was called to pass through a fierce self-conflict, far more terrible to him than any outward danger. Faithfully he fought on through the darkness that overwhelmed him, and at last relief was vouchsafed.

Just at this time came his summons to leave his convent home and to undertake new work in England. He shrank from the mission, but he had no choice save to obey; and in the larger, more active life to which he was now called, the old painful suggestions gradually vanished away and left him at peace. When once, in after years, he was recalling these things,

* "Præterita," vol. iii.

Adam asked if he had never again felt any return of them. "Not *never*," was his answer, "but never to a degree that gave me the slightest trouble."

The work for which, at the request of our Henry II., Hugh was now to be despatched to England, was to found a branch of the Carthusian Order in that country. The attempt had, indeed, been already made, and a little colony established on lands in Somersetshire appropriated to their use. But the two first priors had got into hopeless disputes with the original Saxon owners, and had earned for themselves nothing but ill-will. The experiment was so evidently unsuccessful that it was about to be given up, when some one suggested sending for Hugh of Avalon. Hugh came to the little village of Witham in Somerset, which was to be the head-quarters of the Order, and before long he had made himself master of the whole question. It soon became clear to him that the evicted Saxons had a real grievance. Prior Hugh would have nothing to do with the building if the foundations were to be laid in injustice. He insisted that the Crown must deal fairly with its tenants, and give them liberal compensation for improvements. "Unless your Majesty satisfy these poor men to the last obol," said Hugh to the king, "we cannot take possession." Nor was this all; he further urged that they should be allowed to take such of the building materials as they could carry with them. He was so importunate that Henry consented, saying laughingly: "This is a terrible fellow that we have brought among us. If he is so powerful with his persuasions, what will he do if he tries force?"

Hugh joined to his straightforward earnestness a degree of tact which some of his brother Carthusians lacked. He gave the king credit for being willing to befriend the Order, but he could make allowance for the pressure of other claims. When the affairs of the priory were long neglected the others grew impatient and threatened departure. "Will you forsake me too?" asked the king. "I am less desperate than my brothers," was Hugh's answer. "You have much work upon your hands, and I can feel for you. When God shall please you will have leisure to attend to us." "By my soul," said Henry, "you are one that I will never part with while I live." From this time forward the king took him into close friendship, frequently summoning him to court, and discussing matters of state with him. These friendly relations were maintained to the end, though at one time, when Hugh was Bishop of Lincoln, they seemed likely to be endangered by a sharp difference of opinion between them as to a question of Church patronage. The bishop not only carried his point, but by his rather rough pleasantries won back his Majesty to good humour. After the same fashion he won the allegiance of his chapter. "Never since I came to the diocese," so he was able to say to Adam, "have I had a quarrel with my chapter. It is not that I am easy-going—pepper is not more biting than I can be. I often fly out for small causes; but they take me as they find me. There is not one who distrusts my love for him, nor one by whom I do not believe myself to be beloved."

Hugh's portrait of himself is a very faithful one. Men loved him as well as trusted him. There was a very tender side to his strong rough nature, and this little children and those who were weak and oppressed knew full well. The peasantry round Witham had quickly learnt to appreciate him; and there was another class of the community who had yet more cause to love him, namely, the poor afflicted lepers, whom he would draw around him, washing their sores with his own hands. Adam owns that he used to shudder at the sight, but his master tried to lift his thoughts from the body of humiliation before his eyes to the body of glory that should be hereafter. To his care for the living Hugh joined a strong feeling concerning the reverent disposal of the dead. He never allowed one of his priests to bury a corpse if he was at hand to do the office himself, and once he kept Cœur de Lion waiting for his dinner because he was occupied in his self-imposed labour. "The King needn't wait," was his message to the courtier who came in search of him. "Let him go to dinner. Better the King dine without my company than that I leave my Master's work undone."

Hugh was Bishop of Lincoln from 1186 to 1200. When first nominated by Henry II. he bluntly refused the office, alleging that the election ought to proceed from the assembled chapter, acting under the guidance of the Holy Spirit. The chapter, as was to be expected, confirmed the king's choice, and the authorities of the Grande Chartreuse having forbidden Hugh to refuse a second time, he was accordingly consecrated. He retained as much of his old simple habits as was compatible with his new position, and when he rode to Winchester for his consecration, he alone among the sumptuously furnished train of clergy carried his own baggage strapped on behind his saddle. As they approached the city, however, one of the canons, dreading the ridicule he foresaw from the courtiers, contrived to cut the leathers unbeknown to Hugh, and to pass the baggage to the servants.

The new bishop was, as might be expected, a very diligent ruler of his diocese. He has left a lasting memorial of himself in Lincoln Cathedral, part of which was built under his supervision; and his name is also connected with the beautiful church of S. Wulfram's at Grantham, which was most probably consecrated by him. One of the bishop's palaces was at Stow. At the time of Hugh's installation there appeared on the water in the park a swan of unusual size and appearance. The creature was savage and unmanageable with others, but it immediately showed itself friendly with the bishop. It learnt to search in his pockets for bread, and would follow him about like a dog, even entering the house and climbing the stairs. S. Hugh's swan, like S. Cuthbert's birds, will probably be remembered when many greater things concerning these saints have been forgotten. The bishop's power over the swan was regarded as miraculous by some people; in fact, his admirers were more ready than Hugh at all liked to attribute to him miraculous powers. "Little I," says his biographer Adam, "observed that he worked many miracles himself, but he paid no attention to them."

Hugh's relations with Richard I. were very much what they had been with Henry. Cœur de Lion respected the bishop's force and fearlessness and enjoyed his rough humour. Hugh on his side resisted Richard as he had resisted Richard's father, when he thought he was overstepping his rights. Their hottest dispute related to a question of extra levies of men and money for military service. The bishop did not content himself with ignoring the demand, but followed the king into Normandy to let him know what he thought of the exaction. The meeting was characteristic of both sides. Richard was sitting hearing Mass in church. Hugh went straight up to him and boldly claimed his rightful greeting. "Kiss me, my Lord;" and he shook him, to the infinite terror of the more timid Adam, who was standing behind. "Thou hast not deserved it," growled the king. "I have deserved it," was the bold answer; and Hugh shook him still harder. The kiss was given, and the bishop turned his whole thoughts to the service. The whole grievance was fully discussed later in the day, and Richard owned that the bishop had been in the right. Then more private matters were touched upon. After such a concession as had just been made, most men would have shrunk from the risk of offending the king further; but Hugh felt it his duty to deal truly with him, and very sadly he referred to the reports concerning his behaviour to his queen. Richard heard him in silence, but afterwards he observed: "If all bishops were like my Lord of Lincoln, not a prince among us could lift his head against them."

Hugh and Richard had understood each other; but between Hugh and King John there could be but little sympathy. When they met at Richard's funeral, John made many professions of his good intentions. "I trust you mean what you say," answered the bishop, shortly; "you know that I hate lying." John showed the amulet he wore round his neck. "Do you trust in a senseless stone?" asked Hugh, contemptuously. "Trust in the living rock in heaven—the Lord Jesus Christ. Anchor your hopes in Him, and He will direct you."

During the busy years of his life in England, Hugh had known no greater refreshment than to retire to Witham and to step back for a short time into the severe regularity of the old monastic way. And now in the last year of his life he had the crowning pleasure of a visit to his beloved Chartreuse. On his homeward journey he was taken ill, and when he reached London in September he was unable to go further. He was taken to his house in the Temple, where he lingered for a couple of months. He knew he could not recover, and prepared himself for death with quiet confidence. He was quite his old self throughout his illness, gentle and submissive to those who nursed him, and, it must be owned, as sharp and uncompromising as ever to those of whom he thought ill. He had caused a cross of ashes to be marked upon the floor, and desired that when he was dying he might be laid upon it. The closing scene must be told in Mr. Froude's words: "It was a November afternoon. The choristers of St. Paul's were sent for to chant the compline to him for the last time.

He gave a sign when they were half through. They lifted him and laid him on the ashes. The choristers sang on, and as they began the Nunc Dimittis he died." Memorable was the gathering on Lincoln Hill when his body was brought down to be laid in the cathedral. The King of England was there and the King of Scotland; the bishops and abbots had mustered in force; but still more striking was the assemblage of laymen, from the highest nobles down to the outcast Jews of the city, who had learnt to love this Christian bishop for his large-hearted justice.

Hugh of Lincoln was canonized in 1280, about eighty years after his death. Although occupying a place in our Kalendar, he has not been honoured amongst us according to his great deserts. Of late years the old feeling of admiration for him has revived. A newly built church at Sturton in Lincolnshire, not far from his own country residence at Stow, has been most appropriately dedicated to S. Hugh; and so, too, with no less appropriateness has a church in Southwark, connected with the Charterhouse School Mission, where S. Hugh is most legitimately commemorated under his special aspect as a Carthusian. But ancient dedications in this name are disappointingly rare. Witham Friary in Somersetshire, the scene of S. Hugh's earliest labours in this country, retains by its very name some recollection of its history, but the church is dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, and the one and only pre-Reformation dedication to S. Hugh that can now be traced is at Quethiock in Cornwall. The original church at this place was dedicated to the British saint, S. Cadoc, whence the name of the parish, *Quethiock*. Later on, when local saints were beginning to fall into disfavour, advantage was taken of some rebuilding of the church to dedicate it anew to SS. Peter and Paul. It appears, however, that there must have been a third consecration and change of name, of which we have no account, for in a charter of 1317, preserved in the Record Office, one Stephen de Haccombe grants the great and small tithes to "the church of *S. Hugh de Quethiock*." That early in the fourteenth century the church was known by its present name of S. Hugh is abundantly proved; but the identity of the saint cannot be established with equal certainty, for besides S. Hugh of Lincoln there was an eleventh-century S. Hugh, the founder of the Cistercians, who might very possibly be here commemorated. Unfortunately, the question cannot, as is so often the case, be decided by a reference to the village feast. Quethiock Feast has been from time immemorial kept on the last Monday in January, but this is in honour of its earliest patron, S. Cadoc (January 24), though it also coincides with one of the two days anciently observed in honour of S. Paul (January 25), and so was allowed to stand when the dedication was changed.

There is no very distinctive reason why Hugh of Lincoln should have been chosen as the patron of a Cornish church; yet, supposing the church to have been re-dedicated in the early years of the fourteenth century, S. Hugh's canonization would then be comparatively fresh in men's minds, and further, it must be remembered that the fame of a bishop, round whose

grave seventeen brother bishops had gathered, would be known in every diocese in England. At any rate, whichever S. Hugh may have been intended in the first instance, it is unmistakably S. Hugh of Lincoln that Quethiock church now claims as its patron. A former vicar of Quethiock * writes that the Archbishop of Canterbury (Dr. Benson), "always believing it was Hugh of Lincoln who is the patron saint of Quethiock," sent down a copy of a fifteenth-century picture of S. Hugh, from which a window was made and placed in the chancel of Quethiock church. Assuredly Quethiock may be proud of the distinction of being the one ancient parish church in England that commemorates the great Bishop of Lincoln.

S. Richard of Chichester,† or de Wych. April 3, 1253.

Last upon our list stands S. Richard of Chichester. He has the distinction of being the nearest to our own time of all the saints commemorated in our Anglican Kalendar, and though he is divided from us by six centuries, yet we feel him in many respects very much one of ourselves. He is divided from S. Hugh by only fifty years, but whereas S. Hugh distinctly belongs to the Middle Ages and the Monastic system, S. Richard might take his place among the English gentlemen of to-day;—his antecedents, his education, his recreations, are all those of a cultivated English bishop of our own day.

Richard de Wych, as he is sometimes called from the little village in Worcestershire near which he was born, was the second son of wealthy and well-born parents. The boys were early left orphans, and their guardians so mismanaged their affairs that when the eldest brother came of age he found everything in dire confusion. The book-loving younger brother now displayed a degree of practical common sense which he had not been known to possess. He set aside for a time his darling wish of going to Oxford, and constituted himself his brother's agent. He made a careful study of farming, and in course of time greatly improved the land.

Unfortunately, Richard did not exercise the same care over his own worldly affairs as he had done over those of his brother. During his residence at Oxford he entrusted his property to a certain priest, who defrauded him of it all. It is a proof of his forgiving disposition that when long years after this priest was in distress, it was to the injured Richard (then Bishop of Chichester) that he turned for relief. For the moment, however, the loss pressed hardly on the young student; he had reduced his wants to a minimum, but for the bare necessaries of life he was forced to depend on the kindness of his fellow-students. He lodged with two companions as poor as himself; the three possessed but a single gown among them, so that they had to take it in turns to attend lectures. The life was a hard one, but Richard was young and his spirits buoyant; he felt that he was gaining the knowledge for which he longed, and he used to say afterwards that these years at Oxford had been the happiest of his life.

From Oxford he passed on to the Universities of Paris and Bologna,

* The Rev. William Willimott.

† This account of S. Richard is based upon Father Dalgairns's life of him in Newman's "English Saints."

and at the latter place he remained for seven years, perfecting himself in Canon Law. His thorough knowledge of Canon Law caused his advice to be much sought for, and he was appointed chancellor to Edmund Rich, the saintly Archbishop of Canterbury (CH. XXI.). This was the beginning of a close friendship that ended only with the death of S. Edmund, and it is touching to think that thirteen years after this time the last act of Richard's public life should be to consecrate a little church at Dover in the name of his friend. His face, it is said, beamed with joy when he heard who was the proposed patron saint, and in his sermon he told how ever since his consecration he had longed to be allowed to consecrate at least one church in honour of "our holy father Edmund." It is to be regretted that no church of this name is any longer to be found at Dover.

After his friend's death Richard lived for two years in a Dominican convent at Orleans, making a study of theology in preparation for his ordination to the priesthood. It was at Orleans that he received ordination; then comes a gap in his history, and when next we hear of him it is as the parish priest of an English village.*

Before long the see of Chichester became vacant. The Archbishop of Canterbury and the Chapter of Chichester were at one in desiring that Richard should be the new bishop; but the king was determined to force the claims of a very inadequate candidate of his own choosing, and he refused to recognize Richard's election. Richard travelled to Lyons in order to consult the Pope. Innocent III. himself consecrated him, and bade him return to claim his right. He returned, therefore, to find his revenues confiscated and himself forbidden to enter his own cathedral city. For three weary years the struggle lasted. During this time the king and the bishop had several interviews. Henry III. was a less noble opponent than Cœur de Lion, and S. Richard was not the kind of man to force a reconciliation as S. Hugh of Lincoln might have done, but in sweet patience and gentle dignity no one could have surpassed him. The covert sneers of the courtiers, the open rudeness of the royal servants, alike fell harmless. His canons were fairly perplexed by the composure, nay, even the joy, with which he bore these repeated rebuffs, until he pointed them to the words: "Rejoicing that they were counted worthy to suffer shame for His name;" adding, moreover: "I tell you all, that by God's grace, this tribulation of ours will turn to joy." The king might dispossess him of his manors and exclude him from his own cathedral, but he could not dispossess him of the inborn dignity which caused both clergy and laity to recognize him, outcast though he was, as the true ruler of the diocese. And as he went in and out among his people, unencumbered by any of the pomp that would have naturally belonged to his position, he gained an intimate knowledge of their wants, and became to them a true father in God.

His headquarters at this time were at the little sea-coast village of Tarring, in the house of the parish priest, whose name was Simon. It was

* Supposed by Father Dalgairns to have been Deal.

dangerous work sheltering one who had incurred the royal displeasure, and Simon was an utter stranger to the bishop, but the act of hospitality brought its own blessing, and a lasting friendship sprang up between the two.

In these days Richard found refreshment in going back to the out-door pursuits of his youth. He was specially skilful in grafting fruit-trees. We hear of Simon watching him at work in the garden at Tarring, and the fig orchard that exists to this day at another Sussex village, Hussey, was raised from stocks from the rectory garden in that place, traditionally said to have been planted by S. Richard.* Another of his recreations was fishing, and we have a glimpse of him fishing from the bridge at Lewes,† and sending his gains to the Prior of S. Pancras.‡ His own love of fishing gave him a fellow-feeling with the fisher-folk, and there is more than one story of their looking to him for help, and of the plenty that followed upon his benediction.

At last Henry was brought to submission by the Pope's threat of laying the country under an interdict, and the bishop was allowed to enter into possession of all his rights. No man was less dependent than Richard upon externals; yet the grander style of living which he was now called to assume seemed to become him well. It was a satisfaction to him to be able to exercise the larger hospitality in which his soul delighted. "His charity," says his old biographer, "was more capacious than the ample halls of his palace." It was the bishop's aim to keep up a high level of conversation at table, and if anything worth recording was said, he used to write it down at night in his commonplace book. We can detect his biographer's thrill of pride as he notes having been once told by the bishop: "The words which you spoke yesterday, I have this night written down in my book with mine own hand." And always the pleasant meals were ended with Richard's peculiar words of benediction: "God give us help as He knoweth our wants."

Such was Richard's outward life;—of the fastings, the long vigils, the hidden shirt of iron, little was known except by those nearest to him.

When he had been bishop about four years (1247) there came a long period of grievous famine. Richard gave all the relief in his power, but he needed some layman to help him in the distribution of his charity, and to set him free for the more spiritual part of his work, and he bethought him of his soldier brother. Thus the relations of the brothers were reversed, and the elder now undertook what had once been the charge of the younger. "The seneschal," as he was called, showed himself prudent and faithful; the only cause of trouble was that he sometimes incurred the bishop's anger by trying to save him from his own generosity.

The last year of S. Richard's life was occupied in preaching a crusade. He began in his cathedral at Chichester, and journeyed on through the

* The Hussey orchard is sometimes attributed, with less probability, to Becket's planting. The fig orchard of Tarring is of considerable importance even nowadays.—Murray's "Sussex."

† Ibid.

‡ The Sussex priory of that name.

fishing villages of Sussex and Kent. He made it the occasion of a religious revival, and his earnest words made a deep impression on the sailors and fishermen who crowded to listen to him, and afterwards to pour their confessions into his ear. He was called up to London to preach for the same cause in Westminster Abbey, and to attend in his place in Parliament. His work in London done, he returned home, and in the spring he again set out on one of his preaching tours. At Dover he was seized with fever, from which he never rallied. During that last week he dwelt much on the approaching Passion-tide. Simon of Tarring, who was with him throughout, entered fully into his thoughts, and said to him: "As thou art partaker of the Lord's pains, so by His grace shalt thou be of His consolation." Richard's face brightened, and he made answer in a low tone: "I was glad when they said unto me, we will go into the house of the Lord." His weakness increased daily, but to him it was all gladness, and the broken sentences that Simon caught as he bent over him, spoke of the "great supper" to which he was going—a supper where "the meat should be sufficient for all needs;" and then, seeing that Simon did not understand him, he made an effort to explain: "Know you not what I mean? This is that of which St. Philip said to our Lord, 'Shew us the Father, and it is enough for us.'"

By his own wish he was buried in the cathedral at Chichester, which is so closely connected with him that, though it is properly dedicated to the Holy Trinity, it was "for centuries called S. Richard's cathedral." * His memory is still preserved by a lane leading to the cathedral, which keeps its old name of "S. Richard's Wynd."

There are two ancient parish churches sometimes ascribed to S. Richard, the one in the North, and the other in the South of England, but it is more than doubtful whether they can both be referred to the same patron. One of the two is the church of S. Ricarius at Aberford in Yorkshire. It is in some lists styled "S. Richard," but there is reason to suppose that the saint here intended is not the good Bishop of Chichester, but a certain French abbot of the name of "Ricarius," and this latter is now the formally adopted patron of the parish (CH. XXVIII.).

The remaining church of S. Richard is at Heathfield in Sussex, in S. Richard's own diocese. For a long time past it has been known only as "All Saints," and it is only of late that the true patronal saint has come to light; but the county histories tell of a curious local custom (now disused) which bore witness to the original dedication long after it had been displaced. Each year, on the 14th of April, an old woman used to bring into some public place in the village a covered basket from which she let fly a cuckoo.† The connexion between the first cuckoo of the season and S. Richard is not apparent, but at least April 14 is S. Richard's Day, O.S., corresponding to April 3, on which day S. Richard is commemorated in our Prayer-book Kalendar, and this custom was no doubt a relic of one of the sports that marked the village feast. Whatever doubt attaches to this

* Baring-Gould, April 3. † Lower.

Heathfield dedication, there is no possible question as to the intention of the modern church at Hartfield in Sussex, which unmistakably proclaims its patron under his proper style of "S. Richard de Wych."

We have now completed the list of English bishops who have given their names to our churches, and surely it may be said of these men that they are worthy to be held in remembrance, for each one among them, from S. Birinus of Dorchester to S. Richard of Chichester, did his part in christianizing England, and each one among them did some special service —some more, some less—to his country, either by upholding her liberties, or by enlarging the opportunities of education, or by raising the tone of morals, or by reforming some great social abuse, or by cultivating the popular taste, and showing how music, architecture, letters, might all be consecrated to the highest ends.

Bishop Ridley. See CH. XLVIII.

Bishop Ryder. See CH. XLVIII.

Bishop Lightfoot. See CH. XLVIII.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE FRENCH BISHOPS.

PAGE.	NAME.	DAY.	YEAR.	CHURCHES.
	S. Denys. See CH. XLV.			
435	S. Julian ... ... cf. S. Julian the Hospitaller, CH. XV.	January 27	Supposed third cent.	Doubtful
436	S. Lucian, M.	January 8 ...	cir. 290	1
436	*S. Enurchus, or Evortius*	*September 7* ...	*Fourth cent.* { *Anglican* / *Kalendar* }	*No ded.*
437	S. Cassyon	August 5 ...	Fourth cent.	1
438	S. Firmin	{ September 25 / or September 1 }	Fourth cent.	2
439	S. Martin of Tours ...	{ November 11 / trans. July 4 }	400	160 *See also dd.*
449	S. Britius, or Brice ...	November 13	444	1
453	S. German	July 31 ...	448	12 *See also dd.*
464	S. Remigius, or Rémi ...	October 1 ...	cir. 530	5
467	S. Vedast...	February 6 ...	540	2
468	S. Vigor	November 1 ...	537	2
469	S. Aubyn, or Albinus ...	March 1 ...	550	1 *See also dd.*
470	S. Lo, or Laud	September 21	568	1
470	S. Medardus, or Médard	June 8 ...	545	1
	S. Salvy. See CH. LI.			
472	S. Eloy, or Eligius ...	December 1 ...	659	1
475	S. Owen, Ewen, or Ouen	August 24 ...	683	3 *See also dd.*
477	S. Genewys, Gennys, or Genesius	June 3 ...	662	2
478	S. Leodegarius, or Leger, M.	October 2 ...	678	3 *See also dd.*
484	S. Lambert, M.	September 17	709	2
487	S. Hubert	November 3 ...	727	2

THE list of French bishops * embraces more than a score of names, and supplies us with the patrons of more than two hundred of our churches; but in point of time it covers less ground than the roll of English bishops considered in the preceding chapter (XXIII.), which, beginning in the

* In this chapter, for convenience' sake, the word "French" is used in a very wide sense in place of the more correct terms "Gallican" and "Frankish." With the exception of S. Lambert and S. Hubert, Bishops of Maestricht and Liège, the sees of these bishops were all of them within the limits of the modern map of France, and, broadly speaking, their names were introduced into England after the Conquest through Norman channels.

closing years of the sixth century, carries us on into the thirteenth. The French bishops, on the other hand, begin in the third century, but with the first half of the eighth the roll is finally closed.

The French episcopal dedications are naturally less interesting to us than our own English episcopal dedications, from the fact that, except in the one notable exception of S. German, all local associations with this country are wanting.

S. Denys. S. Denys of Paris, the patron saint of all France, stands first; but he has been so mixed up with other personages of the same name, and has become, in short, so mythical, that it seems best to consider him and his natural companion, S. George, in their several capacities of champions of France and England (CH. XLV.).

S. Julian. Jan. 27, supposed third cent. Less mythical, but hardly less obscure, is S. Julian, Bishop of Le Mans, who is commemorated on January 27. No date is assigned to him, but as he is traditionally said to have been the first missionary to make his way into the districts of Normandy, we may suppose him to have lived some time in the third century. The only life of him is late and of small authority, and contains little of interest. It says in general terms that his evangelistic labours were crowned with great success; and that he persuaded large numbers of his hearers to destroy their idols and to be baptized. Certain it is that he gained for himself the title of "Apostle of Le Mans," which has ever since clung to him.

We have as many as six churches in this name, but there is great difficulty in distinguishing between those intended for the French bishop and those intended for the Eastern S. Julian, who is known under the designation of "the Hospitaller" (CH. XV.). We have there given our reasons for believing that the churches at Southampton and at Wellow in Somerset, at any rate, belong to the Hospitaller rather than to the bishop; but the remaining four we should be inclined, in the absence of direct evidence on the one side or the other, to attribute to the episcopal patron. Experience shows that the French bishops belong to a very popular class of patron saints, so that when there is a doubt between two saints of the same name, the presumption is in favour of the bishop.

The Sussex church of S. Julian, in the parish of Kingston-by-Sea, was from the twelfth to the fourteenth century in the hands of the Norman family of De Buci or Bowsey, who impressed upon this inland village their name of De Bowsey, which has long since been corrupted into "by-Sea."* It is very possible that as they gave to the parish their own family name, so they gave to the church the name of their honoured Norman patron, S. Julian. We should be disposed, therefore, to assign to S. Julian of Le Mans the churches of Kingston-by-Sea in Sussex, Benniworth in Lincolnshire, and possibly also S. Julian in Norwich. S. Julian's, Shrewsbury, must not be reckoned in this connexion, as there is abundant evidence, extending through five centuries, to show that the real patron was a woman

* Lower.

saint, S. Juliana, not S. Julian (CHS. XXXIV. and LI.). Some further light might possibly be thrown on the matter if the dates of any of the feasts could be ascertained; but even this would not decide the point, for unhappily both Julians are commemorated in January, and if one parish observed the day according to the Old Style and another according to the New, the days would fall perplexingly near to one another.

S. Lucian, M. Jan. 8, cir. 290.

Nor is there much more to be said about S. Lucian of Beauvais than about S. Julian, except that he has the distinction of being one of the saints who still holds his place in our Prayer-book Kalendar; though, according to Mr. Baring-Gould, the compilers of that Kalendar only retained him there by mistake, having confused him with a somewhat better known namesake, S. Lucian of Antioch, who is commemorated on the previous day, January 7. There is some doubt as to whether our S. Lucian is a bishop or merely a priest; but at Beauvais in Northern France, where he suffered martyrdom, tradition has always maintained that he was a bishop.

Very little is known of him, but his name occurs in some of the Acts of the early French saints in connexion with that of S. Denys. It is asserted that he was a Roman of high birth, that he came into Gaul with S. Denys, and preached the Gospel in the north-eastern parts of France, and finally met a martyr's death at Beauvais, at which place he is held in special veneration. He is sometimes styled "the Apostle of Beauvais." His fame is chiefly local, and in England he has but one single dedication, namely, that at Farnley-Tyas in the West Riding of Yorkshire.

S. Enurchus, or Evortius. Sept. 7, fourth cent.

S. Enurchus, or, more properly, S. Evortius, requires a few words from the fact that he occupies a place in our Anglican Kalendar. He is usually identified with Eortius, Evurtius, or Evortius, Bishop of Orleans, and the Prayer-book mis-spelling of the name has been shown to have arisen from a printer's error of some three centuries ago. The compilers of the Kalendar were following a copy of the York Missal—now preserved in the Bodleian at Oxford—in which the name of the saint is written "Euurci." The first "u" was accidentally inverted, and this led in course of time to the mistake of spelling him as "Enurchus," * the form into which his name has now permanently settled.

Assuming that our Enurchus is to be identified with Evortius, Bishop of Orleans, we further find that the one fact that can be gleaned concerning him is that he was present at the Council of Valence in 374. The principal matter under discussion at this council was the question of clergy discipline, and it was there laid down that those who were about to be ordained ought not to accuse themselves falsely of crimes; for, it justly argued, that "they are in fact guilty, either of this crime which they confess, if it be true, or of falsehood if it be not true; for it is no more permissible to bear false witness against oneself than against one's neighbour." The practice, though so abhorrent to our moral sense, was common enough in those days, and it is to the credit of the unknown Enurchus that

* *Guardian*, October 16, 1889.

he did his part in breaking down the abuse of this humility, falsely so called.

Whatever may have been his claims to veneration, however, and in spite of his dignity as a Kalendar saint, he never attained popularity, and he has not a single English church dedication.

S. Cassyon. Aug. 5, fourth cent.

We have seen, in the account of S. Enurchus, one strange manifestation of the mis-called *humility* of the age in the readiness with which the clergy accused themselves of crimes which they had not committed. A less dangerous form of the same thing was to be seen in the show of reluctance which was expected of every newly chosen bishop, who must at any rate seem to be forced into the sacred office in spite of himself. Such a proper reluctance is recorded to have been duly exhibited by our next saint, Cassyon (more generally called "Cassian"), when he was chosen bishop of his first diocese. This was not Autun in France, the diocese with which he is most closely associated, but a North African diocese spoken of as Orta, a name wholly unknown to us.

There are considerable chronological and other difficulties in the history of this saint, but if we may trust a life of him that professes to be contemporary,* he was by birth an Alexandrian, noted alike for his wealth and for his philanthropy. He made his house a hospital for Christians, he liberated his slaves, and he built a church at the above-mentioned town of Orta. The tie that bound him to Africa was broken when the old bishop who had brought him up from childhood perished in the persecution of the Christians, and Cassyon vowed a missionary pilgrimage, and sailed for Europe.

In process of time he arrived at Autun. It would seem as though the fame of his good works had preceded him, for Simplicianus, the then Bishop of Autun, received him with the utmost cordiality, coming out to greet him with hymn and canticle. Cassyon seems to have had visions of going on to England, but Simplicianus could not bring himself to part with him; and for three years the two friends worked together in spreading Christianity among the still pagan inhabitants. When Simplicianus died and the see was left vacant for a twelvemonth, Cassyon took charge of the diocese, and at the end of that time he was unanimously chosen to hold in name the position that he had so long occupied in fact.

As Bishop of Autun he laboured on for twenty years, and in the closing decade of the fourth century he was laid to rest in the city of his adoption. His tomb became a favourite place of pilgrimage. It was distinguished by a stone in the form of a cross, which was supposed to have appeared upon it miraculously, and this caused the tomb to be almost bored through by relic-hunters, bent on carrying away at least some of the sacred dust. Among the visitors who flocked to the tomb was the famous S. German, the bishop of the neighbouring see of Auxerre, and

* See D. C. B.

in the martyrology that passes under the general name of Bede's, the full account is given of this visit and of the conversation that was reported to have passed between the dead man and the living. "How dost thou, glorious brother Cassyon?" asked German; and the saint made reply: "I enjoy sweet peace, and await the coming of my Redeemer."

His one and only dedication in England is at Chaddesley-Corbett in Worcestershire, where his name, indeed, has been retained, but where all knowledge of himself and his deeds seems to have been lost. It may revive some degree of interest in this long-forgotten saint to remember that he made himself beloved by his good works both in Egypt and in France, and that if he had been allowed to follow his own wishes, our country also would have felt the benefit of his missionary zeal.

S. Firmin. Sept. 25 or 1, fourth cent.

A difficulty arises as to the identity of this saint, owing to there being two S. Firmins, both of them Bishops of Amiens, and both of them commemorated in September, the chief point of distinction being that the first of the two died a martyr, whereas his namesake ruled his diocese well and wisely for forty years, and ended his days in peace.

The first S. Firmin, or, according to the Latinized form of his name, Firminus, was a native of Navarre, who made his way as a missionary throughout Gaul, and finally established himself at Amiens, of which city he is reckoned the first bishop, and where he is said to have met with a martyr's death. The dates of his history are utterly confused, and he is altogether a very shadowy personage.

Somewhat more distinct is the later Firmin, who occupied the see of Amiens for the greater part of the closing half of the fourth century. His having the same name as his martyred predecessor was not a mere coincidence. According to one account, he had been baptized by the elder Firminus; according to another more particular statement, it was the younger bishop's father, Faustinian, who had been so baptized, and who, in memory of his spiritual father, afterwards named his own son Firminus. In either case, the name came to be an honoured one in Amiens, and it is useless to inquire whether that honour was derived chiefly from the first Firminus, the traditional martyr, the so-called "Apostle of Amiens," or from the second Firminus, who had gone in and out among the people for forty years.

When some five centuries or more later the name of S. Firmin was bestowed upon a monastery at Crawley in Buckinghamshire, it is clear that the intention of the founder was to do honour to the memory of the patron saint of Amiens, but it is by no means equally clear that the founder had very distinct ideas as to the difference between the first and the third bishop of Amiens—the Firminus of Spanish birth or his Gallican namesake.

Mention is made of this monastery of S. Firmin at the time of the Conquest.* The monastery has long since passed away, but the name of

* Lewis.

its patron is preserved to this day by the dedication of the parish church of North Crawley to this same S. Firmin of Amiens. Another church, at Thurlby in Lincolnshire, is likewise dedicated to S. Firmin (in both cases the Latin termination has disappeared), but whether to Firminus I. or Firminus II. we will not undertake to pronounce.

S. Martin of Tours.* Nov. 11, 400; trans. July 4.

From a series of early French bishops, whose very identity is in some cases doubtful, whose histories are known to us only by the piecing together of slight and scattered notices after the fashion of a skilfully laid mosaic, it is refreshing to come upon the unmistakable figure of S. Martin of Tours, so clearly drawn for us in the pages of his friend and biographer, Sulpicius Severus.

The scriptural saints apart, there are very few saints who have obtained in our own country anything like the popularity of S. Martin. There are, in fact, but four who outnumber him in the matter of dedications,† and all these four owe their fame for the most part to the tissue of legends with which they are surrounded. No one of them stands as S. Martin does on sure historical ground, and therefore they cannot fairly be brought into comparison with him.

In truth, it is difficult to account for the large place occupied by S. Martin in the imagination of Christendom. He is ranked among the Fathers of the Church, but it is not as a theologian that he is honoured. We hear nothing of any writings of his, and certainly none are extant. Nor was he, like so many distinguished Churchmen, a great statesman. His personal charm made him a favourite at court as elsewhere; but on the one occasion when, as we shall afterwards see, he brought all the powers of his will to influence the civil and spiritual authorities, and to move them to adopt a more Christian policy of toleration, he not only failed in his attempt, but was forced to retract the resolution he had deliberately made.

As a missionary his success was indeed striking, but many a missionary as great or greater than Martin has failed to win recognition from the Mediæval Church. Nor was the soldier side of him likely to win him praise in the eyes of his contemporaries; but as an example of sternest monastic asceticism he fulfilled the ideal of his age. Although the head of an important community, he led as rigorous a life as any anchorite, and we have only to look to the lives of such saints as S. Cuthbert, S. Leonard, S. Botolph, to see how immense was the veneration accorded to this class of saints. The supernatural element, moreover, so earnestly sought after at that period of the Church's history, is not wanting in the life of S. Martin; certain miracles are narrated as having been wrought by him. Add to this that, from all the accounts of his dealings with others, it is plainly to be inferred that he was endowed with the rare

* This account of S. Martin owes much to Dr. Cazenove's sketch of him published by the S.P.C.K. The obligations to Fleury's "Histoire Ecclésiastique," both here and in the histories of most of the succeeding French bishops, are too numerous to be acknowledged separately.

† SS. Nicholas, Laurence, George, and Margaret.

gift of personal fascination, and we shall perhaps have sufficient reasons for our saint's extreme popularity.

Our knowledge of his life is singularly full and trustworthy, as it is drawn from a contemporary memoir of him written by Sulpicius Severus, a personal friend and ardent admirer of the saint's. The dates are throughout confused, the author having, no doubt, written down the various incidents as they were related to him by his master, without very careful regard to chronology.

The time of Martin's birth was somewhere about the year 316; the place, a small town on the borders of Hungary, not very far from Pesth. His boyhood was chiefly spent in Pavia, the city where his father's legion was stationed, and there he received his education, such as it was. His parents were heathen, but it was impossible to guard their son from the various Christian influences which in that transition age must have surrounded him on all sides. When, however, the ten-year-old boy ran away to one of the neighbouring monasteries, and desired to be admitted among the catechumens as the first step to becoming a monk, his father interposed his authority; and as soon as Martin was old enough, he decided on his career by bringing to bear upon him an Imperial rescript, which required that the sons of veterans should likewise serve in the army.

We have only one more glimpse of his parents. Several years later, when Martin was living in the west of France, near his friend, Hilary of Poitiers, he was seized with a deep yearning to revisit his family, to win them, if so it might be, to his own faith. The journey was a long and difficult one, for they had gone back now to Martin's native land. In crossing the Alps our saint lost his way, and was exposed to considerable danger from a robber band; then he suffered much rough treatment from the hands of the Arian party—for Martin's outspoken confession of his faith was sure not to be delayed, whether in presence of robber chieftain or heretic. Finally, after many adventures, he reached his father's house, and had the reward of persuading his mother and many others in those parts to accept Christianity, though his father remained untouched. It is the first occasion on which Martin stands out plainly in his missionary aspect. But we are anticipating, and must return to the period of his entrance into the army.

The youth carried into his new profession the habits of simplicity and self-discipline to which he must perforce have submitted in the monastic life. It was noticed that he kept only one personal servant, and treated him more as a brother than a servant; that he not merely lived on his pay, but contrived to have something to spare out of it for his many charities. And when his slender stock of money was exhausted, he did not hesitate to strip himself of his personal comforts. It was while he was quartered at Amiens, during a winter of excessive severity, that he was one day accosted at the city gates by a naked beggar. Stirred by a swift impulse of pity, the young soldier drew his sword, and cutting in two his long military cloak, gave the half to the beggar. The kindly act

of a moment has somehow gained a lasting fame, and people who know nothing else of S. Martin yet remember this one slight act of charity. And on Martin himself it made a deep impression, partly, no doubt, from the mockery he had to face when he showed himself with his cloak in this mutilated condition. In his dreams that night the whole scene was re-enacted, but instead of the beggar it was his Lord whom he beheld clad in the half-cloak, and he could hear Him saying to His attendant angels: "Martin, still a catechumen, has clothed me with this garment." The dream set its seal upon Martin's long-deferred purpose of declaring himself a Christian, and shortly after this he was baptized. Hitherto, in spite of his strictness of life and his "singularities," Martin had been a great favourite with his comrades; but now a time of sharp trial was before him. For two or three years past he had been slowly coming to the conclusion that military service was an unlawful profession for Christian men, and had made up his mind to withdraw from the army at the first opportunity, and he took advantage of an offer of increased pay to entreat permission to leave the service. The moment was an unfortunate one; it was on the eve of a fresh campaign against the Germans, and as was to be expected, his request was attributed to sheer cowardice. The young officer pleaded earnestly to be allowed to prove the contrary by standing unarmed in the forefront of the ranks, and he was put under arrest, possibly with some intention of testing him as he had proposed; but the next day the enemy unexpectedly sent to demand terms of peace, and Martin obtained his dismissal.

After this there followed a somewhat unsettled interval. Martin had not yet found his true vocation. He was little more than twenty years old when circumstances led him to visit S. Hilary, the celebrated Bishop of Poitiers, and this was the beginning of a friendship which coloured Martin's whole life. However great the outward differences between the scholarly bishop and the half-educated young layman, there was from the first a strong bond of mutual attraction between them. Hilary foresaw how much good service to the Church that enthusiastic young spirit was capable of rendering, and desired to ordain him deacon, but Martin in his humility would accept no higher office than that of exorcist, one of the then recognized Minor Orders.

For many years the strongest wish of Martin's heart was to live near S. Hilary, but when he was returning from that journey home of which mention has already been made, he learnt that his friend had been sent into distant banishment on account of his unpopularity with the Arian party. France had no longer any attractions for Martin, and he resolved to settle in Milan; but there, too, the Arians were in the ascendant, and persecution was quickly stirred up against the new-comer as a friend of the obnoxious Hilary.

It was then that Martin made his first trial of the ascetic life. He and one chosen companion retired to a small island not far from Genoa. Here the two lived in most rigid austerity, supporting existence on such

herbs and roots as they could discover. The experiment nearly proved fatal to Martin, for he accidentally partook largely of the root of the hellebore, and narrowly escaped poisoning. His sojourn on the island was cut short, however, by the joyful news that Hilary had obtained permission to return to his diocese, whither Martin speedily followed him. He settled himself at some few miles' distance from Poitiers, and there began to lead the same hermit life as on his island. At first he had but a single companion, but in the course of the eleven years that he spent in this place he collected round him a great number of disciples, who lived under his direction, following the simple rule that he taught. This community of S. Martin's is said to have been the first monastery established in France.

It may have been in these early years, when he was living so much in solitude, that he experienced the worst agony of those spiritual conflicts which left their impress on his whole being, and begot in him those habits of close intercourse with his unseen Lord that marked him out in his "common daily life as with a light of transfiguration." The most striking of these mysterious temptations is thus told by a living writer, from Martin's own account of it to Sulpicius: "The terrible disorders of the times led faithful men to think then that the day of judgment must be at hand. Filled, as we may suppose, with such thoughts of the speedy coming of Christ's kingdom, the saint was one day, as he said, praying in his cell, when suddenly it was filled with a glorious light, in the centre of which stood a figure of serene and joyous aspect clothed in royal array, with a jewelled crown upon his head, and gold embroidered shoes upon his feet. Martin at first was half blinded by the sight; and for a time no word was spoken. Then his visitant said: 'Recognise, Martin, him whom thou beholdest. I am Christ. As I am about to descend to the earth, it is my pleasure to manifest myself to thee beforehand.' When Martin made no reply, he continued, 'Why dost thou hesitate to believe, when thou seest? I am Christ.' Thereupon Martin, as by a sudden inspiration, answered, 'The Lord Jesus did not foretell that He would come arrayed in purple and crowned with gold. I will not believe that Christ has come unless I see Him in the dress and shape in which He suffered, unless I see Him bear before my eyes the marks of the Cross.' Forthwith, so the story ends, the apparition vanished, and Martin knew that he had been tempted by the Evil One." *

Martin's own unfaltering belief in the irresistible power of prayer communicated itself to those about him, and the sick were brought to him as to the Apostles of old. His earnest words of intercession, his soothing touch, set free the sufferer from a burning fever; his kiss of charity restored the outcast leper—not only to the blessed sense of Christian brotherhood, but to renewed health;—long hours he knelt in fervent supplication beside the dying and the newly dead, praying that life might even yet be given back to them, and over and over again his prayers were granted.

* Westcott's "Revelation of the Risen Lord."

The miracles said to have been wrought by S. Martin are so important a feature of his life that it is impossible to ignore them. In a history—otherwise so plain and matter-of-fact—they confront us, just as they do in the pages of our English Bede. Some there are that are perfectly capable of natural explanations, but many more there are which cause us to ponder our Lord's words concerning the faith that shall remove mountains.

No life could be more thoroughly congenial to Martin than that which he was now leading, and it was a true sacrifice to him when he was chosen Bishop of Tours (A.D. 371), and by one of those pious frauds so innocent in the eyes of that generation, was trapped into accepting the new responsibility against his will. His responsibilities were increased, but his manner of life remained much the same as before. The tie that bound him to Poitiers was now broken by the death of his friend Hilary, and there was nothing to hinder his establishing himself at Tours, in the very centre of his work. But the constant interruptions of a town life were distracting to one accustomed to unbroken quiet, and he removed himself and his eighty monks to a desert spot, on high and rocky ground above the Loire, some two miles distant from the town.

When we speak of S. Martin's monastery we must clear our minds of all pictures of mediæval monasteries, with their well-ordered pile of buildings, their settled rule of life. This one seems to have been much more after the pattern of one of the Egyptian "Lauras," each monk living in his several cell, adopting such austerities as seemed good in his own eyes, and rarely mingling with his companions, except in the oratory, or at the hour of the scanty evening meal. The bishop and a few others dwelt in wooden huts, but most of the monks contented themselves with cells hollowed out of the surrounding rocks. Prayer was the very life of the community. A few of the younger monks were employed in making copies of the sacred writings, but there was no attempt to cultivate the arts; there was far too much to be done in the way of direct evangelistic work. Though Christianity was in possession of some of the most important towns in Western France, the country districts were practically uninfluenced by it, and it was to these that Martin now turned all his efforts. The wonderful success that attended his labours was, no doubt, in part owing to the fact that he was working with the flowing tide. Christianity was beginning to assert itself as the dominant religion of Europe; and in such matters as overthrowing idol temples and breaking down long-cherished superstitions, he might rely upon the approval of the Roman authorities. Far more, however, was owing to his own splendid enthusiasm, his dauntless courage.

Again and again he was saved from death by his utter carelessness of life. Once, when he had given orders for the destruction of a temple, an angry multitude surrounded him, one of whom attacked him, sword in hand. Martin calmly threw off his cloak and bared his throat to receive the naked sword. The countryman, amazed at his bearing, stayed his

hand, and besought the bishop's forgiveness. Another time he stirred up still greater wrath by declaring his purpose of felling a sacred pine-tree that stood beside an already demolished temple. After long arguments, the heathen priest proposed terms. He and his party would themselves cut down the tree if Martin's confidence in his boasted God would induce him to be beneath it when it fell. Martin instantly accepted the challenge, in the same spirit of noble hardihood that had prompted him in his soldier days to offer to stand unarmed against the spears of the enemy. He laid himself down on the spot chosen by the villagers and allowed himself to be bound. His disciples stood watching in terror as the great tree swayed from side to side, threatening momentarily to crush their beloved leader. They beheld him lift his hand and make the sign of the cross, and at the same time they saw the tree change its course as though moved by a sudden gust of wind, and fall in the direction of the assembled natives, who saved themselves by a hasty rush. The incident made more impression than all S. Martin's arguments, and nearly the entire multitude now sought to be received as catechumens. To us S. Martin's methods may seem not a little questionable, but we have no reason to think that they were out of harmony with the conditions of the age, and it is only fair to add that in many instances he so far convinced his hearers that they took upon themselves the work of demolition, and gladly saw the places of their former heathen temples occupied by Christian churches.

During the thirty years of his episcopate these missionary labours were Martin's greatest joy; but they were sometimes temporarily interrupted by visits to the Imperial court, at that time established at Treves. These visits brought him into relations with two emperors, Valentinian and Maximus. His intercourse with Valentinian is chiefly interesting as showing the ascendency of Martin's strong character over those who were most disposed to withstand him. Valentinian, knowing that he had come to demand some boon of him—Martin was always ready to ask favours for others, though never for himself—and being prejudiced against him by his Arian empress, for long refused him an audience. Martin remained without the palace, giving himself up to prayer and fasting; at the end of seven days he made his way through the careless guards, and suddenly presented himself before the emperor. The apparition of that soldierly figure in its Baptist-like garb of camel's hair, the face haggard with long fasting, must have been startling to Valentinian. There stood Martin, fearlessly pleading his cause with such eloquence that the emperor not only granted all his requests, but vainly sought to load him with gifts.

Of far wider and more lasting importance was S. Martin's intercourse, at a later period of his life (384–387), with the Emperor Maximus. The former emperor had shunned him; Maximus, on the other hand, courted his friendship in every possible way, Martin for a time held aloof, not being fully satisfied as to the legality of Maximus's claim to the throne, and until his mind was set at rest on this point he refused all invitations to the palace. It was a deep satisfaction to the emperor, and a yet deeper

one to his wife, when the barriers were at length broken down, and the aged bishop consented to come and partake of a meal which the empress had prepared for him with her own hands, and at which she herself served her revered guest and her Imperial husband. On another occasion, at a great public banquet, the emperor on his part demonstrated the honour in which he held the bishop by ordering that the wine-cup should be handed to him first of all. Martin drank of the cup, and then passed it on, not to the expectant emperor, but to his own attendant chaplain, as being the next in degree. To us the act savours of rudeness, but by Martin's contemporaries it was regarded as a noble upholding of the rights of the Church, and it is a scene often reproduced by mediæval painters.*

Martin had come to Treves merely for the purpose of doing one of his many acts of kindness for some private friends, but he soon found himself involved in matters of larger import. The Church was at this time disturbed by the heresy of a certain Spaniard named Priscillian. A Council of Bishops had been convened to consider the matter at Bordeaux, but Priscillian had appealed to the emperor, and at this time both he and his most relentless opponent, another Spanish bishop named Ithacius, were together in Treves; and Ithacius, supported by a strong following, was urgently demanding that in the interests of Orthodoxy the heretic might be put to death. Into the nature of this complex and subtle heresy it is not necessary to enter here: we have only to consider S. Martin's attitude towards it. His worst enemies did not accuse him of being in sympathy with it, and yet he constituted himself Priscillian's defender. In the first place, as might have been expected, he denied the right of the civil power to pronounce any judgment on a point of doctrine; secondly, he maintained that spiritual error should be met only by spiritual penalties—such as excommunication,—and that to visit it with death was both wrong in itself and impolitic. The emperor appeared to be convinced, and pledged his word that Priscillian and his companions should not be put to death, and thereupon S. Martin left Treves and returned to his diocese. But no sooner was his restraining presence withdrawn than Maximus allowed himself to be swayed by the clamours of the more violent party, who further worked upon him by bringing all manner of slanderous charges against Priscillian's private life and character, which were in truth blameless. In the end, Priscillian, with seven of his disciples, was condemned to execution, while others of his adherents were sent into banishment. Priscillian and his followers were the first who ever suffered death by the will of the Church as "heretics." It is a painful story, and the only comforting thought in connexion with it all is that the unchristian sentence was carried out against the strong protest of the two noblest Churchmen of their day, Ambrose of Milan and Martin of Tours.†

When the tidings of the emperor's breach of faith reached Martin, he vowed in the heaviness of his heart that he would never again hold communion with any of the bishops who had consented to this deed; yet

* Mrs. Jameson. † Gibbon's "Rise and Fall."

the time came when he was forced to break his vow. He had come once more to Treves, this time to intercede for the lives of certain officers who had adhered to the late emperor, Gratian, in the rising that had placed Maximus on the throne. Maximus was not unwilling to gratify Martin, but he was far more bent on winning from the saint some condonation of his own treacherous action, knowing well that so long as he stood condemned by the most highly venerated bishop in Christendom his popularity would suffer. At this moment the see of Treves was vacant, and a great number of bishops, almost all of them supporters of the so-called Ithacian, or extreme party, were assembled in the city for the purpose of consecrating a new bishop. The emperor took advantage of the circumstance to propose to Martin this condition: the prisoners should be pardoned, provided that he himself assisted in the coming consecration, and openly communicated with the persecutors of Priscillian. It was a cruel dilemma. Martin gradually learnt that upon his submission depended not only the lives of the officers, but also the fate of many an innocent follower of Priscillian. Messengers were about to be despatched into Spain ordering a general persecution against this unhappy sect, but it was promised that they too should be held back as the price of the Bishop of Tours's submission. The struggle was a bitter one, but Martin rightly felt that even "for his oath's sake" he dared not bring misery and destruction upon so many innocent lives. S. Ambrose had been put to a like test and had stood firm; but then he had only come to crave the remains of his late Imperial master, Gratian, that he might give them honourable burial. Obviously the two claims cannot be brought into comparison.

Night had already fallen, and Martin was still deliberating, when word reached him that sentence was about to be executed upon the officers; he went hastily to the emperor and promised compliance. The prisoners were remitted, the messengers countermanded, and on the morrow Martin took his place among the other consecrating bishops, and duly communicated with them. After the ceremony, he left Treves as soon as possible, and having reached the solitude of a great forest not far from the city, he sat down and gave way to the grief that overwhelmed him. Again and again he considered the whole position, and recalled with pain the misinterpretation which would certainly be put upon his act; but his better angel strengthened him with the thought that, placed as he was, he could not have acted otherwise. So, too, it seems to us; but Martin's tender conscience was never fully satisfied on the subject. For the remaining years of his long life he abstained from all councils and gatherings of his fellow-bishops, and lived in great retirement, devoting himself to his missionary labours and the guidance of his numerous monasteries. He more than once said with tears to his friend Sulpicius that from this time forth he marked in himself a distinct diminution of spiritual power, so that he could no longer exorcise evil spirits as he had been wont to do.

It was some little while after all this affair at Treves that Sulpicius first made his acquaintance, and began to collect materials for his biography.

The book appeared while Martin was still alive, in the closing years of the fourth century, and met with the most extraordinary success. The whole reading world at Rome, in Egypt, at Carthage, was full of it. At Rome people well-nigh fought for the possession of copies, and the booksellers could not produce them fast enough. The demand for further particulars about the saint led the proud biographer to bring out later a sort of appendix, and it is to be observed that it is in this later work, "The Dialogues," that the larger proportion of the miracles, and the least credible of them, are to be found. The fame of the book attracted many visitors to Tours. Visitors had always been one of the trials of S. Martin's existence, but if he treated all of them as courteously as he did the young British nobleman, Ninian (CH. XXXIII.), we cannot wonder at their number.

S. Martin was growing an old man now, and it behoved him to take thought as to his successor. His choice of the flighty and ungovernable young monk, Brice, of whom we shall have to speak presently, must have been a shock to many of his friends; but the forbearance and gentleness of the old man towards the younger, his confidence that in the end he would repay his faith in him, are some of the most beautiful touches in S. Martin's character.

There is some difference of opinion as to the exact year of the saint's death, but it most probably took place on November 11, A.D. 400. Even if we accept a somewhat earlier date, he must still have been past eighty years of age. He was seized with illness while he was travelling in a distant part of his large diocese, seeking to compose some quarrel that had arisen. He bade his monks place him on his accustomed couch of sackcloth strewn with cinders, thus maintaining to the end his lifelong habits of asceticism. In that last dread hour his old struggles with the Evil One returned anew, but the terror passed even as it came, and with his dying breath he cried: "Thou shalt find nothing in me. I am going into Abraham's bosom."

His burial was made the occasion of a public mourning. When his body was brought back to Tours multitudes flocked into the city to meet it, and among them were some two thousand monks from the various monasteries that Martin had planted, so rapid had been the growth of Christianity in the forty years of Martin's sojourn in the district. As the long procession advanced into the city chanting their solemn hymns, the sense of their loss overpowered them, and the singing broke down and gave place to an outburst of weeping for the beloved father in God who was thus taken from their head.

Martin's fame, which was already so firmly established in his lifetime, spread and increased with the utmost rapidity after his death. It has often been pointed out that the two earliest recorded church dedications in Britain, those at Whitherne in Scotland and at our own Canterbury, are both of them in honour of S. Martin. We shall see elsewhere that the church at Whitherne was dedicated by S. Ninian (CH. XXXIII.) almost

immediately after the saint's death. Bede testifies that the church of S. Martin's at Canterbury, which Augustine found there at his coming in 590, was built during the Roman occupation of Britain,—prior, therefore, to the year 449, and so within the lifetime of many of S. Martin's contemporaries.

No one who knows anything of the history of the English Church can stand without a thrill of feeling in the beautiful churchyard of S. Martin's at Canterbury, or look without thankful reverence at the little church which crowns the hill, the church that proudly claims to be the oldest in our land. And such indeed it is. The recently discovered churches at the Roman encampment of Silchester, or the sand-covered ruins now laid open to our view at Perran Zabuloe in Cornwall, are deeply interesting; but however great their antiquity, they are neither of them living churches like S. Martin's at Canterbury. There are some who hold that the very stones in the walls of S. Martin's formed part of the original structure; but however this may be, we may rest satisfied with the certainty that on this very spot a Christian church has stood for more than fourteen hundred years, and that throughout that time an unbroken stream of Christian worship has risen up from that hallowed spot. It is no discordant thought that with the history of this, our most ancient Christian church, the name of S. Martin, bishop, confessor, missionary, must ever be associated.

No doubt, as is proved by S. Ninian's church at Whitherne, and by many a Cornish dedication in his honour, S. Martin was as completely accepted in the British as in the Roman Church; but at the same time it is dangerous to assume, as is sometimes done, that all very early churches in this name are of British origin. As has been well said by the late Mr. Kerslake:* "The special British influence that has been attributed to *S. Martin of Tours* has been thoroughly overlaid or diluted in his more Catholic prevalence among the nations of later intrusion."

Churches in honour of S. Martin are to be found in seven-eighths of our English counties.† Yorkshire, as is natural, leads the way with nineteen such dedications; Lincolnshire follows closely with fifteen; and then we have Kent, Somerset, and Norfolk with twelve, eleven, and ten respectively. The City of London alone gives us five, and altogether the total mounts up at the lowest computation to a hundred and sixty.‡

Alternative dedications do occasionally occur, as at Headbourne-Worthy in Hampshire, which is given as S. Martin or S. Swithun, but a dedication to S. Martin once bestowed very rarely proves to have been altered or called in question. The parish of West Coker in Somerset is careful to give to its patron saint his full designation of "S. Martin of Tours,"

* *Arch. Journal*, vol. 30.

† They are missing in five counties only, viz. Northumberland, Durham, Bedfordshire, Berkshire, and Hertfordshire.

‡ Taking into account churches that have S. Martin in conjunction with some other patron, and old churches no longer existing, etc., we can trace more than a hundred and eighty dedications to S. Martin, one hundred and seventy-three of which are of pre-Reformation date.

but the distinction is hardly necessary, as England knows but one S. Martin.

The late Precentor Venables rightly observes * that "as a rule a church dedicated to S. Martin is almost, if not quite, the oldest in the place;" but probably scarcely a century has gone by in England without some church being dedicated to this favourite saint. Even in the eighteenth century, the period so peculiarly barren and uninteresting in the matter of dedications, he is not wholly neglected. The old chapel of Fenny-Stratford in the parish of Bletchley in Buckinghamshire, having lain in ruins for more than a hundred years, was rebuilt by an antiquary of some note in his day, Mr. Browne Willis, and dedicated to S. Martin. "The first stone was laid by him on S. Martin's Day in 1724, because his grandfather died on S. Martin's Day, in S. Martin's Lane. He bequeathed a benefaction for a sermon to be preached on S. Martin's Day." †

Dedications to S. Martin are continually on the increase, and we find modern churches of this name in many of our great towns, such as London, Liverpool, and Manchester, as well as in a few quiet country villages.

S. Martin's special festival is November 11, a day which appears to be doubly connected with him, for it stands in the Roman Kalendar as the day of his ordination,‡ and is likewise said to be the anniversary of his burial.§ The actual day of his death is believed to be November 9.‖ His festival falls at a time of year so often marked by a brief return of warmth and sunshine as to have earned for itself the name of S. Martin's Summer, though, oddly enough, the saint himself is usually described in ancient records, both Latin and English, as "S. Martin-in-the-winter." ¶

S. Martin may be said to rank with S. Michael and S. Swithun as among the few saints whose festivals are kept in memory by the general public, for "Martinmas" is a well-known date (in the North of England more especially), while in Scotland it is acknowledged as one of the legal term days.**

In addition to this winter festival he is likewise commemorated on July 4, the date of the translation of his remains to the newly built and splendid abbey church erected in his honour at Tours, some eighty years after his death. Both days have been allowed to keep their place in our Anglican Kalendar, and thus S. Martin is doubly commemorated—an unusual honour, for the most part reserved for the Biblical saints—but two days in the year are not too many on which to think of S. Martin of Tours.

S. Britius,†† or Brice. Nov. 13, 444.

Among our whole range of saints there is none who, in his own way, presents a more curious study, than Britius, or Brice, Bishop of Tours, whose unpleasing portrait has been painted for us with such lifelike fidelity both by the biographer of

* *Arch. Journal*, vol. 38.
† Lewis.
‡ Harris Nicolas.
§ Baring-Gould.
‖ Ibid.
¶ Harris Nicolas.
** D. C. B.
†† This sketch is based mainly upon Baillet's account of S. Brice.

S. Martin (Sulpicius Severus) and by Gregory of Tours. If the youthful Brice—to give him the name under which he was most familiar both in England and in his native France—showed himself, as undoubtedly he did, wilful, overbearing, ungrateful, he met with his full meed of punishment. Never in his later days of earnest penitence could he live down the memory of those old bad years; even to the end his reputation suffered, and Brice bore with meekness calumnies and misrepresentations, accepting them as the due reward of his past misdeeds. And neither death itself, nor yet fourteen centuries of canonization, have availed wholly to clear his character; it is a part of his punishment that while in the height of his aggressive, masterful youth he seems to live and move before us, in the days of his penitence he is but a shadowy figure. We may take it on trust from his biographer that he showed himself a virtuous and zealous bishop, and that all the evil that continued to be spoken of him was but slander; but the real Brice is to us the unregenerate and conceited young deacon of his earlier years.

A promising lad, of good family but small means, he attracted the notice of S. Martin, who caused him to be educated under his own eye in one of the best monastery schools. He had an aptitude for learning, and made such rapid progress that he was quickly advanced through the various Minor Orders. The authorities, from the bishop downwards, were proud of their scholar, and he became, in short, the spoiled child of the monastery. It is not, perhaps, surprising that the youth's head was turned; he thought himself as good as his masters, and openly said as much. Without a spark of natural reverence, or even of natural gratitude, he discharged the worst of his insolence upon the aged bishop who had been his chief friend, and could even dare to taunt him with his inferiority, because Martin had been brought up in the rude life of a soldier, while he himself had been accustomed from childhood to the monastic round of pious exercises;—nay, more, his master's inner conflicts, the struggles with the powers of evil that cost him so much, even these did not escape the shafts of Brice's ill-judged ridicule. It fell out on one occasion that the deacon, as he then was, met a sick man, who begged to be directed to S. Martin. "If it is that old dreamer and fool you want," replied Brice, scornfully, "you can see him down there, staring up at the sky in his usual fashion like an idiot." Nothing daunted, the sick man made his way to the bishop and obtained his request. When next Brice and his master met, S. Martin gently taxed him with his insolent words: "So I seem to you an idiot?" The young man, utterly confused, denied having said anything of the sort; but his old friend, quietly putting aside his excuses, went on to speak with deep earnestness of his perpetual prayers for him, that he might be brought to a better mind, "and God has shown me," he added, "that you may be my successor as bishop, and I forewarn you that you will have much to suffer." Brice listened impatiently, and merely laughed off the whole matter, and then returned to his usual ways—ways that were beginning to make a great deal of talk.

However much Brice might plume himself on having enjoyed the advantages of a monastic life, the pious exercises of which he boasted were no longer to his taste, their monotony palled upon him, and he longed for the pleasures and excitements of a layman's life. He was a rich man nowadays, and able to allow himself many a luxury. His great passion was for horses, and this he indulged to the full, while his house, with its magnificent retinue of slaves, was the talk of the town. His duties were neglected, and, in short, his best friends could not deny that the young ecclesiastic was thoroughly worldly, though they did hold him clear of the charge of positive sin. Remonstrances only increased his wilfulness, and, as might be expected, the clever, ill-conditioned youth had soon made for himself a host of lifelong enemies.

But one man there was who never for a moment lost faith in Brice, and that was S. Martin. So unwavering was his confidence that the young man was predestined to better things, that, in spite of popular disapprobation—in spite, it must be added, of the candidate's manifest unfitness for the office—he insisted on admitting him to Priest's Orders. When others blamed him he made excuses for him, and when things were at the very worst he would argue that as the Saviour allowed Judas to continue in the Apostolic fellowship, so surely he might bear with the ungrateful Britius. A little more severity on the part of the elder man would probably have had a very beneficial effect; but S. Martin was further hindered from such action by a lurking weakness that he might be suspected of being actuated by personal motives, for to no one had Brice behaved so ill as to himself.

And perhaps, after all, S. Martin was right, and the sight of that long, inexhaustible patience may have influenced Brice more deeply in the long run than any reproaches; but only on one single occasion during the bishop's lifetime did he show any sign of being softened. Martin had been expostulating with him on his unedifying mode of life, and Brice had given way to one of his most violent outbursts of temper. He foamed at the mouth, his abuse was unlimited, and it seemed for a moment as though he were going to use personal violence. It was a possession of the Evil One, thought S. Martin, and he bore with him with more than his wonted gentleness. After they had parted Brice came to a saner mind, and, overcome with shame, he returned to the saint, and, throwing himself at his feet, asked for the pardon which Martin joyously bestowed. The penitence, however, was but transient; he fell back into the old bad ways, and soon Martin's death took from him all power of atoning to him for his years of misconduct.

The next step in our hero's career probably seems more inexplicable to us than it did to his contemporaries. The clever, flippant, worldly Brice was chosen to be the successor of S. Martin—on the strength, doubtless, of the saint's predictions relating to him. And in the event Brice did not dishonour those predictions. His nature seems to have been one of those that rise to responsibility, and from the time of his consecration he showed himself a new man—serious, humble, diligent in the discharge of his duties.

It was as though he had altogether laid aside his old unprofitable past, and remembered it only that he might repent of it with an unending repentance.

But there was yet another portion of S. Martin's predictions which had spoken of persecutions and afflictions; and this likewise was to find its fulfilment. In the days of his early insolence Brice had made for himself, as we might expect, many enemies, and before he had long held his office of bishop they began to stir up mischief against him. There were always the old true stories of his scandalous behaviour to S. Martin, and to these were added other and more scandalous stories, not true indeed, yet sufficiently in accord with the others to obtain a ready acceptance among those who had no strong interest in sifting the true from the false. These slanders, in their most aggravated form, reached the ears of a certain prominent Churchman of known zeal and orthodoxy, one Lazarus by name, afterwards Bishop of Aix, who, too hastily assuming the truth of the very worst reports, set himself to bring about Brice's expulsion from his see. He was brought before council after council, but in the end the Council of Turin asserted his perfect innocence, and found his accuser guilty of calumny.

For more than thirty years Brice diligently performed the duties of his calling, and the list of parishes in the neighbourhood of Tours said to owe their foundation to him may be taken as a proof that he was not idle. Then the storm of slander burst forth once more, and grievous accusations were brought against him; the popular fury was stirred to such a height that the mob was ready to stone him. Brice steadily denied the charges of immorality laid against him; but when his protestations proved unavailing, and the mob were ready to drive him from the town, and an usurping bishop had been thrust into his place, he determined for peace' sake to go and lay his cause before the Pope. The Pope received him favourably, and was ready to hear his defence, but his accusers never put in an appearance. During the seven years that Britius remained in exile, he was treated with the respect due to an injured and innocent man, and was in the habit of freely celebrating Mass.

But why, when his innocence was recognized by the highest authority in Christendom, did he not return to his diocese? The question is a perplexing one; but the explanation seems to be that Brice felt himself withheld from asserting his rights by an almost morbid sense of his past unworthiness, which caused him to regard all his present sufferings as a due punishment which he was in no wise entitled to lessen; and his days were spent in penitential prayers to God for the pardon of those long-repented sins against S. Martin, which Martin had long ago pardoned, but for which he could never pardon himself. What influences they were that at last induced him to return to his proper post we know not, but return he did, and when within a few miles of Tours news was brought him of the death of the intruding bishop—a bishop whom the ecclesiastical histories of the church of Tours have refused to recognize in the succession, though Brice in his humility always gave him the title of

Bishop of Tours. The fickle city accepted without sign of opposition the lawful pastor whom seven years before she had driven out, and the closing years of the long-troubled episcopate, which had extended over nearly half a century, were peaceful enough.

Among his other labours Britius built a church in honour of S. Martin on the spot where the saint lay buried, and it was in that very church that, when his long life of penitence was ended, he was himself laid to rest by the side of his master—meet foreshadowing of that close reunion with him hereafter on which for so many a long year all his fondest hopes had been set.

Tours claimed him for one of her saints almost immediately after his death, and his next successor but one in the see raised his feast-day (November 13) to the rank of one of the highest festivals of the Church.

In England, some five hundred years or more after the saint's death, "S. Brice's Day" became a famous historical landmark in something the same sense as the S. Bartholomew's Day of the sixteenth century, for in the year 1002 Ethelred the Unready, in his overmastering dread of the Danes, ordained a general massacre of "all the Danish men who were in England, and this was done on S. Brice's mass day." *

Our one and only English dedication to S. Britius of Tours is at Norton in Oxfordshire; but of this one at least he is never likely to be robbed, for the Oxfordshire Norton is distinguished from the innumerable other Nortons by the name of its patron saint, and is known to the world as "Brize Norton"—a very obvious corruption of S. Brice—while the church itself is known as S. Britius.

S. German.† July 31, 448.

S. Germanus, Bishop of Auxerre, commonly known as S. German, has an interest for us Englishmen that no other of the French bishops here commemorated possesses, because he alone is personally connected with our country. England has been faithful to the memory of her distinguished visitor, for, as we shall see hereafter, traditions concerning his visits still linger, both in Cornwall and in Wales, in some of the parishes that bear his name.

The history of his full and active life was written some forty years after his death by Constantius, a much respected priest of Lyons, who was well qualified for the task by his thorough knowledge of his subject. Bede's account of him in his "Ecclesiastical History" is taken from this source.

S. German furnishes as complete a contrast as well may be to our last saint, the wayward S. Britius. The one was from his earliest years accustomed to an ecclesiastical atmosphere; the other had grown up amid every advantage that wealth and culture could afford to a well-born layman of the fifth century. The young nobleman of Auxerre had been carefully trained in all the learning of the best provincial schools, and had then travelled to Rome to finish his education there. On his return to his

* English Chronicle, A.D. 1002.

† The following sketch is largely indebted to Canon John Walker's history of S. German in Newman's "English Saints."

native town he had at first devoted himself to the law, but had soon passed into the public service, and had risen step by step, till now, in this year 418, which marked the greatest crisis of his life, he had attained to the high rank of one of the six governors, or so-called "dukes," to whom, subject to the authority of the prefect, was entrusted the administration of the entire province of Gaul. German was by this time a man of forty or thereabouts, married, but without children. The wide area over which his jurisdiction extended must have obliged him to be constantly moving about, but his headquarters were at a country house in the suburbs of his native town of Auxerre. Here he was able to devote his spare time to his favourite pursuit of hunting, which had lost none of its charm for him, and it was a sore point among some of the more scrupulous of the Christian members of the community that the duke persisted in displaying the heads of his spoil on the branches of an old pear tree in the midst of the town. The practice, they argued, was of heathen origin, and its continuance by such an important personage as the duke was an indirect recognition of heathenism. It was on this ground that the aged bishop of the place, Amator by name, pleaded with the younger man to give it up; but German turned a deaf ear. Though nominally a Christian, and the son of Christian parents, he had never shown any interest in religious matters, and the satisfaction of displaying his trophies was more to him than the possibility of causing a weak brother to offend. His displeasure, then, may easily be imagined when he one day discovered that the tree had been cut down and the skulls thrown away. There was no attempt to conceal that the deed had been done by order of Amator; and in no very judicial frame of mind German set forth for Auxerre, vowing vengeance against the bishop.

But meanwhile the bishop had gone forth on an errand that must have seemed pure madness to the few to whom it was made known. He had gone to the prefect to ask his leave to ordain German, with a view to appointing him his own successor. The application was no mere compliment, but the first necessary step towards the attainment of his wish; for without the permission of the prefect no official could resign his office. The prefect, who was himself a Christian, reluctantly agreed, though dwelling on the great loss to the State of German's services. Armed with this permission, the bishop returned to Auxerre, and by one of those stratagems that commended themselves to his age more than they do to ours, he proceeded to carry out his plan. He called the people together to his house, and there announced to them his own approaching death, and the necessity for choosing a successor, and to this end he desired them to follow him straightway to the church. The popular excitement was great, and among those who thronged the building was the duke, who in his new interest forgot his private grievance. When the bishop perceived him he gave orders that the doors should be barred; and then, advancing with a small band of clergy and nobles, he laid hands upon the amazed German, and solemnly ordained him deacon, omitting none of the customary ceremonies. German submitted passively, too much bewildered, it may be, to resist, and

listened in silence to the charge to behave himself as one who should hereafter be called to the office of a bishop.

So ended this strange scene; but during the brief remainder of his life Amator missed no opportunity of familiarizing his flock with the thought that German should soon stand in his place. His wishes were held sacred, and no sooner was the see vacant than the duke was chosen by acclamation to fill it, and, notwithstanding deep reluctance on his part, the consecration took place in the July of this memorable year 418. Amator had rightly read the character of the man whom he had dared to claim in this strange manner for the highest service, and the boldness of the experiment was justified by its result. German had hitherto been purely indifferent to religion; he had never been actively hostile. Now his attention was forcibly arrested; he saw that there were aims in life higher than any he had yet known, and thenceforth he devoted himself body and soul to the work of Christ. Like another Ambrose, he brought with him into his new duties the trained faculties of a lawyer and a statesman; he brought with him the prestige of his former high office, and he brought also the active habits of body and the power of endurance that had been acquired in his old recreation of hunting.

The change in the inward life was marked by a corresponding change in his outward habits. He became as rigorous in his self-discipline as any hermit in the desert. No sacrifice was now too great for him, and he and his wife agreed thenceforth to live apart that so he might the better follow the dictates of his conscience. Throughout the remaining thirty years of his long life he never deviated from his ascetic rule, but his fastings and his austerities were for himself alone, and to visitors of all sorts and kinds he ever showed himself a most considerate host, delighting in providing for the comfort of his guests.

Ten years of a wise and watchful administration of the diocese tended greatly to endear the new bishop to his people. Many supposed miracles are recorded of him during this period of his life, as indeed throughout his whole career. Without entering into the large question of the reality or non-reality of these miracles, it may be observed that while many of them seem to be little more than a pious and prayerful use of ordinary means, they all alike exhibit the tenderness of nature and the close habits of observation and thoughtfulness which were the most winning features in his disposition. No vexation was too small to enlist his large-hearted sympathy, were it but the temporary dumbness of the household cock! Even for such a trouble he was ready with a common-sense remedy. His knowledge of simple doctoring often stood him in good stead, as in the case of a malignant form of throat-epidemic, when his remedy of oil applied to the glands worked wonders. While keen to detect crime, he was always ready to give the offender every chance of retrieving his character. In short, he was just one of those men who never lose an opportunity of doing a kindness. His kind deeds, moreover, had the double value of being always singularly appropriate to the given need. He was

not content to give at haphazard, but went carefully into all the circumstances of the case, often showing on a second visit, even after the lapse of years, his exact memory of all that he had learned on the previous occasion.

In his civil capacity our saint had made many a journey, but as bishop he was to travel yet further afield, beyond the limits of his own extensive province—now across the sea to Britain, and now over the Alps to Ravenna.

The Church in Britain was sorely disturbed at this time by the spread in its midst of the dangerous doctrines of Pelagianism, and in its distress sent to seek help from the sister Church of Gaul. The appeal was considered by a large company of the Gallican bishops assembled in council at Troyes, who decided forthwith to send two of their number to give what help they could in the matter. The ambassadors chosen for the purpose were S. Lupus of Troyes, the bishop in whose diocese the synod had met, and S. German of Auxerre. Such, at least, is in brief Constantius's account of the circumstances of the sending forth of the Gallican mission. According to another and yet earlier authority, German received his orders direct from the then Pope, but as it has been well said: "The truth probably lies in a combination of the pope's action with the councils, at any rate so far as German was concerned."* Mr. Rees† shrewdly suggests that the Bishop of Auxerre may have had one peculiar qualification for his mission from his connexion with Armorica, or, as we now call it, Brittany, a part of Gaul where the language, then and for centuries to come, was identical with the language of the British. Rightly or wrongly, the Welsh traditions claim S. German for a native of Brittany, and make him of the same race as King Arthur and S. Illtyd the Warrior (CH. XXXII.); but apart from the question of birth, Armorica had been under his jurisdiction as duke, and it is abundantly clear, as we shall see hereafter, that the former duke retained a very special interest in the peoples of this wild and remote district.

Certain episodes of this journey, such as the meeting with the child Geneviève (CH. XLVI.), and the dangerous sea voyage amid the winter storm, stand out clearly enough, but the outlines of the whole undertaking are sadly indistinct. Constantius, in this part of his history, writes like a foreigner for whom local names have no meaning, and we, who should follow with such keen interest the great missionary's progress through our own land, are forced to make the most we can of a name thrown in here and there just as the background of some miracle. From a few independent sources, however, we can to some extent supplement our main authority. Bede must not be allowed as a witness, since he only repeats the narrative of Constantius; but there remain the mass of untrustworthy stories brought together by Nennius, the genealogies and the meagre statements of the early Welsh documents, the local traditions of Cornwall and Wales, and—most valuable of all—the testimony of the parishes and chapels that bear the name of German. Unluckily, the Welsh

* Canon Bright in D. C. B. † "Welsh Saints."

records are not always in agreement with the French authorities. For example, the Welsh writers know of only one visit of S. German to Britain, while it is plain from Constantius that he repeated his visit some seventeen years later, shortly before his death, with the same object as before.

It would seem that on this second occasion he found a greatly improved state of things, and did not consider it necessary to make any long stay. There is reason to think that some incidents recorded in our native histories ought, strictly speaking, to be referred to the second visit rather than the first; but the point is not one of vital importance, and for continuity's sake the whole history of the English Mission may here be given at once.

Everywhere the preaching of the strange bishops attracted great crowds and made a profound impression. They on their side lost no opportunity of setting forth the true faith: "daily ministering the Word of God, not only in the churches, but even in the streets and fields." For a while the Pelagian party kept silence, but at last, fearing that "by saying nothing they should seem to condemn themselves," they demanded a public disputation. An immense audience came together, for to this quick Celtic race the subtle point of doctrine had come to possess a living practical interest. It was not a question for the theologians alone, but a matter of burning interest to all, so that the very women and children stood there together with the men in eager expectation. The right of opening the debate was accorded to the heretical party, whose leaders, conspicuous for their gorgeous apparel, "long took up the time, and filled the ear with empty words." Then came the turn of the Gallican bishops. German spoke like the trained orator he was, supporting his weighty arguments by appeals to Scripture and the testimony of famous writers, till the tide of popular opinion, which had first been with the other side, completely turned, and he carried the whole meeting with him. The enthusiasm was immense, and, if we may trust Constantius, the effect was durable. The heretical leaders had been publicly worsted, and their reputation had received a blow from which it never really recovered.

It is thought that this famous assembly must have taken place near St. Albans, or Verulam, as it was still called, for we next hear of the bishops and the attendant clergy going to the shrine of the martyr Alban, there to offer up their thanksgiving. Of the profound reverence shown by S. German for the memory of Britain's earliest recorded martyr we shall speak elsewhere (CH. XXXVIII.).

A fall, which resulted in an injury to his leg, kept German a prisoner in this neighbourhood for some time, and it was while he was so laid up that a fire broke out in the village where he was, and spread rapidly from one thatched roof to another. In calm assurance that all would be well, he refused to be moved to a place of greater safety, and gave himself to prayer. In the event his house escaped unharmed, though the flames were "raging about on every side of it."

As soon as he was able he continued his journey westward; and now

we come to the most famous and at the same time the most disputed episode of S. German's visit to Britain—namely, the battle between the Saxons and the Britons, known as the "Alleluia Victory." When the bishops reached the Welsh border they found the people suffering under the fear of a threatened attack from their dreaded enemies, the freebooting heathen Saxons. All German's old instincts of command rose to the emergency; he set himself at the head of the ill-disciplined army, and, in the words of Bede, "he inspired these fearful people with so much courage that one would have thought they had been joined by a mighty army." Nor did he in his military ardour forget that he was, as S. Augustine would have said, "a soldier of the heavenly camp." During the days that elapsed before the attack he organized throughout the host a most careful system of preaching and teaching. His presence in their midst had its usual stirring effect, and multitudes who were hitherto unbaptized now came forward to seek for baptism. A temporary church of wattles was hastily erected, after the manner of the Britons, and here the watchful army celebrated "the feast of the Resurrection."

Meantime "their general" made careful choice of his position in a valley well guarded by hills, and there, when he knew that the enemy was approaching, "he drew up his inexperienced troops," bidding them repeat whatever watchword he should give. That watchword was the familiar "Alleluia" so lately on their lips, and uttered now with all the fervour of men glowing with new-born enthusiasm. The sudden leaping forth of the ambush, the resounding cry echoing among the rocks, filled their adversaries with terror, and they fled in dismay without striking a blow, leaving the Britons masters of the field.

Such in brief is Constantius's, and consequently Bede's, narrative of the Alleluia Victory, an event so remarkable that we should expect to find it mentioned elsewhere, but, curiously enough, even the Welsh writings are silent concerning it. The probable explanation is that the events did happen much as Constantius relates them, but that he has unconsciously magnified the scale, representing as a battle of lasting importance what may have been nothing more than a successful skirmish. In the parish of Mold in Flintshire there is a field that bears the name of "Maesgarmon," or *German's field*, and this has been not unreasonably supposed to mark the scene of German's bloodless victory. Curiously enough, the very next parish, just over the Denbighshire border, takes its name from the saint,* and it is quite likely that S. German's church may be the direct representative of that little church of wattles described in the narrative. The British Church was ever faithful to tradition, though even Wales has but few churches that can trace back their origin through fifteen centuries. Six other dedications in the same name in North Wales, and one in Radnorshire, attest the honour in which the saint was held; and they further attest his personal presence in those districts, if we may trust the general rule that Celtic churches bear the names of their actual founders.

* Llanarmon-yn-Tal.

The British historian Nennius has an abundant supply of absurd anecdotes centring round S. German, but it must be owned that they are for the most part neither trustworthy nor edifying. One point, however, is remarkable, and suggests that they are founded upon some basis of truth. Nennius is by no means so sparing in his use of proper names as the foreign Constantius: not a few of the names he mentions, both of persons and places, can be identified from independent sources, and it is worth noting that three at least of the Welsh churches bearing the name of S. German are to be found in districts associated with the legends. Mr. Rees says with his usual caution that "it cannot be determined whether the stories were invented to account for the origin of the churches, or whether the churches owe their dedications to the existence of the stories,"* but even he entertains no doubt as to the general fact of the saint's personal connexion with Wales.

Without entering into the disputed question of the part that S. German may possibly have played in the foundation of some of those colleges that a generation later became so famous in Wales, we may unhesitatingly dismiss the fable that makes him the founder of our English Universities, both of Oxford and Cambridge! The services that S. German and his companion rendered to Christianity in these islands are so real that we have no need to cling to any fictitious benefits; but it is time now to turn our thoughts to the home cares and labours of the ever-active bishop.

On his return to Auxerre, German found the city groaning under the weight of new and grievous taxation imposed by the Roman governor—taxation so heavy that many citizens were openly going over to the barbarians rather than submit to it. Relief could come from one source only—the Prefect of Gaul, whose headquarters were at Arles. To him the ex-governor determined to apply, and for this purpose he undertook the long journey to Arles. His mission was wholly successful; the prefect received him with the utmost courtesy, acknowledged the reasonableness of the demands, and agreed to the concessions required. A pleasant incident of the mission must have been the meeting with S. Hilary, Bishop of Arles, who welcomed German as a son his father. Everywhere, indeed, he was received with the same reverent affection, whether by the clergy or the laity.

Little is known of the sixteen or seventeen years that elapsed between the two visits to Britain, except that we catch stray glimpses of the distinguished men of the day coming to consult with German and to enjoy his friendship. When he returned from his second mission he was growing an old man, close upon seventy years of age. His fine head of hair was already mixed with white, yet he retained to the end the bodily activity of his youth. And he had need of all his powers both of body and mind, for the most laborious undertakings that had yet devolved upon him were to be crowded into this last year of his life. His reputation as the friend of

* "Welsh Saints."

the oppressed had spread far and wide, and now an appeal for help reached him from his old district of Armorica. The grievance was in part the same as in his own city. Excessive, cruel taxation had stirred the people to revolt. Their punishment was a terrible one. The famous Roman patrician Aetius, instead of marching against them with the Imperial forces, delivered them over to the tender mercies of the barbarous and heathen tribe of the Alani to coerce them into submission. The Armoricans knew full well that no worse fate could overtake them than to fall into the hands of these ruthless barbarians, and in their distress they turned to their old duke. He did not fail them, but straightway set forth to meet the dreaded invaders—whose "cavalry like an iron mass filled the road" —and to seek an interview with their king. His first words, spoken of necessity through an interpreter, fell on unheeding ears, and the king would have passed on. Then the dauntless bishop, seeing that words were useless, laid his hand on the horse's bridle—by the very boldness of the act forcing the king to listen to him. It is one of the memorable scenes of history: the suffering people on the one side and their fierce enemy on the other, and between the two the barbarian chief and the old man of seventy—careless of his own safety, never relaxing his hold on the bridle for all the wild plungings of the frightened steed, but setting forth in eloquent language the calamities that would come upon the people for whom he was interceding. Impressed by the force and fire of the old man, the king consented to grant a truce till such time as the grievances on both sides could be laid before either Aetius or the emperor; and S. German, who never left work half done, undertook to be himself the ambassador to the Imperial court, then at Ravenna.

The journey from Brittany across the Alps (by way, it is supposed, of the Little St. Bernard *) was no light enterprise for a man of German's years, and to him it had all the solemnity of a long-sustained farewell, as he passed through one familiar spot after another and exchanged greetings with friends whom he felt persuaded in his heart he should never meet again. To himself, the thought of approaching death was ever present, but his amazing vigour must have deceived even those who knew him best. He preached to the people who at his different resting-places flocked to receive him; as of old he ministered to the sick in their own homes—nay, more, he himself carried across the rough stepping-stones of a rushing Alpine stream an old lame, wayfaring man who was burdened with a load. Thus he spent himself for others; his own moments of refreshment came in solitude, or when—as at Autun—he held joyous communion with the spirits of the holy dead (see p. 438, S. Cassyon).

At Milan, and again at Ravenna, he was received as an honoured guest. The famous Placidia, the empress-mother, displayed the deepest reverence towards him. One day she sent him as a present a costly silver

* In Canon Walker's "Life of S. German," it is mentioned among other evidences for this route that "just under the Little St. Bernard is a village which is still called St. Germain."

dish filled with delicate provisions. The food he distributed among his attendants, not being willing to partake himself of such luxuries; the dish, with the consent of the empress, he sold for the benefit of the poor; and then with courtly grace he marked his acknowledgment of the royal gift by a gift of his own—a plain wooden platter filled with barley bread. The empress caused the platter to be set in gold, and always treasured it as a relic of her venerated friend.

S. German had no difficulty in obtaining from the emperor the terms he desired for the inhabitants of Brittany; but alas, hardly were they granted when the news came of a breach of the truce from the side of the Armoricans. The emperor was highly displeased, and thus German's patient efforts in their behalf were nullified. But now all earthly cares were sinking from his mind in the near presence of death.

One morning, after the celebration of Mass, he began to speak to those about him of a dream which he had had in the night: how his Lord had furnished him with provisions for a journey, and promised to send him to "his own proper country, to no foreign land." The hearers set themselves to find earthly explanations of the dream, but German set them all aside, saying calmly: "Well do I know what that country is which God promises to His servants." A few days later he was taken seriously ill, and in a week's time he passed forth (July 31, 448) into that land of "eternal rest and peace," which had long been his true home.

Among the multitudes who flocked to his lodging in those brief days of illness was the Empress Placidia. She sought to do him some last service, but the one request which alone he made of her cost her dear. He was fain to be buried in his own beloved Auxerre instead of at Ravenna, and reluctantly she promised that his wishes should be held sacred. That solemn fifty days' journey into Gaul lived long in the memories of all who took part in it. The preparations were made with a state that might have befitted the progress of some royal conqueror—official escorts guarded the precious burden, workmen were told off to set in order the roads and bridges over which the procession must pass, the churches in which the coffin rested were counted doubly sacred. All these outward marks of honour testified to the reverence felt for the statesman-bishop; but in the uncontrolled grief of the poor to whom his name had become a household word, in the entreaties of the men to be allowed the privilege of helping to bear the sacred load across the Alps, in the tears of the women who followed for miles on foot, was shown the love that was felt for him as a true father in God.

On the French side of the Alps he was met by a body of his own clergy, and if the grief was so deep among comparative strangers, it may well be imagined what was the mourning in a district where his whole life had been spent, the diocese over which he had ruled for thirty years. For ten days the body lay in state in one of the churches in Auxerre, and was visited by thousands previous to its burial on October 1. Over the little chapel where he was laid to rest a jewel-decked shrine was soon raised, and

churches in honour of S. German were at an early date multiplied in France, the most famous of them being the Paris church of S. Germain l'Auxerrois.

In England S. German's name is remembered by some dozen dedications in his honour. We have already spoken (p. 458) of those in North Wales. There is no English dedication that can show an equally good claim to be associated with the saint's personal presence, but Cornish tradition clings to the belief that he did land in Cornwall near to the spot now known as St. German's—or, in older phrase, as "S. German's Town" *—and there preached the Gospel.† This tradition is found in a Cornish mass supposed to date back to the ninth century; ‡ but though a tradition reaching back for more than a thousand years is naturally a factor of the deepest interest, it cannot be taken as proof concerning events that occurred fifteen hundred years ago. There is, however, nothing inherently improbable in the statement, and the fact that three, if not four, churches in this part of England bear the name of S. German is in itself strongly in favour of the truth of the tradition, for it is always to be remembered that Cornwall and Devonshire were entirely under Celtic influences in matters ecclesiastical, and that in the Celtic Church the most ancient churches and chapels bore the name of their actual founder. When, too, we further consider the constant intercommunication between Armorica and Cornwall, the community of speech and race, it seems natural enough to believe that S. German in one of his visits to Britain should have travelled through Cornwall.

Of the four dedications in question the most notable is St. Germans itself, most probably, in the tenth century, the seat of the Cornish bishopric.§ Nestling down between St. Germans and the sea-coast is the village church of Rame, also dedicated to S. German; and some little way to the north-east, across the Devonshire border, we find the quaintly named parish of "German's Week." ‖ Still further afield, yet perhaps not too far to be affected by the same influences, is the tiny parish of Winterbourne-Farringdon, near Dorchester, which by its alternative name of St. German plainly points to some association with the saint.

Up to three hundred years ago there were traces, now unhappily lost, of a chapel which may not unreasonably be surmised to have kept alive a tradition of the saint's personal presence. Camden, in writing his description of St. Albans, observes: "There is still remaining near the walls of this ruined city (*i.e.* the ancient Verulam) a small chapel which bears the name of S. German." ¶ May we not link the thought of this ancient chapel with Constantius's account of the French bishop's visit to the shrine

* Camden.

† For a fine biographical sermon on S. German preached by the late Archbishop Benson at the re-opening of the parish church of St. Germans, see *Guardian*, September 19, 1894.

‡ Baring-Gould.

§ *Vide* the Bishop of Oxford's notes in the Truro Kalendar on the ancient Cornish bishopric, though he adds that there is much doubt between the rival claims of St. Germans and Bodmin.

‖ Cf. "St. Mary Week" in Cornwall, from the Anglo-Saxon "wic" = dwelling. —Murray's "Cornwall."

¶ "Britannia."

of the martyr Alban (CH. XXXVIII.) at that anonymous place generally believed to be Verulam?

In the same passage Camden adverts to "the many churches dedicated to S. German in these islands." They are hardly so many as we might expect, but there are some very venerable ones—notably the two Essex churches of Bobbingworth and Faulkbourne, both of which were parish churches in the time of the Confessor.* Faulkbourne has another memorial of the saint in an ancient well hard by the church, and like it dedicated to S. German. Knowing as we do that the saint's journeyings through our country were so prolonged and extensive, is it again too wild a conjecture to imagine that these Essex churches, like the lost chapelry in Hertfordshire, may witness to S. German's first mission to England?

Where we find one dedication to S. German we not uncommonly find more than one, and in Lincolnshire we have three—Thurlby, Scothorne, and Ranby. That diligent student of dedications, the late Precentor Venables, sought in vain for any historical explanation of their presence in this county, and could only say that since S. German "failed to take any deep root in the English Church all dedications to him may be regarded as belonging to the very earliest era." Probably, therefore, he would have referred them to S. German's first mission.

Wiggenhall in Norfolk is likewise unaccounted for; but it is certain that at least one very important English dedication to S. German is as late as the eleventh century, and this is Selby Abbey in the West Riding of Yorkshire, dedicated to the "Blessed Virgin and S. Germain." A history of the foundation of the abbey, written by one of its own monks about 1184, gives a legendary narrative of how a certain monk of S. German's monastery at Auxerre, Benedict by name, possessed himself of a precious relic of the saint—no less than his very finger—and in obedience to the bidding of S. German, who appeared to him in a vision, fled with his relic to England, to a place unknown to him, but minutely described by the saint as "Selby on the bank of the river Ouse, not far from York." After some confusion—very pardonable in a foreigner—between Salisbury and Selby, the fugitive monk arrived at his destination, planted a cross as a token of the purpose for which he was come, and in course of time, having received the patronage of William the Conqueror, accomplished the building of his abbey. So runs the story;—we give it because the Abbey of Selby became of so great importance that it is not unlikely that to its influence, direct or indirect, we owe the two other Yorkshire dedications in this name, the one at Winestead in the East Riding, the other at Marske-by-the-Sea, unhappily changed at some modern rebuilding into S. Mark. We can only hope that if a second church is ever required the old name will be restored.

We have at least one modern dedication to S. German, at Blackheath, an indirect namesake of the Cornish St. Germans, so named because it is built upon land belonging to the Earl of St. Germans. We should gladly

* Morant.

welcome many more such dedications, for S. German belongs of right to us Englishmen, and he is also singularly well fitted to meet the needs of our day. He lived fifteen hundred years ago, and yet he is essentially modern in spirit; his virtues were not those of the cloister, but those of a Christian bishop and statesman, living in the world, but not of it.

There is still extant a form of service which, very shortly after S. German's death, was used in the church of Auxerre in the celebration of the Mass on the anniversaries specially connected with him. To the hearers the words of that service must have brought back their father and protector even as they had known him in life, with every power of body and soul and spirit devoted to the service of God and his fellows: "He hungered and thirsted after righteousness, that he might be filled with Thy word. Purity of heart he cultivated that he might see Thee. He loved Thee, O Lord, with all his heart, with all his mind, and with all his soul, and he loved his neighbour as himself. . . . He so began as to increase; he so fought as to conquer." *

S. Remigius, or Rémi. Oct. 1, cir. 530.

The French bishops of the sixth century furnish us with no less than six of our dedication saints. By far the most conspicuous figure in a group not otherwise particularly interesting is that Remigius of Rheims, whose name is so familiar to all of us as standing in the forefront of our Prayer-book Kalendar for October.

Remigius came of a family distinguished for its sanctity. Not merely his mother and his brother, but his nurse and his foster-brother, are numbered among the saints. Holy influences surrounded him from his infancy, and the boy grew up grave and pure-minded and earnest. When he was but two and twenty the diocese became vacant. Remigius was amongst those who were assembled in the church at Rheims to elect a new bishop; suddenly a ray of light from an upper window fell upon the earnest face of the young layman. His extraordinary height and his majestic bearing must have made him conspicuous at all times, and in the sudden light that now illumined him, the bystanders read a manifest sign of God's favour towards him, and with one voice they claimed him for their future bishop.† In spite of his own reluctance he was duly consecrated, and it is probable that there are few examples in ecclesiastical history of either so youthful a bishop or of so long an episcopate, for he ruled over his diocese of Rheims for more than seventy years.

The young bishop was of a scholarly disposition and endowed with a great gift of eloquence. This we learn not only from the sober notices of the historian, Gregory of Tours, but from a highly patronizing letter from Sidonius Apollinaris, the courtly and accomplished Bishop of Clermont, and ex-prefect of Rome. Some acquaintance of his had been to Rheims, and there had procured—so Sidonius writes to Remigius ‡—"whether by purchase or present, with or without your consent, from your secretary or

* Quoted in Newman's "English Saints."

† Baring-Gould, October 1.

‡ Ibid.

librarian, a voluminous manuscript of your sermons." In no measured terms he proceeds to praise the style, weighing each point with the skill of a practised rhetorician. Of the matter of the sermons he says nothing, but he declares that all who had read them, "myself included, have taken pains to learn the greater part of them by heart, and to copy them out;" and he ends with a gay threat as to the consequences if Remigius still insists on withholding his writings from circulation: "We know how to set men on the watch, and suborn them to rob your portfolio; then finding yourself plundered, you will perhaps be sensible of the robbery, if you will not now pay attention to our prayers, and the pleasure of being of use to others!"

Remigius's sermons have long ago been forgotten, but his name can never lose its place in Church history, for it is bound up with the story of that great onward movement in the spread of Christianity—the baptism of Clovis and the general conversion of the Franks.

Like our own Ethelbert nearly a century later, the pagan Clovis was married to a Christian wife, and it was doubtless through the queen's influence that the Bishop of Rheims was an honoured guest at court. Already he had obtained a certain ascendency over Clovis, and at his desire the proud king restored a precious vase that had been plundered from the cathedral. To Remigius the queen confided her strong yearning to see her husband like-minded with herself. He must have shared her grief as the king remained all unmoved; her joy when he declared his willingness to be baptized. In the midst of a great battle, when the day was going against him, Clovis had cried to the Christians' God to help him, staking his faith on the issue of that prayer. The tide of battle turned, and Clovis in the hour of victory was not unmindful of his vow.

It was to another of our saints, S. Vedast (see p. 467), that the king turned for instruction in the first moments of his new-born zeal, but it was to her faithful counsellor Remigius that the queen looked for further guidance. Clovis was ready to accept all that the bishop might tell him; only he feared that his people might yet cling to the old faith, and he desired that the new teaching should reach them first through his lips. But to the mass of the ignorant, loyal people, it was enough to know that the new teaching was supported by the weight of two such mighty men as Clovis and Rémi. The multitudes who were assembled at their king's bidding did not so much as wait to hear his statement, but cried with one voice: "Sire, we will forsake the mortal gods, and we are ready to serve the immortal God Whom Rémi teaches!"

When, after long and careful preparation, the holy rite was about to be administered to the king, with three thousand of his Frankish soldiers, Remigius was almost as prominent a figure in the ceremonial as his sovereign. Hand in hand these two marched in the long procession that passed through the decorated streets, fragrant with incense, from the palace to the baptistery. In front went the clergy carrying the cross and banners, and singing as they went. Clovis, carried out of himself by the impressiveness of the

scene, asked his companion: "My father, is this the Kingdom of God that you promised me?" "No," answered the bishop, "it is but the entrance of the pathway that leads thereto." Clovis was the first to be baptized, and as he stepped down into the water, Remigius uttered the pregnant, long-remembered words: "Bow thy head; adore that which thou hast burned, and burn that which thou hast adored."

From henceforward Remigius let slip no opportunity of instigating Clovis to overthrow the outward signs of idolatry in his kingdom. The friendship between king and bishop remained unshaken to the end, and we have a letter written by S. Remigius to Clovis, condoling with him on the death of his sister—a princess who had been baptized at the same time as her brother—and reminding him of the crown of life reserved for those who keep their baptismal grace.

In time the work of the diocese became too much for the old man single-handed, and he succeeded in getting it subdivided, liberally endowing the new see of Laon with lands granted to him by the king. Clovis loaded him with such gifts, but he would keep none of them for his own use, lest the heathen Franks should think that he laboured among them from interested motives. One present, however, of less value he did accept and treasure, a vase, concerning which there is the following passage in his will: "I leave to my church a silver vase, which was given me by Clovis of famous memory, whom I baptized; and I desire that it be made into a little chalice." So the old man looks fondly back to that greatest event of his life, the baptism of Clovis, and back yet further to the time when Clovis at his bidding restored the plundered vase.

S. Remigius died on January 13, about 530, but he is commemorated on October 1, the day of the translation of his relics.

S. Remigius of Rheims is honoured with no fewer than five existing dedications in England, not counting a church at Testerton in Norfolk, which has been demolished. Three out of the five are in Norfolk; one is at Long Clawson in Leicestershire, and the last is at Water Newton in Huntingdonshire.

We naturally ask what is S. Remigius's connexion with East Anglia; and the most plausible explanation appears to be that it is but a very indirect connexion, and that the commemoration of his name in these parts is chiefly due to two local celebrities who bore his name. One of these local celebrities was Remigius, first Bishop of Lincoln; the other a certain Norfolk rector, Remigius de Hethersett. In support of this theory, it may be urged that all our dedications to S. Remigius are found in counties that were at one time embraced within the vast diocese of Lincoln, as constituted in the time of William the Conqueror. It is true that under the succeeding king the diocese of Norwich was shortly made into a separate see, but Bishop Remigius had already made his mark on his surroundings, and had begun to build that glorious cathedral of Lincoln which was consecrated only four days after his death, and which is his noblest monument. Such a man was sure to give an impetus to

church-building throughout his new diocese, and we can well understand that in not a few instances those to whom the naming of the churches was entrusted would take pleasure in making choice of a patron saint whose name would perpetually recall that of their honoured bishop. At any rate, this explanation in some measure accounts for the curious limitations in the distribution of this dedication.

The dedication to S. Remigius at Hethersett in Norfolk may have had a like origin, or it may have a still more strictly local association with the name, peculiar to itself. We find that in the reign of Edward III. the church of Hingham, near Hethersett, was held for a period of forty years (1319–1359) by one Remigius de Hethersett, who during his tenure of office rebuilt the church.* Hingham church is dedicated to S. Andrew, but it hardly admits of a doubt that the Rector of Hingham, this Remigius de Hethersett, was likewise the lord of Hethersett, and it is quite possible that the church of Hethersett was named or re-named "S. Remigius" out of compliment to the church-building rector.

In any case, both Remigius of Lincoln and Remigius de Hethersett must have derived their names, directly or indirectly, from Remigius of Rheims, and thus the link of connexion with the great bishop is only put a little further back.

S. Vedast. Feb. 6, 540.

S. Vedast has been already mentioned as having been Clovis's first instructor in the Christian faith. He was then in priest's orders only, a quiet holy man, living in retirement from the world near Toul, in what is now Lorraine. In returning from his great victory, Clovis had occasion to pass through this place. He inquired for some priest, and Vedast was brought to him. He desired him to accompany him on his homeward journey, and as they travelled, S. Vedast, like another S. Philip, preached to him the Son of God. Vedast remained at Rheims till after the king's baptism, and took part in the ceremony, though his fame has been altogether eclipsed by that of S. Remigius.

Whether he ever returned to the enjoyment of his peaceful retirement does not appear, but four years later he was consecrated by Remigius to the see of Arras, and the remaining forty years of his life were devoted to the diligent care of his diocese. His task was to build up what had been destroyed—a work demanding even more of faith and judgment and patience than laying the foundations. The diocese of Arras had once been a well-ordered Christian province, but latterly it had been overrun by heathen tribes from beyond the Rhine, whose inroads had thrown all things into confusion, and who had "made havoc of all the houses of God in the land." One little incident brings vividly before us the mournful desolation into which the land had fallen. As the saint knelt weeping before the broken altar-steps of his own cathedral at Arras, a huge bear came towards him, which had made its lair in the ruined church.† Vedast drove it forth, and bade it never again enter the holy ground. Patiently

* Lewis. † Baring-Gould, February 6.

he set himself to his appointed task of restoration, and faithfully he laboured at it throughout the remainder of his life.

S. Vedast has two churches in England, the one at Tathwell in Lincolnshire, the other in the City of London. The reason for the dedication does not appear in either case, unless we suppose that Tathwell at some period of its history shared in some portion of the precious relics of S. Vedastus, which towards the latter half of the tenth century were among the peculiar treasures of the conventual church of Ely.* Until the twelfth century, Ely no less than Tathwell was included in the diocese of Lincoln, so some such gift may not impossibly have taken place, but it must be confessed that there is no evidence of this.

S. Vedast's better-known church is the one in the City of London. There is some reason to believe that it was founded either immediately before or shortly after the Norman Conquest, for the benefit of some one of the French communities settled in England.† The church stood in a lane which came to be known as S. Vedast's Lane, or, more strictly, "S. Vast's," for the saint's name appears to have been introduced into London in the abbreviated form already recognized in France. In Edward III.'s time this had been corrupted into "Seint Fastes," and by the seventeenth century it had come into plain "Foster." Not merely the lane, but the church itself, was thus designated, and in the parish bills of mortality for 1665 the church is returned under the letter F. In the following year the mistake was corrected, and the church described as "S. Vedast, alias Foster," a designation still accorded to it in a "History of London"‡ published in the beginning of this century. By this time the church has recovered its true name, but S. Vedast has been shorn of half his honours, for the lane remains to this day "Foster Lane," and how few people think of it as connected with S. Vedast of Arras! In truth, few saints are more puzzling than this one in the matter of aliases; for while in France he is transformed into *Gaston*,§ in our old English martyrologies he figures as *S. Sawster!*‖

S. Vigor. Nov. 1, 537.

Very naturally associated with S. Vedast by the ties of friendship is his youthful disciple, S. Vigor, afterwards Bishop of Bayeux.

S. Vigor's parents lived near Arras, and they entrusted their son to S. Vedast for his education, not desiring, however, that he should enter the same sacred profession. But Vigor had set his mind on taking Orders, and he ran away and hid himself in a village near Bayeux, rather than meet his father's wishes and assume his natural position at home as eldest, if not only, son.

In course of time he was elected to the bishopric of Bayeux. His episcopate was not marked by anything of special interest, except one notable act of courage on his part. Upon a hill near the city stood a stone

* Bentham's "Ely."

† Mr. Wheatley in *Athenæum*, January 3, 1885.

‡ Nightingale.

§ Baring-Gould, February 6.

‖ *Athenæum*, January 3, 1885.

figure of a woman, which was held in reverence by all the heathen round. Vigor begged the property of its owner, King Childebert, and, having destroyed the idol, he built a church on the very spot, giving to the hill, in memory of the blessed change that had taken place, the name of Mount of Unction.*

S. Vigor was a conscientious bishop, and won the affection of the people among whom he ministered, but he was not the stamp of man to make himself much heard of outside of his diocese. He died three years before S. Vedast, in 537.

S. Vigor of Bayeux is variously commemorated on the 1st, 3rd, and 5th of November. He has two churches in England, the one at Stratton-on-the-Fosse in Somerset, the other at Fulbourn in Cambridgeshire. Strangely enough, the same churchyard at Fulbourn formerly contained two distinct churches—the one dedicated to All Saints, the other to S. Vigor. Both of them were ancient, and towards the end of the last century both were ruinous. The one partially fell down, and in 1776 had to be removed; the other was successfully restored, and, fortunately for the enrichment of our roll of dedication saints, the one that was restored was the church of S. Vigor.

S. Aubyn, or Albinus. March 1, 550.

Another bishop belonging to this same period is S. Albinus, or *Aubyn*,† to give him the name by which he is best known in England. He was of good family, and previous to his election to the see of Angers, he had been for five years at the head of a monastery. In his capacity of bishop he showed himself a true father in God, visiting the sick, ransoming the captives, feeding the poor, sharing in all the sorrows of his people. Nevertheless, his course was not altogether a smooth one. His firm determination to sanction no marriages that were not in complete accordance with the Canon Law drew down upon him much ill will. The rules which he maintained were those which had been formally laid down by himself and his fellow-bishops assembled in council; but even his colleagues were ready to complain of his inconvenient adherence to principle, and pressed him to lay aside his scruples and receive back into communion certain persons whom he had excommunicated for offences of this order. "You can force me to do this," were his words when he was reluctantly constrained to yield, "but God can avenge Himself." Now, it befell that a woman who had been among the offenders in this matter died suddenly as she was on the point of receiving the consecrated bread, and the bishop's stern words were doubtless regarded as prophetic. S. Aubyn ruled over Angers for twenty years, and died on March 1, 550.

The church of Spridlington in Lincolnshire is given in some lists as dedicated to "SS. Hilary and Albinus," but more generally as S. Hilary alone; and it would seem that the name of S. Albinus is only a survival

* Baring-Gould, November 1.

† *Aubyn* is the English equivalent of the common French Aubin; *Albinus* the Latinized form introduced later into the service-books, but never made use of by the saint's contemporaries.

from a separate church in the same parish, now no longer standing. If we are unfortunately compelled to admit that at Spridlington S. Albinus has lost his church, we yet have a living association with him through his church of "S. Aubyn" at Devonport. The form of the name—assimilating very closely to the ordinary French form of "Aubin"—is that which has been adopted by the St. Aubyn family. The church dates back only to the eighteenth century, and we shall probably not be wrong in surmising that it was named in compliment to the great Devonshire family, rather than in honour of the Bishop of Angers; but, nevertheless, it is from him that the dedication is derived.

S. Lo, or Laud. Sept. 21, 568.

S. Lo of Coutances—commemorated in England only under his Latinized name of Laud—was a bishop who seems to have found an outlet for his energies in his regular participation in the general councils of the Church. Many and diverse were the topics handled at these councils; as, for example, safeguards against simony, methods of electing bishops, the standard of education to be required for Holy Orders, Sunday labour, the marriage laws. S. Lo took part in no less than four Councils of Orleans, extending over an interval of sixteen years. If he and S. Aubyn did not know each other previously, they must have formed some acquaintance during their sessions at Orleans; but we have no hint as to what line S. Lo took on the marriage question that so painfully affected his colleague. In fact, although S. Lo's episcopate lasted for forty years, we know literally nothing of him beyond his appearances at the successive councils, except that he attended the death-bed of more than one departing saint—a brief statement which seems to reveal to us not a little of the man's true character.

And yet this obscure bishop has left a very lasting trace of himself in the town named after him, St. Lo. It lies not far from his cathedral city of Coutances in the department of Manche, in a corner of France that must have become very familiar to him during his forty years' episcopate. His name is Latinized into Laudus, and it is under this form that he is commemorated in England. Sherington in Buckinghamshire is dedicated to "S. Laud," a name which on first hearing suggests only the archbishop of that name, but it is clearly intended for S. Lo of Coutances, and the dedication—a unique one—was doubtless introduced by the Abbey of Marmontier, to which Sherington was appropriated by William Sherrington about the year 1195.*

S. Medardus, or Médard. June 8, 545.

Our last link with S. Remigius of Rheims is S. Médard of Noyon, one of the most distinguished of the band of bishops consecrated by him.

This saint was born at Salency near Noyon, a little village where his memory still lingers, and where there is a little chapel bearing his name that has survived all the vicissitudes of the Revolution. At the time of the child's birth his father was still a heathen; but a little later, having been converted by his wife, he allowed the boy to be baptized and to be

* Lipscomb's "History of Buckinghamshire."

educated by the saintly Bishop Eleutherius of Tournay. It is told of the youthful Médard that one day when his father had set him to watch his horses* in a meadow, he saw a man going by on foot carrying his saddle and saddle-bags. "Why do you carry those heavy things?" asked the boy. "Because my horse has fallen under me and died." "Take one of these," said Médard. Even in his maturer years he was apt to be led astray by his kindly impulses. A thief one night robbed his vineyard, and being caught in the act, was brought up before the bishop. "Let him go," said he; "I gave him the grapes." Kindliness of such a nature was sure to be taken advantage of. Another man tried to make off with the saint's beehive, but was so badly stung that he had to drop his prize.

S. Médard must have been already an old man when S. Remigius, shortly before his own death, appointed him to the bishopric of Noyon.† He ruled it so well that when, a couple of years later, his old master, S. Eleutherius, died, Médard was unanimously called on to fill the vacancy, though without resigning his own charge. Such an arrangement, though uncanonical, was not unknown in these days of disorganization. S. Vedast had in like manner administered the diocese of Cambrai, and S. Médard exhibited much tact in his twofold charge, contriving to respect the separate rights and privileges of both cathedrals.

At one period of his life the bishop found himself placed in a very delicate position with relation to the Merovingian king of his day, Clothair. Clothair's wife, Radegund—the S. Radegund to whom some half-dozen of our churches are dedicated (CH. XLVI.)—came to Noyon to confide to S. Médard some cruel act of injustice on the part of her husband, and to entreat that the bishop would give her the veil. Médard hesitated: he had honourable scruples, which would not have troubled many of his contemporaries, against thus separating a married woman from her husband, and setting aside the marriage vow. But the queen in the vehemence of her zeal bore down all his resistance, and confused his sensitive conscience with a dread lest it should be but the fear of man which kept him from doing according to her will. Reluctantly he laid his hands upon her, and consecrated her to the office of a deaconess.

The imperious queen had her way, but she probably felt that the Bishop of Noyon was not in full sympathy with her, for throughout the remainder of her career she sought other spiritual guides. The date of this visit of Queen Radegund is not precisely known, but it must have taken place not many years after the second Council of Orleans, at which S. Lo and his brother-bishops determined that women should no longer be admitted as deaconesses on account of the weakness of the sex! It would be interesting to know whether S. Médard acted in ignorance of the Canon, or in defiance of it. In any case, the king did not resent his action, for when, at the end of a fifteen years' episcopate, Médard died in extreme old age, Clothair was present at his burial, and afterwards caused

* Baring-Gould, June 8.

† The see was originally placed at Vermandois, but was transferred to Noyon shortly after Médard's consecration.

the body to be removed to a church which he built in honour of the saint near Soissons.

We have only one single dedication in England to S. Médard—or "Medardus," as he is called among us—and that is at Bytham Parva in Lincolnshire. The origin of the dedication is apparently unknown.* It would be interesting if any connexion could be traced between this dedication and the one to S. Radegund at Grayingham in a different part of the same county.

All these sixth-century bishops were thoroughgoing ecclesiastics, brought up from the first in a more or less ecclesiastical atmosphere; but the three saints whom we have next to consider—S. Salvius of Albi, S. Eligius of Noyon, and S. Ouen, Archbishop of Rouen—have this in common, that they were all of them distinguished laymen before they became distinguished ecclesiastics.

S. Salvy. Unhappily, the Somersetshire church (Exford) which once claimed this saint for its patron is now known only as S. Mary Magdalene. The history of S. Salvy must be relegated, therefore, to the chapter on "Lost Dedications" (CH. LI.).

S. Eloy, or Eligius. Dec. 1, 659. S. Eloy—our English dedications preserve the French form of the name in preference to the formal Latin Eligius—was born near Limoges at the close of the sixth century, of Christian parents of Roman extraction. He was apprenticed to a goldsmith at Limoges, the master of the mint in that place, and showed such aptitude for his trade that he had soon learnt all his master could teach him, and by the interest of the king's treasurer he was called into the service of Clothair II. at Paris. The young goldsmith was commissioned to design for the king a golden chair of state † inlaid with precious stones, and gold was given him for the purpose. The work was speedily and beautifully executed, and Clothair ordered him to be liberally paid. Then Eligius produced a second chair, as beautiful as the first, which he had contrived to make out of the remains of the materials entrusted to him. From this time forward Eligius was in high favour at court. He became master of the mint, an office which he held for several years, and to this day there are extant coins which bear underneath the royal image and superscription the words, "Eligi fit."

Eloy was a born artist, and he delighted to produce beautiful specimens of the goldsmith's art. A strange sight must that workshop have been where he wrought with a zealous band of helpers, whom he treated as friends rather than journeymen, training them at once in their art and in the practices of Christianity. The master himself always kept some portion of the Scriptures open before him on his bench, and all about the room were other books of devotion—copies of the psalms and of the daily offices

* Venables in *Arch. Journal*, vol. 38.

† Clothair's successor is spoken of as using a golden throne, and writers are agreed that it was some kind of throne which Eligius fashioned; but by mediæval writers the Latin word *sellam* has been translated "saddle," and Mr. Baring-Gould points out that this is the origin of S. Eligius being regarded as a farrier and the patron of farriers.

in particular—which he and his servants would join in singing at the appointed hours.

It was about this time that S. Ouen (see p. 475), who was then a young nobleman about the court, made the acquaintance of S. Eloy. It is clear that in those days the future saint was something of a dandy, for we have a minute portrait of him drawn by the admiring hand of the faithful Ouen, which sets before us, not only the tall figure, the well-shaped head, the curly hair, and ruddy complexion of his hero, but also the elaborate details of his dress—the silk garments, the shirts embroidered with gold thread, the costly belts adorned with gold and precious stones.

But by-and-by Eligius began to have other uses for his money. His alms increased more and more; he sold his personal ornaments that he might have the more to give to the poor, and he became so careless of his own attire that his wardrobe—not once nor twice—had to be replenished by friends. Severely ascetic in his own habits, he yet delighted to feed the poor: they followed him in troops, and it became a saying that if a stranger would know where Eligius dwelt, he should go down a certain street till he came to the place where the greatest number of beggars were assembled. Possibly, however, experience convinced the saint of the unwisdom of indiscriminate almsgiving, and later on he devoted his means to founding two monasteries—one for men and one for women. The land for the purpose was given him by King Dagobert. When the clearings were made and the buildings about to be begun, Eligius discovered that the site occupied a few yards more than the stipulated space. It is characteristic of the man that he stopped the works until the little oversight had been duly pointed out to the king. The inhabitants of these monasteries were largely drawn from the slaves whom it was Eligius's dearest delight to ransom. Like our own Bishop Wolstan, he ever had the cause of the slave very near his heart, and when he heard of any forthcoming slave-sale, he would hasten to the spot, and buy as many as from fifty to a hundred slaves at once. All were set at liberty, and those who desired it were enabled to return to their own homes; but many chose rather to remain under his care and to enter into the peaceful shelter of some religious house.

The Abbé Fleury, speaking of S. Eloy and his dear friend S. Ouen, says: "Though still laymen, they had already as much authority as bishops." They watched jealously for any sign of rising heresy, and it was through their instrumentality that the sixth Council of Orleans was convoked. What wonder was it that when in 640 the two sees of Noyon and Rouen fell vacant, Eligius and Ouen should be chosen to fill them? Noyon—a diocese already familiar to us through its connexion with S. Médard,* the patron of Bytham Parva in Lincolnshire—was assigned to Eligius, while Ouen was called to watch over the more settled diocese of Rouen. The friends petitioned for an interval of quiet in which they might prepare themselves for their new duties. In accordance with

* See *ante*, p. 471.

their own wish, they were consecrated together at Rouen on Rogation Sunday.

S. Eloy's immense diocese, stretching far into the modern Belgium, comprised a very large heathen population, and the active-minded bishop found ample scope for his missionary energies. The barbarous people among whom he went in and out were ready to tear him in pieces, but martyrdom had no fears for him; he boldly continued his attacks on their dark and cruel practices, and his courage was not without its effect upon his hearers. Overawed in spite of themselves by his force and fearlessness, they were further drawn to him by the sight of his patience and large-hearted charity, and the fruit of his labours was seen year by year in the multitudes who came at the Easter Feast to be baptized at the hands of their honoured bishop.

But no mere outward acceptance of Christianity could satisfy S. Eloy. He was as desirous of raising and educating the old converts as of increasing the number of the new, and unceasingly he impressed upon them that a living faith must by its very nature bring forth the fruit of good works, and that Christians must be diligent in worship and in alms-giving and in all deeds of charity; and specially he set before them the duty of setting free the slave, and the right relation between master and servant. His sermons have come down to us, and they are eminently practical and plain-spoken. Untiringly the old bishop combats the innumerable petty superstitions—relics of the old heathen religion of fear—to which Christians no less than heathens remained in bondage. He bids them take no account of lucky and unlucky days; not to look for omens in sneezing or in the song of birds; to put no trust in amulets—not even when they contained words from Holy Scripture written out by the clergy; not to regard with superstitious veneration the changes of the moon; and so on through a long list of superstitions, some of which have survived even to our own day.

Strenuous indeed were the bishop's labours; yet some brief space he must needs have for recreation, and his recreation lay in returning to the trade of his youth. His hand had not forgotten its cunning, and it was his favourite pastime to fashion costly and exquisite shrines for the relics of those saints whom from his inmost soul he delighted to honour.

He died in a good old age (A.D. 659), surrounded by a band of faithful servants, whose future welfare, temporal and eternal, occupied his last earthly thoughts. One notable characteristic of our saint is preserved for us in the "Canterbury Tales." Chaucer tells us concerning that well-known prioress, whose French was "after the school of Stratford-atte-Bowe," that

"Her greatest oath was but by Seïnt Loy,"

"and critics," says a writer in the *Guardian*,* in reviewing a recent work on Chaucer by Professor Hales, "have wondered in vain why the gentle lady should prefer to swear by St. Loy—*i.e.* St. Eligius—rather than by

* September 13, 1893.

any other saint. Professor Hales has discovered that on one occasion this St. Eligius positively refused to take an oath demanded by his master, King Dagobert, and at length convinced the King, that, at least in his case, an oath was needless. Hence an oath by St. Loy would naturally be no oath at all, a simple protestation."

S. Eloy, the patron of goldsmiths and farriers,* was at one time very popular in England no less than in his native France. Although we have but a single existing church dedicated in his honour, we find traces of various forgotten dedications in this name. Some two hundred and fifty years ago there was still standing in the parish of Tottenham a little chapel known as "The Offertory (*i.e.* chapel) of S. Loy," and close beside it was a well called "S. Loy's Well."† Kingston-upon-Thames also had a chapel dedicated to S. Loy.‡ The existing church of Weedon-Lois in Northamptonshire is dedicated to SS. Mary and Peter, but there is in the parish a mineral spring known as S. Loy's Well.§ This well furnishes us with the key to the name of the parish, which sixty years ago was still written Weedon Loys, thus marking still more plainly its connexion with the saint. But the one church that to this day bears the name of the good French bishop is Great Smeaton in the North Riding of Yorkshire. In the twelfth century, or possibly a little earlier, it was given by one Hardwin des Escalliers to S. Mary's Abbey in York,‖ and the introduction of S. Eloy may well have been due to the choice of either the Norman noble or of the Benedictine Abbey.

S. Owen, Ewen, or Ouen. Aug. 24, 683.

The name of the well-known patron saint of Rouen has undergone many modifications. From its original Audoen, or Dadon, it has passed into Ouen, and this again has been anglicized into Owen and Ewen, and it is by these names that he is commemorated in England. We shall, however, speak of him by his most familiar appellation of Ouen.

Beyond the fact that he was brought up in a Christian home and received the blessing of the venerated S. Columban, we know very little of the early years of S. Ouen, until we find him, like his fellow-worker and lifelong friend, S. Eloy, attached to the Frankish court. His promotion was rapid: under King Dagobert he rose to be Chancellor and Keeper of the Great Seal, and documents have come down to us bearing his official signature. Ouen was of a far less active disposition than his friend; he had a strong literary bent, and it is to his powers as a biographer that we owe our intimate knowledge of S. Eligius. The sight of his friend's good deeds roused in him a holy emulation. Like Eligius, he, too, founded a monastery—on which he bestowed the quaint name of "Jerusalem"—and thither he would gladly have withdrawn, but the king refused to part with him. In time, however, he attained in measure if not altogether to his desire. From being a layman he became priest, and

* See note on p. 472.
† Robinson's "History of Tottenham," 1818.
‡ Ibid.
§ Lewis.
‖ Lawton.

before very long he was, as we have already seen in the story of S. Eloy, consecrated Bishop of Rouen.

After this time we hear but little of the gentle Ouen, although from many an accidental mention of his name we see that his forty years' episcopate was not passed in idleness. We find him interesting himself in questions of the day; taking his part at the Council of Chalons; entering into the vexed problem of the royal succession; we have a glimpse of him in his old age at Rome. But Ouen was essentially one of those men whose strength lies rather in drawing out and appreciating the gifts of others than in doing great things himself.

We have already spoken of his generous admiration for the friend who influenced his whole life. Such an influence he in like manner exercised over younger men with whom he came in contact, whether in the royal court or in the monastery. The once famous abbot, S. Wandregisilus, the patron of Bixley in Norfolk (CH. XXVIII.), was one of his disciples, together with two other saints, neither of them commemorated in England. All these three men ended their days in monasteries, and it is interesting to note that they all received their first inspiration to a higher life from Ouen the Chancellor, at the time when they and he were young courtiers together in the palace of King Dagobert. He is supposed to have been that "Ouen the bishop" who figures in the history of a certain saintly abbot as having sought to save his life by giving him timely warning of a plot that was set on foot against him. This must have occurred in the closing years of Ouen's long life; it is almost the last incident recorded of him, and it is well in keeping with all else that we know concerning this man, the very keynote of whose life was devotion to his friends.

We can trace at least five dedications to S. Ouen, at first sight an unexpectedly large number, but sufficiently to be explained by his connexion with the famous cathedral church at Rouen. This church, once SS. Peter and Paul, was afterwards re-dedicated in honour of S. Ouen, and it was natural enough that the name of the great mother-church of Normandy should be reproduced in Norman England. The S. Ewen who was formerly commemorated both in London and in Bristol is commonly identified with S. Ouen. The London church of S. Ewen, or Ewin, in Newgate Market was pulled down in 1546,* and the parish merged in that of Christ Church: the fate of the Bristol church of S. Ewen was curiously the same as that of its namesake in London. In 1820 it, too, was pulled down, but happily the name is still carefully preserved in conjunction with that of the parish of Christ Church, into which S. Ewen's parish has been absorbed. Fortunately, however, we still retain three undoubted memorials of the Archbishop of Rouen in the churches of "S. Owen" in the cities of Hereford and Gloucester, and also in the Bedfordshire parish of Bromham. The church at Gloucester no longer exists, but here again the name is retained in the official designation of the parish with which it has

* "London P. and P."

been incorporated—"S. Mary de Crypt with All Saints and S. Owen." This church was built in the reign of Edward IV. to supply the needs of the congregation of S. Kyneburga's * (see CH. XL.), who had outgrown the limits of their own little church, and thus the French archbishop succeeded to the Mercian abbess.

S. Genewys, Gennys, or Genesius. June 3, 662.

There has been considerable difficulty in accounting for the unfamiliar-sounding dedication to "S. Genewys" at Scotton in Lincolnshire, and a certain degree of difficulty also in accounting for the somewhat similar dedication to "S. Gennys" in the Cornish parish of that name. Cornish archæologists, such as Mr. Borlase † and Mr. Boase,‡ have come to the conclusion that this Cornish S. Gennys is S. Genesius of the Roman Kalendar, introduced into Cornwall, perhaps through the Breton service-books.

It seems not improbable that this same name may supply the key to our mysterious Lincolnshire saint; but there still remains a doubt as to the identity of the particular S. Genesius in question.

The Truro Kalendar gives S. Genesius on August 25, but adds that the parish feast of St. Gennys is kept on Whit-Sunday. The Genesius who is commemorated on August 25 is a Christian notary at Arles, who was martyred in the Diocletian persecution (A.D. 303); but there is another saint of this name, a Bishop of Clermont in Auvergne, who would seem far better to meet the requirements of the case, both as regards the Cornish and the Lincolnshire dedications. For in Lincolnshire we have no more clue to guide us than in Cornwall, perhaps even rather less; for the Whitsuntide feast at St. Gennys may prove more or less of a clue. It has been suggested that Genewys may possibly be a corruption of *Geneviève*, or, on the other hand, of the obscure Cardiganshire saint *Gwynws*; § but as to the well-known Geneviève of Paris, there is no reason why her familiar name should have been thus distorted—it is given in its correct form by two of our Suffolk churches; and as to the unknown Celt, the presumption is more in favour of our finding a comparatively obscure saint of the Roman Kalendar in Cornwall than a comparatively obscure Celt in Lincolnshire.

Then, again, S. Genesius belongs to one of the most popular classes of patron saints, namely, the French bishops, and to a period that has furnished us with several of them, notably the seventh century. Once more—when there is a doubt between a lay and an episcopal patron, and more especially between a lay patron of the fourth century and an episcopal patron of the seventh, the presumption is strongly in favour of the bishop.

There is one additional point to be noticed—Genesius the Bishop is commemorated on June 3, a day which agrees better with the date of S. Gennys's Feast than August 25. There can be no natural connexion

* "History of Gloucestershire." The S. Kyneburga here in question is not the Mercian queen.

† "Age of the Saints."

‡ Truro Kalendar.

§ *Arch. Journal*, vol. 38.

between August 25 and Whit-Sunday, but it is possible that a feast which was regulated by the "Sunday next to June 3," and which would therefore occasionally coincide with Whit-Sunday, might in process of time be permanently transferred to that day, and so the lesser festival might gradually be altogether merged in the greater. A knowledge of the date of Scotton Feast would help us much, but in the absence of more particular knowledge, we will assume that in both counties the patron is Genesius, Bishop of Clermont.

Like many other of our French bishops, he came of good family; like many others of them, he was forced into the episcopal office much against his will. Perhaps it would have been happier both for himself and his diocese if he had been allowed to persist in his refusal; for though he was a good man, and might have made an exemplary hermit, he was no wise fitted to be a bishop. The position was wholly uncongenial to him, and after five years he decided, for the good of his soul, to retire from it; so, donning the garb of a pilgrim, he secretly set off on pilgrimage to Rome. His people, not knowing what had become of him—not even whether he were dead or alive—sent a deputation to Rome to ask counsel. There the missing bishop was found, and was reluctantly persuaded to return to his duties. In the following year, however, he was released from his distasteful post by death.

When he was dead men thought kindly of him, dwelling more upon his humility than on his neglect of duty. He came to be looked upon as a saint, and the church at Clermont in which he was buried—a church that he had himself built and dedicated to S. Symphorian—was re-dedicated by the name of S. Genesius, in honour of its founder. He earned a lasting title to gratitude by building more than one monastery, and he was, in short, just the sort of man whom we might expect to find regarded as the most suitable of patron saints.*

S. Leodegarius, or Leger, M.† Oct. 2, 678.

The name of the next saint upon our list—S. Leger—has become familiar in English ears in connexion with the well-known S. Leger race. Let us, therefore, begin by saying that this race owes its name to a member of the S. Leger family, who founded it in the course of the last century. Doubtless the family derive their name originally from the saint, but it will be seen that the connexion with the French bishop is of the slightest.

S. Leger is not one of those peaceful, contemplative saints whose outward history is limited to the fulfilment of the ecclesiastical duties of his own immediate sphere. His life-story is mixed up with the stormy political history of his times, and can, in truth, not be rightly understood without some comprehension of the complicated strifes between succeeding Merovingian kings. The background is not an attractive one, and if S. Leger has any claim to be regarded as a martyr, it is as a political and

* D. C. B., "Genesius" (No. 6).

† The following account of S. Leger is taken from the contemporary life of him printed in vol. ii. of Guizot's "Memoires pour servir," etc.

not as a religious martyr; and yet no one can read the story of his sufferings (written for us by a contemporary) without feeling that we have to do with a very heroic figure.

Our saint was born about the beginning of the seventh century. We have no exact information as to his birthplace; but, except for the early years which he spent at Poitiers under the care of his uncle, the bishop of that place, all his history centres round about his episcopal city of Autun in Eastern France—at that time one of the chief towns of the province of Burgundy.

Leodegarius—to give him for once the full name by which some of our English churches still commemorate him—was of high birth, and of a family in which ecclesiastical promotion came almost as a matter of course to those who desired it. Our young saint was admitted to Deacon's Orders when he was only twenty; and shortly afterwards he became successively Archdeacon of Poitiers and Abbot of the Monastery of S. Maxentius, which latter office he filled with distinction.

His monkish biographer dwells with evident satisfaction on the fact that his hero was something of a man of the world, as well as a great Churchman. His knowledge of worldly matters, we are told, made him a most formidable judge in the eyes of offending laymen; while his thorough knowledge of Canon Law gave him an equal authority among the clergy.

When he had been abbot about six years, he was summoned to court by Queen Bathild, the pious queen-regent, who is herself numbered among the French saints. Throughout the remainder of her regency Leger continued to be the queen's wise and trusted counsellor; but the very confidence reposed in him may have been a sufficient cause for the jealousy that already began to be felt towards him in high quarters, and more particularly on the part of Ebroin, the Mayor of the Palace—destined to be Leger's lifelong rival. All went smoothly, however, during the young king's minority; and through the interest of Queen Bathild, Leger, some three or four years after his first coming to court, was appointed to the vacant see of Autun, a charge which did not prevent him from superintending as before the education of the young king.

Meantime he lived at Autun in a state of well-nigh royal splendour, making himself doubly popular by his open-handed liberality to the poor and the munificence of his gifts to the church and city. But as Leger's popularity increased, Ebroin's hatred for his successful rival increased likewise. If we may believe Leger's not too impartial biographers, Ebroin's authority rested upon a basis of injustice and corruption, and Leger was the one Mordecai about the court who neither feared nor flattered the powerful minister.

It is probable that things would have gone ill with the bold bishop, but just at this juncture the king died, and much confusion arose upon the appointment of his successor. In the end the claimant favoured by Leger triumphed, and both Ebroin and his nominee were driven into

exile. Indeed, it was only at the intercession of Leger that Ebroin escaped with his life, and was allowed to shelter himself in a monastery. S. Leger's conduct in this transaction is very difficult to explain, for it is clear that all his support was given to the younger brother—the usurper—instead of to the elder, to whom it was apparently due; and his action in this matter brought him into opposition with some other of the bishops, and notably with S. Ouen. At any rate, however, Leger used his influence boldly and conscientiously, and before long he had made himself obnoxious to the king by strongly denouncing among other misdeeds a marriage which he had contracted within the prohibited degrees. King Childeric hotly resented his interference, and it took very little evidence to persuade him that Leger was implicated in some treasonable conspiracy.

On the night of Easter Eve, as the bishop was concluding the accustomed ceremonial in the baptistery of his cathedral, in connexion with the solemn yearly admission at this season of catechumens into the Church, the king forced his way into the sacred enclosure, with loud cries demanding the bishop. The rumour ran through the church that murder was about to be done; but the solemn scene, the bishop's own calm bearing and his fearless reply, "Here am I," momentarily overawed the king, and he passed quietly out. S. Leger waited to conclude the office, and then went in boldly to the king and asked an explanation of his strange behaviour. The king fenced somewhat, but it was evident to the bishop that his death was determined upon, and he deemed it wisest to seek shelter in flight.

No sooner was the check of his personal presence withdrawn than Childeric's fury blazed up again. Pursuit was made; the bishop was arrested and imprisoned in the monastery of Luxeuil—the very place where, by a strange irony of fate, his rival Ebroin was already confined. It was natural enough under the circumstances that between these two men, companions in distress, a certain friendship should now spring up. On the side of the more generous Leger it may well have been genuine; but after events showed the shallowness of the feeling so far as the treacherous Ebroin was concerned.

For a time Leger's fate was left in suspense, and his truest friends rejoiced at his continued captivity, knowing that the best hope for his future safety lay in his being allowed to remain during the present storm obscure and forgotten. Once indeed his assassination was resolved upon, but the two nobles to whom the order had been committed, delayed the execution of it, and the servant who next took upon himself the hateful office, was so deeply impressed by the bishop's commanding presence, that he fell on his knees before him, and made open confession of his guilty intentions.

But a fresh change in the political situation was approaching. The worthless Childeric had other enemies than the imaginary ones against whom he was thus seeking to guard himself; and one day, while hunting in the forest, he was stabbed and mortally wounded. Men's thoughts turned

now to Queen Bathild's remaining son, the hapless Theodoric, who was drawn forth from his monastic shelter and placed upon the throne of his brothers.

Our two prisoners were now free to go where they would, and they left Luxeuil in company, both of them apparently set on the like aim of rallying their followers to the support of Theodoric. Most joyous was the return to Autun, where the whole city poured forth to welcome back its beloved bishop. For his sake the welcome was extended even to his old enemy; but Ebroin's hidden treachery was soon to come to light. Very shortly a rumour was spread abroad that his party had surprised St. Cloud, plundered the royal palace, and slain the existing Mayor of the Palace. Nay, more, it was said that Theodoric himself was killed, and that Ebroin had put a child-king in his place. In the distracted state of the country it was difficult enough to learn the truth. Many were deceived, and joined themselves to the daily increasing party of Ebroin as the best hope of securing once more a settled government. But one man there was who knew enough of Ebroin to mistrust his statements. The Bishop of Autun had sworn fidelity to Theodoric, and was not to be shaken from his loyalty by fears for his own safety. Leger's influence was a factor to be reckoned with, and it was determined, therefore, by the other side to lay siege to Autun, and, if possible, to destroy its bishop.

When the news of the advance of the rebel army reached the city, Leger was occupied in seeking to repair the inevitable harm wrought by his enforced absence. He firmly set aside the entreaties of his friends that he would again save himself by flight. Let him, they urged, take with him the choicest treasures of the city, and then the enemy would have no further cause for continuing the attack. But neither to this would the bishop consent. He desired rather to break up and distribute to the poor his immense private treasure. Better, he declared, that he should remain with his flock to the last, than wander hither and thither seeking to save "this corruptible treasure," "this shameful burden," which he could never bear with him to heaven. The costly vessels and dishes were at once broken up, the bishop himself presiding over the details of the distribution. This done, he ordered a three days' fast, during which he went about among his people, trying to imbue all with his own courage, and to make them share his own conviction, that the loss of their temporal goods would be in very truth a blessing, if only it raised their hearts to the things eternal.

It was evident to Leger from the outset that he was the chief mark for the hatred of the enemy, and most earnestly he prayed that whatever might be his own fate, the people who trusted in him might not fall a prey. Meantime he was actively superintending the preparations for the defence. When nothing further remained to be done, he assembled the people in church, and there publicly sought the forgiveness of any whom he might have wounded by the over-severity of his rebukes,—nor, says his biographer, was there a single soul in that multitude so hard as not to be moved by his appeal.

Very soon the city was encompassed, and fighting at once began. The defenders held their own bravely, but they were hopelessly outnumbered; and when Leger saw that further resistance was vain, he resolved to demand terms. His ambassador was plainly told that the only price at which the city could be saved was the sacrifice of its bishop—unless, indeed, he would consent to recognize the claims of the child-king. The conditions were reported to Leger, and his reply was instant and unwavering: "Be it known unto you, both my friends and my enemies, that so long as life lasts I will never swerve from the fidelity which before God I have promised to Theodoric. I will die rather than soil my soul by so shameful a breach of faith."

His words were the signal for a fresh attack upon the city, which was fired in several places. Thereupon Leger bade a solemn farewell to his friends, fortified himself by receiving the Holy Sacrament, and then marched with a firm step towards the city gates, which at his bidding were thrown open. It is a scene for a painter—this man passing on, resolute and alone, through the ranks of his silent, awe-struck people, to meet his doom. Fiercely the enemy fell upon their long-awaited prey. He had looked for death, but his sufferings were not to be so quickly ended. They blinded him, and the strong exultation of his spirit so upheld him that even while he was undergoing the torture he continued to chant psalms: his wish was granted him, in so far that Autun escaped without loss of a single life, being allowed to ransom herself at a heavy price.

Meantime Leger was committed to the charge of a certain Waimar, Duke of Champagne, and led away into the depths of a great forest, where he was left to die of hunger, while the report of his death was diligently circulated. But Waimar, less hard-hearted than his superiors, was moved with compassion, and took Leger into his house. Gradually he was so much influenced by him that he brought the money which he had received as part of the ransom of Autun, and begged the bishop to dispose of it. Leger found means to send it to one of his clergy for distribution among the poor; and thus he was enabled to render one last service to his beloved people.

Events were rapidly justifying Leger's fidelity to the legitimate sovereign. It became known that Theodoric was living, and further, that Ebroin had become his Mayor of the Palace, having thrown over the child-king. Under these circumstances, it was impossible to make capital out of Leger's fidelity to Theodoric, and Ebroin fell back upon the charge that he had been cognizant of the conspiracy against Theodoric's brother Childeric. The bishop was summoned to court to defend himself, and there his outspoken denunciations of Ebroin's misdeeds must have done much to quicken his old rival's hatred towards him. By his orders Leger was tortured and mutilated in every member, and then sent back into banishment. Unable to see, to walk, to speak—so spent from loss of blood that death seemed inevitable—the sufferings of that journey were branded into the memories of all who witnessed them. Too feeble to walk, he was

placed upon a wretched ass, and as he was lifted on to it, he was heard to murmur the words of the 73rd psalm: "Lord, I am become as a beast before Thee; nevertheless, I am always by Thee." A loving heart was beside him, ready to treasure up every word so painfully uttered; for one of the brethren from a monastery in Autun had followed secretly, and obtained permission from the guards to accompany him on his weary journey, and to tend him as he lay exhausted at night upon his heap of straw. Shelter was at length found for him in a convent, where his friends trusted that he might end his days in peace. Gradually the power of articulate speech returned to him, and he was able once again to preach, and daily to perform the familiar offices of the Church. Sight, indeed, could never be restored to him; but the spiritual light which flooded his soul turned his thoughts from the loss of the natural light.

There is still extant a letter of his to his aged mother, who had lived to see one of her sons assassinated, the other hopelessly maimed. It is endorsed: "The consolatory epistle which S. Leodegar sent to his mother, after the death of his brother, and the loss of his eyes, and the slashing of his lips." * It is overflowing with tender filial care for all that concerns his "very holy mother," "his mother already by blood, and more so still by the bond of the Spirit." He speaks with thankfulness of the quiet haven she had now found in the peaceful convent, and dwells on his own mercies in the spiritual consolations vouchsafed to him in the midst of trial. This is the only reference to his own affliction, and we cannot but feel that this one letter brings us nearer to Leger the Saint than all the praises of his biographer.

For two years the sufferer was left undisturbed. He was too much enfeebled to go far beyond the convent church, but his fame attracted many hearers to him there, and it was said of him that already in his lifetime he received the honours of a martyr. But it was not for this that Ebroin had exiled him; his influence was greater now than ever, and must by some means be crushed. He was therefore summoned before a Council of Bishops near Paris, and once more taxed with having been accessory to Childeric's death. Leger owned that he had not indeed been exempt from human frailty, but he solemnly reasserted his innocence in this matter. Nevertheless, his episcopal robe was rent, as a sign of his degradation from his sacred office, and he was condemned to death.

Once more the irresistible power of S. Leger's character asserted itself. The officer to whom he was committed treated him as an honoured guest rather than as a prisoner. "Truly," exclaimed he, as together with his wife and household he listened to the last stirring appeals of the bishop to lead holier lives, "truly this man was a servant of God!" But orders came that the prisoner's death must no longer be delayed. Too wretched to obey, too cowardly to refuse, the officer passed on the order to four of his servants, who led the bishop forth into the recesses of the forest. Before he set out on this last journey, Leger spoke words of comfort to

* Baring-Gould, October 2.

the sorrowing mistress of the house, who wept sorely over her husband's participation in this crime. For long the men wandered about seeking a fitting spot, till at length the bishop himself said: "It is useless, my children, to tire yourselves further; do quickly that for which you are come forth." Three of the men fell down and besought his forgiveness. The bishop then knelt in prayer, and at a given signal the fourth man struck the fatal blow. His body was temporarily cared for by the officer's wife, and was in due time translated to a more splendid resting-place at Poitiers. He had already, as we have seen, won a martyr's fame, and formal canonization was not long deferred.

Four of our English churches are under the patronage of S. Leger—Basford in Nottinghamshire, Wyberton in Lincolnshire, Hunston in Sussex, and Ashby St. Leger's in Northamptonshire, which last parish proclaims unmistakably its ancient association with S. Leger, though the existing church is ascribed to the Blessed Virgin also—"SS. Mary and Leodegare." There appear to be no direct means of accounting for these dedications; but it is probable enough they were introduced soon after the Conquest by French proprietors, to whom the name of S. Leger would have a very familiar sound from his widespread popularity in France. Lurgashall in Sussex has been claimed * as deriving its name from him, and in support of this theory the spelling is traced through *Lodekersdale*, *Lotegershall*, to Leodegarius; but the derivation seems a forced one. A far stronger claim to a connexion with S. Leger may be made out for the village of Stower-Provost in Dorset. The ecclesiastical revenues were once appropriated to the convent of S. Leger at Preaux, or Pratellis, in Normandy, and it is highly probable that the church did once bear the name of its foreign patron, but the existing dedication-name by which it has long been known is "S. Michael."

S. Lambert, M. Sept. 17, 709.

The history of Lambert, Bishop of Maestricht, is less moving than that of S. Leger of Autun, but in many points it resembles it. The two men were contemporaries—both were of good family, and succeeded almost as a matter of course to their respective ecclesiastical dignities; both suffered strange vicissitudes of fortune; both were closely affected by the various changes among the *fainéant* kings; and both were, in their time, victims of Ebroin's malevolence.

The scene of Lambert's history is laid within very narrow limits, and the only two spots which are specially associated with him are his episcopal city of Maestricht, where he was born and brought up, and the obscure neighbouring village of Liège, which owed its after-fame to the fact of its having been the place of his martyrdom.

According to a not uncommon custom, Lambert was educated in the palace of the Bishop of Maestricht. His bright, willing disposition, his manly habits, together with his love of learning, made him a favourite with the old bishop, who would gladly have named this promising youth as his

* Lower.

successor, had such a course been legal. When, some years later, the bishop met with a violent death, his wishes were respected, and Lambert was unanimously chosen to fill his place.

At the end of three years there came a change. Lambert's royal patron, King Childeric, was slain, and Ebroin, the Mayor of the Palace, became virtually master of the situation. As an adherent of the late king, Lambert speedily incurred Ebroin's hostility; he was driven from his see, which was handed over to one Faramund. Lambert offered no resistance, but withdrew to the peaceful shelter of a monastery, where he remained for seven years, submitting himself to the rules of the house with as unquestioning obedience as though he had been the humblest brother.

The murder of the dreaded Ebroin in 680–681 caused a fresh revolution. Pepin of Heristal now came to the front, bent on reversing all the policy of his predecessor. The usurping bishop, Faramund, was dismissed, and Lambert restored to his diocese amid the acclamations of clergy and laity.

Lambert was at this time in the prime of life, full of vigour and of new plans for benefiting the souls of all that were entrusted to him. There were parts of his diocese, not far from Maestricht, where heathenism still reigned. Here he laboured indefatigably and with such success that the people at his bidding overthrew their temples and idols and came in crowds to be baptized of him. A wooded hillock near the Meuse was for long pointed out as a favourite seat of the good bishop, where he used to sit and teach. His missionary labours brought him at length as far as to the borders of Friesland, where he came into contact with a man like-minded with himself, the devoted and successful English missionary, Wilbrord.

It is clear that Lambert was essentially a man of peace, but through no fault of his dissensions arose in the diocese, for which he was most unjustly held responsible. The cathedral was on more than one occasion plundered by two lawless brothers, who had in other ways made themselves hated by their repeated acts of violence. Some of the bishop's friends—among whom his nephews seem to have occupied the foremost place—roused to fury, attacked and killed the two aggressors. It so happened that the murdered men were relations of a wealthy and powerful dependent of Pepin's, who in his hot anger determined to visit upon the bishop the wrong done by his family. No one charges Lambert with having been privy to the crime, but from what follows it is evident that the circumstances were made known to him when it was too late, and that he felt the wrong done in his name had so far implicated himself as to have deprived him of his just right to make his defence when he was unjustly attacked.

Lambert was so much beloved in Maestricht that his enemies doubtless felt that it would be hopeless to make any attack upon him there, and watched their opportunity till the bishop and his household were settled for a time at the little village of Liège. True to his monastery habits, Lambert had risen at midnight and passed into the adjoining church to spend some hours in secret prayer before it was time to summon the others

to matins. When the office was ended it was still only just beginning to dawn, and all the company returned as usual to rest, except one boy, who was up and about, keeping guard outside the house. Suddenly the sleepers were roused by a cry from the lad that he saw soldiers coming down the hill. Lambert's two nephews armed themselves with clubs, and prepared to guard the door. The bishop himself instinctively grasped his sword, then deliberately laid it aside. To die like this, without striking a blow, was almost more than the young men knew how to bear. The shouts of the soldiers below—"Try fire; burn the house over their heads!" rang in their ears, and they turned desperately to their uncle, asking if he did not hear it too. "Remember," was the grave answer, "it is you who are guilty of this crime through the death of those two brothers. Now take the just reward of your deeds; if you love me in truth, love the Lord Jesus even as you love me, and confess your sins to Him. As for me, it is time that I should go to dwell with Him." One more effort the poor lads made to change his determination: they brought one of the service-books and asked him to see by the chance opening of the pages what might be "the Lord's will." The first words that met Lambert's eyes were these: "Of you shall be required all the righteous blood shed upon earth." It was enough. "You hear," said he, sadly, "the decision of God, Who remaineth immovable." He spoke firmly, but he could not wholly conceal what it cost him to exact from his followers this hard submission. He withdrew into his own room, and there, so soon as he was alone, he stretched himself on the floor with his arms in the form of the cross, and poured out his soul in earnest prayer mingled with unrestrained weeping.

In a little while the assassins had forced their way into the unprotected house, and were putting to death every man they met. They never came face to face with the old bishop, for when they entered his chamber he was already dead from the blow of a javelin that had been aimed from the roof above.

A few of his disciples who had contrived to escape (S. Lambert's two nephews were not among the number) afterwards took the body back to the cathedral at Maestricht, but Lambert's successor in the see, S. Hubert, caused it to be brought back to Liège, where a new and more stately church was then built on the very spot where he met with his death.

S. Lambert's name was very early inserted in our English Kalendar on September 17, the day of his martyrdom, and has retained its place there through manifold changes, in the course of which many more famous names have dropped out.

He is, however, commemorated among us by two churches, the one at Burneston in the North Riding of Yorkshire, and the other at Aspall-Stonham in Suffolk. In neither case does the history of the foundation seem very clearly established. As regards Burneston, it is certain that the church is not mentioned in the Domesday survey; but about the time of Richard I. we find one Gernagot Fitz Hugh confirming to "the Abbey of S. Mary in York all the land which his father had given" near "the

stream which comes from *the well of S. Lambert.*"* We can hardly doubt that it was either this Norman lord of the soil, or his father before him, who thus planted in North Yorkshire the honoured patron saint of Liège.

S. Hubert. Nov. 3, 727.

S. Lambert's successor, S. Hubert, has been hardly dealt with, for a single circumstance of his life has been seized upon and developed into a romance that has overshadowed all the historical realities of his useful existence, till he has come to be regarded as nothing more than the very mythical patron of huntsmen and of that unfortunate, but happily small, portion of the community who stand in danger of hydrophobia.

All that we really know of the saint may be very shortly told. He was not brought up for the clerical profession, for he was married and had a son, who afterwards succeeded him in the bishopric. After his wife's death, he changed his whole way of life, and was admitted to holy orders. It is probable that he became a disciple of S. Lambert; it is certain that he was elected his successor, that he shared to the full Lambert's missionary enthusiasm, and that he died in the very midst of his work, whilst he was travelling. All this we learn from a life of him by an anonymous disciple, brought out within twenty years of his death. The later accounts of him are so overlaid with impossible marvels that they can be made use of only with the greatest caution, yet some additional touches may doubtless be gathered from them.

Hubert, then, according to these accounts, was of royal descent, rich and pleasure-loving. Some writers have been of opinion that it was in later days that he came to be associated with the great forest of the Ardennes—the days when he was living there in a hermit's solitude, preparing himself for the new life on which he was about to enter—but there seems no sufficient reason for mistrusting the constant tradition that represents him as a mighty hunter, roving throughout the forest in pursuit of the stag and the wild boar. So passionate was his love for the sport that, according to the legend, he could not refrain from it even on Good Friday. The mention of so striking a day for the moment of his conversion has in itself something rather suspicious about it, and from this point the story assumes a most apocryphal form. We read how, being separated from his companions in the depths of the forest, he encountered a stag that bore between its antlers an immense crucifix, from whence came a warning voice bidding him turn to the Lord; and when the terror-struck Hubert asked what it behoved him to do, the voice replied: "Go to Maestricht to my servant Lambert, and he will tell thee what thou must do." Practically the same story, with only a few necessary alterations, is told of a much earlier saint, S. Eustace (CH. XIV.).

It is probable that the whole story was invented to account for the marked change that took place in S. Hubert's way of life when he was a little under thirty years of age. A quite sufficient explanation, however,

* Whitaker's "Richmondshire."

is furnished by the death, just at this period, of his young wife, who died in giving birth to her first child. He resigned his military offices, and went to put himself at the disposal of Lambert, the good Bishop of Maestricht, at whose bidding he went through a long probation as a solitary in his well-known forest of Ardennes. Some years later he appears to have gone to Rome. There is great difficulty in filling up the interval between his conversion (supposed to have taken place about the year 685) and his reappearance in 708 as S. Lambert's successor.

The principal act that marks his episcopate is the transference of the see from Maestricht to Liège, the scene of S. Lambert's martyrdom. We have already spoken of Hubert's missionary zeal. It was specially shown forth to the scattered dwellers in the Ardennes; and thus S. Hubert came to have a threefold tie with the scenes of his youth.

Death overtook him very suddenly as he was returning from the consecration of a newly built church at Brabant. He pushed on to a country house near Louvain which belonged to him, so it seems, through his wife, and here after four days' illness he passed peacefully away, calm and conscious to the last, and watched over by his son, Floribert. He was buried in the first instance at Liège, though afterwards his bones were removed to a village in the Ardennes, since called from him "St. Hubert." On November 3, some sixteen years after his death, his remains were solemnly exhumed and found to be uncorrupt, and it is the anniversary of this so-called "exaltation" of his remains, and not the day of his death, that has been taken for his festival.

Popular though S. Hubert is in his own district, dedications to him in England are very rare. S. Hubert's at Idsworth in Hampshire is an old chapelry in the parish of Chalton. The county map attached to Camden's "Britannia" shows that it must originally have stood in the midst of a vast tract of forest, and the thought suggests itself that it may have been the accidental likeness in situation to the Ardennes that caused S. Hubert to be chosen as patron. Corfe Mullen in Dorsetshire, originally a chapelry in the parish of Sturminster Marshall, is sometimes ascribed to S. Nicholas, but locally to S. Hubert.* Possibly the confusion with S. Nicholas has arisen from the circumstance that the hospital of S. Nicholas in Salisbury formerly held land in Corfe Mullen.

S. Hubert closes the roll of French bishops who are connected with our churches. It contains some names of the first rank, such as S. Martin and S. German, but, taken collectively, it can hardly be said that these French bishops are as remarkable a body of men as our English bishops who are commemorated in like manner. And yet there is not one among the number—not even the hot-headed Britius—whose name we may not be glad to associate with our churches, while there are two or three, like S. Remigius and S. Eloy and S. Leger, whose true greatness and force of character come out the more strongly the more closely their history is studied.

* "S. Hubert" also in Clergy List for 1896.

CHAPTER XXV.

OTHER FOREIGN BISHOPS.

PAGE.	NAME.	DAY.	YEAR.	CHURCHES.	
489	S. Pancras of Taormina, M. (cf. S. Pancras of Rome, CH. XVI.)	April 3 ...	First century	7	
491	S. Blaise, M.	February 3	316	3	*See also dd.*
495	S. Nicholas, or Nicolaus ...	December 6	Fourth century	397	*See also dd.*
501	*S. Rumold* ... ... (cf. S. Rumbold, K., CH. XVI.)	July 1 ...	—	Doubtful	
501	S. Ives, or Ivo	June 10 ...	cir. seventh cent.	2	

UNDER this heading we have grouped together certain highly legendary episcopal figures drawn from both East and West, among whom the most prominent by far is the well-known S. Nicholas. Another Eastern bishop, the Armenian S. Blaise, enjoyed at one time no small measure of popularity; but his story is not as interesting as that of the less-known S. Ivo, the mysterious missionary from Persia, who is said to have given his name to the Huntingdonshire town of St. Ives. Of the two Western bishops, S. Pancras of Taormina and S. Rumold of Mechlin, there is not so much to tell. S. Pancras, curiously enough, is conjectured to have found his way into this country through Eastern channels; as to the mythical S. Rumold, his claim to be included among our Patron Saints is so ill-supported that he need not detain us long.

S. Pancras of Taormina, M. April 3, first cent.

First in order of time stands S. Pancras of Taormina, who, according to tradition, was sent by S. Peter himself to evangelize Sicily. His teaching—which he strove by every means in his power to adapt to the limited understanding of his heathen hearers *—was attended with considerable success; but his boldness in destroying the two most sacred idols of the country perhaps cost him his life, for the people turned against him and stoned him to death. The centre of his labours is supposed to have been Taormina, the ancient city that is now from its exceeding beauty coming into favour as a resort for travellers. Through all its many vicissitudes of race and religion and government, Taormina has kept true to the memory of its earliest bishop, and the venerable church of "S. Pancrazio" stands to this

* Baring-Gould, April 3.

day outside the Porta Messina, occupying the site of a Greek temple, of which the ruins are still distinctly visible.*

The late Mr. Thomas Kerslake, whose opinion on these matters is always deserving of respectful consideration, inclined strongly to the belief that while our English dedications to S. Pancras in the Home-counties and in the Midlands were certainly intended for the boy-martyr of that name (CH. XVI.), "those in the West of England probably commemorate the earlier saint, said to have been sent as a missionary bishop into Sicily by S. Peter, and to have been martyred at Taormina." †

There is a large and important group of such dedications—no less than seven of them—in the West of England, one is in Dorsetshire, the remaining six all in Devonshire; and it has struck every student of the subject that this curiously local veneration for S. Pancras must have come in by some distinct channel peculiar to the West of England. Such a channel there was ready to hand in the connexion with Armorica, of which we shall have elsewhere to note countless examples. Armorica served as a link between the Gallican and the British Churches, and the saints and the liturgies of the one Church became the saints and the liturgies of the other. S. Pancras was one of the saints thus commemorated in the Litanies of "Lesser Britain," and so the name would naturally find its way into Devonshire; but it none the less remains an open question which S. Pancras is intended, whether the Roman boy or the Sicilian bishop. On this point opinions are divided, even among those who are prepared to admit with Mr. Kerslake that "this island has received two distinct inoculations of the name S. Pancras"—the one direct from Rome, the other through Gallican influences. It is urged that the boy-martyr must have been well known to the Gallican Church; but Mr. Kerslake lays stress on the fact that S. Pancras the bishop is found in the Kalendars of the Greek Church ‡ as well as of the Roman, and points to "the preference of the British Christians for the Eastern calendars," as illustrated by their fondness for the Eastern martyrs, SS. Cyriac and Julitta (CHS. XVI. and XIII.). The evidence is not convincing on either side, and it would be a great point gained if any of the seven West-country churches in question could be shown to keep their feast-days early in April or even in mid-May. Unfortunately, in the Exeter diocese less attention has been given than in the adjacent diocese of Truro to tracing out the dates of the now rapidly vanishing parish feasts. Moreover, several of these dedications to S. Pancras are attached, not to parish churches, but to ancient chapelries, and this increases the difficulty of the investigation. One thing alone is clear. S. Pancras, be he the fellow-worker with S. Peter in Sicily, or the "truth-compelling" (p. 169) boy-martyr—be he who he may, at least he has struck firm root in Devonshire and Dorset. Alton-Pancras, near Dorchester, plainly declares its original patron, though the

* Murray's "Mediterranean."

† See also the article by the late Precentor Venables in *Arch. Journal*, vol. 38; but chiefly Mr. Kerslake's paper on "The Welsh in Dorset," "Dorset Antiq.," vol. 3.

‡ On February 9 instead of April 3.

existing church is ascribed by some to S. Andrew; Pancras-Wyke,* close to the Cornish border, tells the same story; and it looks as though the curiously named *Pennycross*, near Plymouth, might be a corruption of "Pancras' Cross." By far the best known, however, of all the seven West-country dedications in this name is S. Pancras in Exeter, situated in that portion of the city which Mr. Kerslake and others have shown to be the Celtic quarter, as opposed to the Saxon. Very probably this ancient church influenced others, and may account for all or some of the remaining dedications to S. Pancras that lie at no great distance from Exeter—Roosdown, Widdecombe-in-the-Moor,† and Withycombe-Rawleigh.

In Gloucestershire, a county which in the matter of dedications has come under many of the same influences as Devonshire, two dedications to our saint have been traced, but both seem now to be extinct.‡

S. Blaise, M. Feb. 3, 316.

It is a curious fate that has linked together through more than fifteen hundred years the obscure martyr of a ruined city of Asia Minor and the busy Yorkshire wool-combers of the nineteenth century; and yet the name of "Bishop Blaise" is among the few names in our black-letter Kalendar that would meet with ready recognition from the working-men of the West Riding.

The honour paid to this Armenian bishop is a striking illustration of the strength and permanence of popular tradition, for the well-authenticated facts in his history are meagre in the extreme. We know only that he was Bishop of Sebaste in Cappadocia or Lesser Armenia, that he was cruelly tortured by order of Agricolaus the prefect (probably in the reign of the Emperor Licinius, about A.D. 316), and that finally he suffered martyrdom by beheading. These bare outlines are copiously filled out by four different versions of his Acts, both Greek and Roman; but unfortunately the accounts do not agree among themselves, and no one of them is to be relied upon. Nor do these Acts add much to the vividness of our picture of the saint. They deal only with the closing years of his life when he was fleeing before his persecutor and seeking shelter in the woods and caves of the mountains, where, like S. Francis long afterwards, he won the affections of all the wild creatures around, and caused them to submit to his will. They tell of miracles of mercy wrought on behalf of the bereaved and the poor; and they tell in much detail of his two successive trials before the cruel prefect Agricolaus, and of the tortures that were inflicted upon him by means of iron combs before he was released from his sufferings by the sword. No refinements of cruelty were too great for Agricolaus; but that which makes it necessary to receive with caution all the details of the story is the remarkable silence of those who were sufficiently near both in time and place to have had the best means of ascertaining its truth. Hero-worshippers were not wanting in

* "Wyke" or "week" = dwelling; cf. "German's-week," "S. Mary's-week."

† This chapel, like S. Pancras in Exeter, is in the gift of the dean and chapter of Exeter.

‡ The one attached to Winchcombe Abbey; the other "an extinct parish now absorbed into Marshfield."—Kerslake.

the little town of Sebaste. Among the natives of this garrison town at the time of which we are writing were a Christian couple who are best known to history through their two distinguished sons, both of them Fathers of the Church—S. Basil the Great and S. Gregory Nyssenus. Some four years after the death of Bishop Blaise, and some nine years before the birth of S. Basil, and during the governorship of this same Agricolaus, Sebaste was stirred to its depths by a martyrdom as striking as any that is recorded in the annals of the Church. A division of the "Thundering Legion"—that legion whose name was dear to Christian tradition from the days of Marcus Aurelius—was at this period quartered at Sebaste, and we may well believe that some among the soldiers had come under the influence of the dead bishop, and perhaps some witnessed his good confession. But of this we know nothing certainly. When, four years later, a fresh wave of persecution burst forth, it was no longer directed as before chiefly against the leaders, but included Christians of every class. It fell with peculiar violence upon the army, which was well known to contain in its ranks many Christians. Forty of the Legion, young and brave—and though young already noted for their services—were chosen as representatives of the rest, and bidden to comply with the usual test of sacrificing to the gods. Unfalteringly they one and all refused, steeling themselves against even that bitterest of all suggestions, that it was folly of their own act to cut short the bright career of service to their country so nobly begun. Too many Christians in Sebaste had yielded to either the threats or the persuasions of the prefect, but these were immovable; and in his wrath at finding himself resisted, he ordained for the forty soldiers a new and terrible form of punishment. They should pass the winter's night upon the ice-bound pond outside the city wall, and that the way of surrender might be kept open, he provided by the water's edge a hut supplied with food and fire and warm bath for any who should seek its comfortable shelter at the cost of his belief.

With a good courage the forty champions advanced to their ordeal, strengthening one another in the bonds of brotherly fellowship. "We must die once; let us so die as to live for ever. Let us do for God what numberless soldiers do for an earthly prince." As at the bidding of their persecutors they laid aside their warm garments, they reminded one another of the charge to "put off the old man;" and as they began their vigil they joined in the prayer: "Forty wrestlers, we have entered the arena: grant, O Lord, that all the forty may be crowned; that not one of the number may fail." Such are some echoes of the words uttered on that memorable night, which year after year were recalled by different speakers * on the anniversary of the festival of the Forty Martyrs. Forty they were according to their desire; and yet as the night wore on and the freezing wind blew across the pond, the fortitude of one of the band gave out, and he went to seek the luxurious shelter of the hut. As he

* More especially S. Basil and S. Gregory, but not these only. See Baillet and Baring-Gould for March 10.

entered the guard in charge roused himself from a dream. The last words of the soldiers without had lingered in his mind, and in his dream he had beheld a company of angels descending from heaven and bringing crowns of reward to the victors; but one there was who stood uncrowned. Now when he awoke and saw this man standing before him, he was moved by a sudden splendid impulse, and went out into the night to take the place of him who had failed. When morning dawned many of the forty champions slept in death; but a few were still breathing, and these at the command of Agricolaus were carried away in carts and cast into a great fire. Their ashes were thrown into the river Iris; but the faithful Christians secretly rescued what they could, and accounted them among their most precious relics.

According to primitive custom churches quickly rose up in the different spots that possessed these sacred remains, and among the most famous of them was the church built on her own ground by the now widowed mother of S. Basil. The veneration of these forty saints became a marked part of the household piety of this famous Christian family. From earliest childhood the sons and daughters, and in due time the grandchildren also, were taught to reverence the memory of the soldier-saints of Sebaste, and so constantly was the subject pressed upon the minds of the young people that on one occasion we find the younger brother, S. Gregory, exhibiting considerable impatience at the interference of the yearly solemnity with his own more congenial pursuits.

It was, no doubt, in great part owing to the influence of this particular family that the story of the Forty Martyrs was so widely spread abroad in the East. At Constantinople three churches at least were built in their honour; and gradually the enthusiasm travelled westward to Rome, and even to our own island. In the scanty English Kalendar known as Bede's there is no mention of S. Blaise, but the "Forty Holy Martyrs" are duly commemorated.* In the Salisbury Kalendar the position is exactly reversed, and, as in our Prayer-book Kalendar, S. Blaise is present and the Forty Martyrs are omitted. The actual Roman Kalendar, like the Kalendar of the Eastern Church, commemorates both the bishop himself and the brave soldiers on their several days.

The change in our national Kalendars may be held as fairly typical of the general change of attitude towards the heroes of Sebaste. For a time the fame of Bishop Blaise was well-nigh eclipsed by the greater glory of the Forty Martyrs; but gradually, after the appearance of the various spurious Acts of the saint, he attained to a new and astonishing popularity, while the story of the soldier-martyrs slowly faded away out of common memory. At Sebaste the ruins of their church may yet be traced,† and at Rome two churches placed under their invocation were still standing in the last century, if indeed they are not there still. True it is that we

* On March 9, as in the Eastern Kalendar. The Roman Kalendar has for some reason postponed the commemoration to the following day.

† Baring-Gould.

may find in some modern maps a tiny Greek town on the mainland just opposite Corfu, which by its name of "the Forty Saints" tells its own story to those who can read it aright; but all this is as nothing compared with the honours heaped upon Bishop Blaise. If we limit ourselves to the test of any good atlas we shall meet his name in most unexpected places. Not to speak of our own unmistakable Cornish village of "St. Blazey," there is a French river Blaise, a Swiss town of St. Blaise, and its near namesake in the Black Forest, St. Blasien; while farther afield we find our saint bestowing his name upon two several capes—the one on the Isthmus of Panama, the other off the south coast of Africa. Many towns chose the Bishop of Sebaste for their patron saint, and as to the places that boasted the possession of his relics, the list would be an interminable one.

Baillet conjectures ingeniously enough that one chief explanation of the intense devotion to this comparatively obscure saint was, that he was represented in the "pious romances" that supply the place of more authentic accounts of him as peculiarly tender towards the sufferings of children and the dumb beasts—"two powerful motives of compassion and tenderness among the common folk." This is very true; but Baillet fails to do justice to the attractions of the iron combs that were said to be the instrument of his cruel death. They became the recognized emblems of his martyrdom, and caused him to be seized upon by the wool-combers—no unimportant body among the various trade guilds—as their special patron; and at this point we are brought round once more to the working-men of the West Riding. From time immemorial Bradford had been wont periodically to celebrate a "Bishop Blaize Festival," with trade processions and elaborate pageants in which the wool-combers' patron was duly represented. This festival was last held in 1825, when a child of five, the son of a leading townsman, was selected to recite the high-flown verses in praise of the saint that began thus—

> "Hail to the day whose kind auspicious rays
> Deigned first to smile on famous Bishop Blaize."

Happily Bradford did not see fit, in its veneration for its tutelary saint, to change the dedication of the parish church, which has always been to the Apostle Peter; but we can hardly doubt that S. Blaize, like the now almost forgotten S. Osyth (CH. XL.), was possessed of some little wayside chapel or oratory in the town.

In other parts of England traditions still linger. A well-known country seat in Gloucestershire takes its name of "Blaize Castle" from a ruined chapel dedicated to the Armenian bishop. There are memories of him, too, at Bromley in Kent, where a mineral spring, known as "S. Blaze's Well," witnesses to a long-since vanished oratory in honour of the saint, built for his own private use by some ancient Bishop of Rochester in what was then the garden belonging to the episcopal palace.

And now to pass from ruins to existing parish churches. There are

three of them—Milton in Berkshire, Haccombe in Devonshire, and "St. Blazey" in Cornwall, which last not merely keeps a fair on February 2, the eve of the saint's festival,* and perpetuates his memory by a figure of him within the church, but further claims a direct association with the saint on the strength of a local legend, which boldly asserts that he came on a visit to Britain, and landed in the neighbourhood of St. Blazey.† Finally, at Boxgrove in Sussex, we find him commemorated in conjunction with the Blessed Virgin, "SS. Mary and Blase."

S. Nicholas, or Nicolaus. Dec. 6, fourth cent.

But a saint a hundred-fold more celebrated than Bishop Blaise now demands our attention. From the patron of woolcombers we turn to the ever-popular patron both of sailors and of children. Surely it adds no small charm to the strange medley of anecdotes that do duty for the history of S. Nicholas, Archbishop of Myra in Asia Minor, to remember that he has been the saint beloved of children in the Old World and in the New, from the sixth century to the nineteenth, whether they belong to the Greek Church or the Latin, whether they be little Dutch boys and girls of the Reformed Faith, or factory-workers in our own Yorkshire half-time schools, or rigidly brought up little New Englanders—all alike they have, as thousands of children have had before them, some pleasurable association with the old saint of Myra, whether as "S. Nicholas" or under the more familiar abbreviation of "Santa Claus."

To deny that a bishop called Nicholas lived, to deny that there was any historical origin for the endless legends that have clustered round his name, would be to ignore all the evidence furnished by the stream of veneration that took its rise in the Eastern Church in the sixth century, and flowed on in ever-increasing volume for hundreds of years to come. In this case, as in many similar ones, there is undoubtedly some historic basis underlying the legends, but it is often a well-nigh impossible task to get down to this historic foundation; while to weave a consistent and rational narrative out of the materials that have come down to us is a task only less impossible than that of accepting the truth of the different legends as they stand. In the seventeenth century, Baillet, the laborious compiler of "Les Vies des Saints," did attempt this feat. He was willing to believe all that he possibly could, but in examining the so-called history of S. Nicholas his critical instincts proved too strong for him. He eliminated many trivial details, and confined himself to the supposed historic outlines, but the anachronisms that met him even here were too discomposing to be passed over; and though he declares that there is no one of the saint's miraculous actions that is in itself absolutely impossible, and that we need nothing but the sanction of some undoubted authority to attest their truth, his native honesty compels him to add that the Acts were not put together until a period when the Greek Church (the fame of

* "St. Blazey Feast is now on the 24th of June, but St. Blazey Fair is on the 2nd of February."—Truro Kalendar.

† Lewis.

S. Nicholas is, as we shall see, of comparatively late growth in the West) had "rid itself of scruples in the matter of literary inventions."* It seems not unlikely that these Acts have made an initial blunder as to S. Nicholas's date, placing him in the fourth instead of the fifth century, and making him a contemporary of Constantine the Great and S. Athanasius. The theory of the later date has the advantage of not leaving so long an interval between his lifetime and the rise of his celebrity, which celebrity can certainly be traced back to the reign of Justinian in the sixth century, when a church is known to have been dedicated in his honour; but to sift dates in connexion with S. Nicholas is a useless undertaking.

According to his biographer, S. Nicholas was born at Patara, the only child of wealthy parents. From his cradle he displayed that precocious piety which meets us so continually in the lives of foreign saints, and happily so very rarely in our own native-born saints.† After a pattern childhood he grew to man's estate, and was ordained priest by an episcopal uncle of the same name as himself. By this time his parents' death had put him in possession of the family wealth, and legend associates with this period one of the best known of his good deeds, telling us how he provided dowries for three young sisters whom poverty had brought to direst distress, and how, in his desire to conceal his charity, he threw the purses of gold (or, as some versions say, three golden balls) by night through their chamber windows. These three golden balls have passed into S. Nicholas's peculiar symbol, and may often be met with in pictures and effigies of him, and in churches dedicated in his honour.

His next step was to go on pilgrimage to the Holy Land to worship the wood of the True Cross; but, as Baillet points out, his biographer mars this statement by dating it too exactly, and causing the pilgrimage to take place some years before the Empress Helena had made her memorable discovery. It is on this same voyage that we first hear of S. Nicholas's power over the winds and waves—a power that caused him, even in his lifetime (according to his Acts), to be invoked by sailors in the hour of danger; which has since caused many a church to be dedicated in his honour in our English seaport towns, and which makes his name familiar to this day to many an English fisherman.

Soon after Nicholas's return from pilgrimage the then Bishop of Myra died, and Nicholas was unanimously chosen as his successor and metropolitan of the whole province of Lycia, whence it comes that he is commonly designated archbishop. Most of his miracles—the providing corn for a famine-stricken population, the setting at liberty of three innocent men unjustly taken captives by virtue of the authority though without the knowledge of the Emperor Constantine—these and others like them may be read at length in the pages of Mrs. Jameson or Mr. Baring-Gould. The only one that need be referred to here is the very apocryphal tale of

* "Dans le temps où ils s'étaient defaits du scruple de feindre."

† The highly legendary S. Runwald (CH. XVI.), who demanded baptism within a few hours of his birth, may be looked upon as an English counterpart to the infant S. Nicholas.

his restoring to life three children (the way in which the number three figures in all S. Nicholas's miracles—the three penniless maidens, the three captives, the three murdered children—marks well the fabulous character of the Acts), who had been cruelly done to death by a cannibal innkeeper. One must suppose that the candid M. Baillet had for the moment forgotten this startling incident when he wrote: "There is nothing absolutely impossible or even incredible in what has been published touching the marvellous actions of S. Nicholas's life." But, incredible or not, the story with its abundance of dismal detail took hold of the popular imagination, and gradually developed S. Nicholas into the position he has so long occupied as the patron of all good children.

The life, after throwing out a few vague hints of the sufferings and imprisonments undergone by this noble confessor in the persecution of Diocletian, and of the honour that consequently attached to his name in the days of Constantine, goes on to tell of the part he played in the Council of Nicæa, A.D. 325. And here at last it looks as though we were treading upon the solid ground of history; but even Baillet is staggered by the silence on this point of Athanasius, of Eusebius, of all whose authority would have been of value. Not one of the contemporary writers mentions him; and, as Baillet justly observes: "The more S. Nicholas was celebrated in the Church of that day the less likely was he to have been forgotten by those who spoke of the bishops who composed that holy assembly; and the silence of the historians in this matter is a painful objection to have to make."

But what history lacks legend freely supplies, and, according to the legend, S. Nicholas was not merely present, but took a very leading part, not precisely in the theological discussions, but in proving the zeal of the orthodox party. Dean Stanley thus describes the scene: "Still more famous and still more apocryphal (at least in his attendance at Nicæa) is Nicholas, Bishop of Myra. Not mentioned by a single ancient historian, S. Nicholas yet figures in the traditional pictures of the Council as the foremost figure of all. Type as he is of universal benevolence to sailors, to thieves, to children—known by his broad red face, and flowing white hair—the traditions of the East always represent him as standing in the midst of the assembly, and suddenly roused by righteous indignation to assail the heretic Arius with a tremendous box on the ear."* It may be noted in passing that the "broad red face" of the Eastern representations is oddly at variance with the insistence in the Acts upon the saint's ascetic practices and rigorous fasts. Mrs. Jameson says that she has never met with a picture of this scene in Western art; plainly it was purposely ignored as a shameful memory, for Dean Stanley adds that "the legend best known in the West goes on to say that for this intemperate act S. Nicholas was deprived of his mitre and pall, which were only restored to him by the intervention of angels; so that in many old pictures he is represented as bare-headed, and with his shoulders uncovered."†

* "Eastern Church," Lecture III. † Ibid., Lecture IV.

With us of the English Church, aye, even in the Roman Church of to-day, these old legends have become stereotyped into fixed forms, which are chiefly interesting to those of an antiquarian bent; but the Eastern Church is much nearer to the past than the Western. In Bulgaria the memory of the great Council of Nicæa is even now so fresh that the direst curse a man can make use of is to curse his neighbour "by the three hundred and eighteen," that is, by the number of the signatories to the decrees of Nicæa. In like manner the legends are not yet crystallized, but are told about from one to another in varying forms, so that from the monks of Mount Athos Dean Stanley heard quite another version, tending to exalt S. Nicholas's hasty action. It set forth how, on the appeal of Arius, Nicholas was imprisoned and deprived of his see. "But in prison the Redeemer, Whose honour he had vindicated, appeared to him with His Mother. One restored to him his Gospel, the other the pall; and with these credentials he claimed and obtained his freedom."*

As the Greek Church has continued up to the present time to hold S. Nicholas in a degree of veneration beyond that which is displayed towards him in any other part of Christendom—he may be said to be virtually the patron saint of Russia—so, too, she was four centuries in advance of the Latin Church in doing him honour. The familiar name of Nicholas will be sought for in vain in Bede's Kalendar, or in Roman martyrologies of a still later date; but long before this time his feast was regularly observed throughout the East on December 6; and in Constantinople alone there were four churches dedicated in his honour.† Time went on; stories began to be passed about of the wonders wrought at the saint's tomb in Myra; his beneficent deeds were repeated from mouth to mouth with some fresh touch of the marvellous at each relation; the sailors of the Levant, as they made their dangerous voyages among the islands, recalled the good bishop who had known like dangers, and called upon his name. The curiosity of the Western peoples was roused; they were impatient to claim some ownership in so great a wonder-worker, to rank him with the popular Catherines and Barbaras and Christophers, so celebrated in legend. In 1087, in the time of our William Rufus, the precious relics of the saint were secured for Western Europe by the bold stroke of forty Italian merchants from the little city of Bari on the shores of the Adriatic, who, following out a carefully concerted plan, made a descent upon Myra, and, between persuasion, threats, and bribery, forced the poor defenceless guardians of the monastery where the bishop lay buried to allow the tomb to be broken into and the saint's body carried off. In triumph the marauders returned to Bari with their spoils, which were so joyfully received by the whole town that henceforward May 9, the anniversary of this reception at Bari, commonly known as "the translation of S. Nicholas," took rank as a second festival, hardly inferior in consideration to the saint's proper feast-day, December 6.

From this time forward it is impossible to keep count of the tokens of

* "Eastern Church," Lecture IV. † Baillet.

regard that poured in upon the genial saint of Myra. In England as well as in France he was enthusiastically welcomed, and churches in his honour sprang up on every side with such amazing rapidity that dedications to S. Nicholas positively occupied the first place after those dedicated to the Holy Trinity, All Saints, and certain of the leading saints of the New Testament. In point of fact, there is no single non-scriptural saint who has the distinction of being found in each one of the forty counties, but if any dedication to S. Nicholas could be traced in Derbyshire he would be a notable exception.

The extraordinary devotion of our forefathers to S. Nicholas and to S. Margaret—the one saint about as legendary as the other—supports a theory that not seldom suggests itself to the mind of the student of dedications,—that mediæval founders esteemed a saint in direct proportion to the number of incredible stories told in connexion with him. But in the case of S. Nicholas there were certain characteristics which could not fail to recommend him to Englishmen—his maritime fame, his patronage of children, his ready good nature. Portionless maidens would obviously not be in a position to build churches, or they, too, would doubtless have dedicated them in honour of S. Nicholas.

It has been remarked that among the Greek mariners S. Nicholas has inherited the honours of the sea-god, and there is an example in one of the islands of the Greek Archipelago of a Greek temple being transferred bodily from the worship of Neptune to that of Nicholas.* From the number of churches dedicated to S. Nicholas in our seaport towns—Harwich, Great Yarmouth, Liverpool, Whitehaven, and many more—it might be said that he was once regarded in something the same light among ourselves; but this point of his maritime popularity is sometimes pressed beyond what it can bear. In many of the most notable of our old ports—Plymouth, Sandwich, Dover, Hull, etc.—S. Nicholas is altogether wanting; while he is found, as we have seen, in the most purely inland parishes.

The erection of Newcastle-on-Tyne into a bishopric has converted the venerable parish church of that city into a cathedral, and so gives to S. Nicholas his first English cathedral.† In olden times S. Nicholas's Day was observed as a high festival in cathedrals, collegiate chapels, and other churches of note, and was celebrated by the curious ceremony of choosing among the choristers "the boy-bishop," the mock bishop whose brief tenure of official state lasted for the three weeks between S. Nicholas's Day and the feast of the Holy Innocents. During this period the boy-bishop and his chorister "prebends" enacted a series of elaborate pageants, all planned with the same idea of consecrating and glorifying childhood. If the boy-bishop died during what may be termed the children's season, he had the privilege of being buried in the cathedral in full pontificals,

* D. C. B., "Nicholas."

† The pro-Cathedral at Liverpool is the parish church of S. Peter, which—appropriately enough for such a seafaring city as Liverpool—is consolidated with the parish of S. Nicholas.

as may be seen by the famous tomb of the boy-bishop in Salisbury Cathedral.

Of the four hundred and odd churches dedicated to S. Nicholas there is but a handful of modern date; and, speaking generally, it may be assumed that the greater proportion of them were founded between the eleventh and fifteenth centuries. S. Nicholas, Great Yarmouth, dates from 1291, and the Oxfordshire church of "S. Nicholas the Confessor"—the style is somewhat unusual—at Forest Hill was consecrated in 1273. Probably the thirteenth century marks the culminating period of the saint's fame in England. Of far earlier date is the abbey church of SS. Mary and Nicholas at Spalding, which can be traced back to a period before the translation of the saint's remains to Bari. Originally dedicated to S. Mary alone, the church in the year 1074 passed into the gift of S. Nicholas's Abbey at Angers, whence it took its second name. Nor does the chain of history end here; for when, in 1846, Deeping Fen, six miles from Spalding (till then an extra-parochial liberty), was made parochial, the church was dedicated, like the venerable church at Spalding itself, to S. Nicholas.

The City of London, as might be expected, can show a large number of dedications to this favourite patron—S. Nicholas Acons, S. Nicholas-ad-Marcellas, S. Nicholas Olave, and S. Nicholas, Cole Abbey. Unfortunately, only the last of the four is still in existence, though the names of all the rest are carefully retained.

Occasionally we find a church of S. Nicholas with an alternative dedication to some scriptural saint, bestowed no doubt in a not unnatural reaction at the superstitious reverence lavished on this very legendary personage; but on the whole S. Nicholas's popularity has been great enough to survive unscathed all manner of changes of opinion. He appears even in the eighteenth century in the chapelry of Ribby in Lancashire, consecrated in 1775; but unless the name be simply a revival of an older dedication, it seems possible that it was chosen out of gratitude to a certain local benefactor, one Nicholas Sharples, who died half a century previously, leaving the residue of his estate for the establishment of a free school.

Schools put us in mind that the modern church of S. Nicholas at Lancing in Sussex was founded in connexion with one of Canon Woodward's Church Schools for the benefit of the middle classes, and it cannot be doubted that S. Nicholas was chosen as the patron, under his idealized aspect as the saint of children.

Of the few remaining modern dedications in this name, some may have been made choice of—as possibly at Birmingham—more for the convenience of a name at once familiar and distinctive than for any more definite reason; some may have been bestowed from genuine love of the kindly personality of the S. Nicholas of the legends; and a few may possibly come from a revival of the name attaching to some old chapelry.

S. Nicholas is to be found in conjunction with various other saints;

in many instances with the Blessed Virgin; at Saltash in Cornwall with the Gallican virgin, S. Faith; at Blakeney in Norfolk in triple combination—"SS. Nicholas, Mary, and Thomas the Apostle."

The mediæval popularity of Nicholas as a baptismal name is apparent to every reader of English history. In our own time it has unfortunately practically fallen into disuse; but as we are beginning to see S. Nicholas brought back into favour as a patron saint, so we may not improbably see his name brought back into common use amongst us.

In conclusion, we must say one word concerning the oft-repeated, but, we fear, wholly unwarranted, statement which connects S. Nicholas with our time-honoured Catechism, namely, that the perplexing initials in the first answer—"N. or M."—stand for "Nicholas" and "Mary," the respective patrons of boys and girls. The theory is a highly ingenious one, and far more picturesque than all the prosaic modern explanations * as to the possible accidental introduction of *M.* in place of the double *N*, which was intended to signify the contracted plural "Nomina." Unhappily, the use of the letter *N* alone for both man and woman in the Marriage Service militates against the "Nicholas and Mary" theory; and, moreover, when the Catechism was first compiled in 1549, it may be doubted whether any such reference to S. Nicholas would not already be looked upon with suspicion as bordering on the superstitious.

S. Rumold. July 1.

In connexion with the church of S. Rumbold in Lincoln, now no longer existing, the late Precentor Venables suggests the name of the Irish S. Rumold of Mechlin, who by an astonishing series of anachronisms is represented as being an Archbishop of Dublin, the son of King David of Scotland, and as living withal in the eighth century! We need not enter into the intricacies of this story, or attempt to sift its possible grains of truth, for we have already shown elsewhere (CH. XVI.) our reasons for believing that all English churches dedicated in this name, and in forms nearly approaching to it, are intended for none other than the highly legendary baby-king, Rumbold, or Runwald, celebrated in Northamptonshire, Sussex, Dorsetshire, and other parts of the country.

S. Ives, or Ivo. June 10, cir. seventh cent.

In this chapter we are called upon to travel eastward from Sicily, by way of Armenia and Asia Minor, to the far distant land of Persia, the ancient home of sun and fire worshippers. There seems little in common between Persia and an obscure hamlet in Huntingdonshire, and yet for eight hundred years this same tradition has been constantly repeated in connexion with the little town of St. Ives—"Ivo, a Persian bishop, preached here in the seventh century, Anno Domini."

Let it at once be confessed that unfortunately there is an interval of some four centuries between the supposed date of the Persian missionary and the authoritative promulgation of his legend; it will be easily seen, therefore, that the legend must not be handled too severely, or tried

* See Daniel on the Prayer-book.

by rigid canons of historical criticism; and yet we may fearlessly assert that its interest does not wholly depend upon its claim to historic truth, but will continue to have a very distinct and valuable place of its own among our national traditions, even if we are driven into accepting the latest and most critical view of its origin, and believing that it is nothing more than a monkish fabrication of the eleventh century.

With so much of preface, we will now give the story as it was commonly received in the Middle Ages. It should be noted that the Huntingdonshire S. Ives must not be confounded with the Cornish S. Ives, who is supposed to be a holy maiden of Irish extraction, properly denominated "Hia," or "Ia" (CH. XXXVI.). According, then, to the popular account of him, drawn up about the year 1021, Ivo was a missionary bishop born in the land of Persia, who was moved to renounce all "the delices of the world," to quote an early English version of the popular story, for the sake of fulfilling his divinely appointed mission to Britain. This "star of the East, this messenger of the true Sun," made his way, accompanied by three companions only, through Asia to Rome, and thence onwards through Gaul. In Gaul the reverence for him was so great that efforts were made to detain him permanently, but nothing might stay his course till he had reached his predestined goal. Poorly clad, and with no external advantages to recommend him, he entered Britain, and there began his crusade against idolatry. Twice only does the strange story pass from its lofty vagueness to commit itself to details of actual names and places. In the one instance, it says that the firstfruits of Ivo's labours was "a youth of patrician dignity named Patricius, the son of a senator"—the allusion to the Irish S. Patrick is unmistakable; and in the other instance, it says that passing into Mercia he settled at Slepe, at such and such a distance from "Huntedon," or Huntingdon, where, after many years of evangelistic work, he died and was buried. The minuteness of the local knowledge regarding Huntingdonshire is worth noticing in comparison with the general vagueness, as throwing some light on the probable origin of the tradition.

For four hundred years nothing more was heard of the saint, or, as the fourteenth-century chronicler, Higden, less bluntly puts it: "the sepulchre and name of him was not knowen of men there by longe tyme;" when at last it befell that a labouring man in ploughing the land at Slepe struck against something hard, which proved to be a stone sarcophagus containing the remains of a body, distinguished by many a token as that of a bishop. The next stage in the history may be easily guessed by those experienced in mediæval legends. That same night another man in Slepe had a vision of S. Ivo, "who told hym his name, the place and his degre, monyschynge him to go to the Abbot of Ramsey, and that he scholde come with him, and take his body up from the grownde." The saint made special mention of two of his travelling companions, and desired that they should be removed together with him, but he does not appear to have taken any account of the third. The remains were duly translated with

all pomp; and shortly afterwards a priory church, dependent upon Ramsey Abbey, was built upon the spot, and dedicated to the stranger. This translation of the saint's remains took place on April 25, about the year 1001, and this was the beginning of the present town of St. Ives. It is on this day that S. Ivo is celebrated in the Roman Kalendar, but the Use of Sarum—following some tradition now lost to us—commemorated him on June 10. According to the computations of the earliest writers on the subject, at the time of this translation four hundred years had elapsed since the stranger's arrival in Britain. The fourteenth-century chronicler before quoted, with nice exactness gives the precise date as A.D. 595; other writers put it as late as 680. Most people will be agreed, however, that, taking into account the whole circumstances of the legend, it is hardly worth while to make much point of extreme accuracy as to the supposed date!

But even if we allow with a modern writer * that Ivo was an invention of the monks at Ramsey, created for the purpose of supplying relics and reputation to the parent abbey and its proposed offshoot; if we allow that these eleventh-century monks are to be held responsible, not merely for the details of the legend and the local colouring (as doubtless they are), but likewise for the entire conception of the Persian missionary,—then we do not solve the difficulties of the question; we merely raise a fresh set. If there was absolutely no foundation of truth in the story, what can have prompted so bold a flight of the imagination? Why should the Huntingdonshire saint have been brought from so wholly unexpected and improbable a quarter of the globe? It is almost easier to believe in the truth of the story than to believe it a mere baseless invention of the early years of the eleventh century. A mighty superstructure may well have been built up upon a very slight foundation, but some foundation surely we must look for. Mr. Hole suggests a not impossible clue when he says: "There may be indicated here a lingering tradition of old British Christianity, and a reminiscence of its Oriental origin." From the mention in the story of the name of Patrick as the most noble convert, Mr. Hole infers that the legend took its rise from Celtic sources.

It is a matter of history that many a Celtic monastery lingered on in Britain long after the coming of the heathen Saxons, long after the reintroduction of Christianity by Augustine and his companions. In Wales and Cornwall the presence of a native Church could never be overlooked or ignored; in the heart of the country its hold was much weaker, but there, too, we find abundant traces of a carefully organized but inert native Church. The Celtic monasteries that were scattered throughout Central Britain did little to stem the inflowing tide of paganism, but neither were they carried away by it.† If throughout its history the Celtic Church in these islands had shown the splendid missionary spirit that shone out from Iona in the days of Aidan, our Anglican Churchmanship would be moulded

* Rev. Charles Hole in D. C. B.

† Cf. the account of the Celtic monastery of Bosham in Sussex in Wilfrid's life (p. 380).

on other lines than it now is; but for the most part the energy that should have been expended in missionary effort was concentrated in a jealous care to keep intact all its own peculiar traditions. In the seventh century the Roman Church was making new traditions; the British Church was looking fondly back to the glories of two centuries before, to those days of her activity when she was ever pressing forward into fresh and distant fields, ever gaining or giving new light. At that period, when Celtic evangelists were pouring like a flood over Central Europe, others of the same race, moved by the same burning spirit of enterprise, were pushing their way on into the far East. To the West these Celtic travellers went as teachers; to the East they went as learners. The close intercourse at one time existing between the Celtic Church and the far-off Eastern Church is a well-assured fact, of which fresh proofs are continually coming to light. Archæologists tell us that we may trace signs of it in the very forms of the rude Cornish sanctuaries;* nay, more, they say that even to this day certain peculiarities of ritual which linger on in quiet country churches in the West of England point back to the ancient connexion with the Eastern rather than the Western branch of the Catholic Church.† This is no place to enter upon so large and curious a subject, except in so far as it bears upon our special point. If the road between West and East was so open as it appears to have been, why should it have been travelled from one side only? If the natives of Britain could travel into the far East, why is it impossible to conceive of an Oriental coming to Britain?

If such a visit did ever take place, if an Eastern bishop did actually make his way into the interior of Britain, the incident from its very rarity would make a deep impression. It is one of the many notes of difference between the Roman and Celtic Churches that the saints of the Roman Church are for the most part of universal fame, while those of the Celtic Church are apt to be of purely local fame. We see illustrations of this again and again in Wales and Cornwall, and therefore it need not perplex us to find traditions of S. Ivo handed down from generation to generation in the locality where he is believed to have preached, while elsewhere he is wholly unknown. As to the dates, no stress whatever can be laid upon them. It is highly probable that they were stereotyped by the monks of Ramsey, who had the wit to adapt for their own ends the floating traditions concerning this well-nigh forgotten missionary from the East. Mr. Hole—a writer who is by no means inclined to accord overmuch belief to the story of S. Ivo—allows that, granting in the neighbourhood of Ramsey this Celtic element of which we have spoken, "the legend of S. Ivo contains a reminiscence that the Christian missionary who reached Britain from the East came by way of Gaul." He adds that the stone

* See this point discussed in Borlase's "Age of the Saints."

† Note, for example, the custom, once very common in the Exeter diocese, but now becoming rapidly extinct, of the entire congregation joining in the Lord's Prayer in the ante-Communion service, in complete disregard of the usual English custom.

sarcophagus might easily have been a genuine Roman relic, furnishing a material basis of the story, and suggesting the occasion.

And yet, however plausible our conjectures relating to this saint, we are driven in the end to accept Carlyle's summing up: "Who the primitive *Ives* himself was remains problematic; Camden says he was 'Ivo a Persian;' surely far out of his road here." * But when Carlyle goes on to say that "the better authorities designate him as Ives or Yves, a worthy Frenchman, Bishop of Chartres in the time of our Henry Beauclerk," we are forced to dissent; for before ever the French bishop was born the name of St. Ives was firmly stamped upon the locality that bears it still; and the little hamlet of Slepe, which in our days takes pride in its local traditions of Oliver Cromwell, took a like pride nine hundred years ago in its local traditions relating to Ivo the Persian.

And this brings us to another important point. It was as a Persian of great sanctity that Ivo was reverenced in England. Whatever we may consider the inherent improbabilities of the story, they offered no stumbling-block to the imagination of our ancestors. It sometimes seems as though in the centuries preceding the Reformation our countrymen were less insular than now. The period of the Crusades tended to enlarge their knowledge both of the West and of the East, and the catholicity of the Church of Christ was more of a reality to the people at large than it would be in England nowadays. Their daily Kalendar familiarized them with the names and deeds of many a distant saint—now from Egypt, now from Rome, now from Jerusalem; and it was no hard thing for them to admit into their thoughts a saintly Persian owning and preaching the same Lord. So broad a range of Christian fellowship was an ennobling preparation towards realizing the ideal of the heavenly company drawn together "out of all nations and kindreds and tongues."

And so the mysterious Persian missionary continued to hold his place in England, side by side with Norfolk labourers and British princes and Greek fathers, and found not a little acceptance in the land of his adoption, for the chronicler before quoted tells us that "there is not any saint in England more easy of prayer or more helpful than S. Ive." But, nevertheless, his popularity was not testified by any fresh church built in his honour, for the Cornish St. Ives must, as we have already said, be placed to the credit of quite another saint.

A little while since it seemed certain that unless by chance the Huntingdonshire St. Ives were to throw off some branch in the colonies or elsewhere, we were never likely in our time to see an independent dedication to Ivo the Persian; yet one such dedication there has been within the last thirty years in the North of England. Strangely enough, this nineteenth-century church of S. Ives in the newly formed parish of Leadgate in the county of Durham has a distinct right to its most unexpected designation, and is almost as rich in traditions as its ancient namesake in Huntingdonshire—traditions which, it must be confessed, have been very

* Carlyle's "Cromwell."

carefully fostered. Within the limits of this new district "there is," wrote the Vicar of Leadgate,* "an ancient agricultural hamlet called Iveston. A large boulder stone lies at the entrance of the hamlet called St. Ives' stone. There is a tradition or fable that St. Ives preached upon it. Assuredly the villagers, as old people have told me, used to meet there at the end of harvest, and one of the villagers used to get upon it and address them. This is probably a dim reminiscence of some old pagan custom. When the church was consecrated in 1867, the old tradition of St. Ives' stone, and the name of the hamlet Iveston, led to the church being dedicated to S. Ivo." Confusion was laid up for future archæologists by the choice made of the consecration day, September 21, which is none other than the festival of the French S. Ives. The confusion was the more uncalled for as there was no doubt as to the intention of every one concerned to commemorate the Persian bishop and none other. Having once accepted him as their patron, the inhabitants of Leadgate proceeded to show plausible ground for their belief. The site of the church is midway between the two Roman camps of Ebchester and Lanchester. The detachment of the Roman legion that garrisoned these camps consisted of soldiers raised in the East; and it has been suggested that "a yearning after the probable descendants of these eastern men" might have been the motive that brought S. Ivo northwards. Candour obliges us to add that the foregoing derivation of Iveston does not find acceptance in all quarters, and that here, as in many other similar cases, it may very well be that the name of the saint has been evolved from the name of the locality (as, for example, Ambrose from Ombersley, p. 258), instead of *vice versâ*. It is clear that in the Middle Ages the story of S. Ivo was tolerably familiar throughout England, and the great stone that served for a natural pulpit, together with the name of the hamlet, may easily have given rise to the whole tradition. Possibly, nay, even probably, this is so; and we would not be understood to claim that the more romantic explanation is an article of faith even among those who choose to cling to it; only that they take pleasure in it for its very suggestiveness. "At any rate," to quote the words of the Vicar of Leadgate, "St. Ives is now established in north-west Durham, and may be plainly seen in St. Ives church in a painted window, standing on the stone, preaching to the ancient inhabitants."

And thus Huntingdonshire and Durham join hands across twelve centuries in welcoming to the islands of the West this mysterious ambassador of Christ from the far East.

* The Rev. J. W. Mitchell; private letter, February 19, 1890.

CHAPTER XXVI.

PRIESTS AND DEACONS.

PAGE.	NAME.	DAY.	YEAR.	CHURCHES.
507	*S. Nicomede, P.M.* ...	*June* 1 ...	*First cent.* { *Anglican* / *Kalendar* }	*No ded.*
508	S. Laurence, D.M. ...	August 10	258 ...	228 *See also dd.*
	S. Hippolytus the Presbyter. See CH. XIX.			
515	S. Vincent, D.M. ...	January 22	304 ...	5
519	*S. Valentine, P.M.* ...	*February* 14	*Uncertain* { *Anglican* / *Kalendar* }	*No ded.*

THIS chapter is a record of unfinished careers, of lives prematurely cut short in all the glory of their opening manhood. Against every name stands the significant word "Martyr." It is as martyrs that their fame has come down to us, but in the brief glimpses which we catch of them in their days of peace, we see them each one faithfully fulfilling the common duties of his calling—a Nicomede giving burial to the friendless dead; a Laurence ministering to the sick and needy; a Vincent declaring his Master's message to the assembled Christians. Thus they were preparing themselves to be the future bishops and rulers of the Church; but suddenly their beneficent work is arrested, and they find themselves called upon to make a tremendous choice—between suffering and ease, death and life, loyalty and dishonour. We know well how unhesitating was their answer.

S. Nicomede, P.M. June 1,* *first cent.*

Although S. Nicomede the Priest has not the additional claim upon our notice of having any single English church dedicated in his honour, he yet deserves a passing notice from the fact that his name has held its place in our national Kalendars for more than a thousand years,† having been allowed to remain there when so many more conspicuous names were struck out. Mr. Baring-Gould justly observes that "the fame of S. Nicomede is better established than the facts of his martyrdom."‡ Our Prayer-book Kalendar merely says

* Thus in our Anglican Kalendars, but at Rome on September 15.

† From the time of Bede's Kalendar down to the present day.

‡ September 15.

of him, "Nicomede, Martyr," committing itself to nothing more definite regarding him; but other Kalendars add the words "Roman Priest and Martyr," thus summing up the facts traditionally believed about him. It is certain, indeed, that his fame is of Roman origin, and that at Rome he is still commemorated by a church and catacomb, both of them bearing his name.

According to the most generally received statements he was a priest who risked his life to do one of those tender acts of pity which were so characteristic of Christianity. A certain noble lady in the city—Felicula by name, the foster-sister of S. Petronilla (CH. X.)—had been cruelly put to death by an enraged heathen suitor because she told him that her love could be given to Christ alone. She was thrown into the public sewer, and there left to die of suffocation. Nicomede came by night and bore away the body to the cemetery, "at the seventh milestone on the Via Ardeatina," and there buried it. The act cost him his life; he was arrested on the spot, beaten to death, and his body thrown into the Tiber, whence it was rescued by a deacon, and buried in the catacomb before mentioned.

This double martyrdom is said to have taken place A.D. 81, but there is little doubt that the date has been tampered with in order to support a favourite but utterly apocryphal belief that the lady Felicula was closely associated with S. Peter, being the foster-sister of his supposed daughter Petronilla. The story has been further discredited from the fact of its being contained in the so-called "Acts of SS. Nereus and Achilleus," which are in themselves untrustworthy. The Acts may be untrustworthy, the dates may be wholly incorrect, but such a deed of Christian heroism as that shown by the priest Nicomede was happily common enough in those days, while the fate that overtook him was in like manner only too common, and so, however the details of this story may have been confused, we need not doubt the truth of its main outlines.*

S. Laurence, D.M. Aug. 10, 258.

From an obscure saint like Nicomede, who is almost forgotten, or, if remembered at all, remembered only because of the accidental retention of his name in our Prayer-book Kalendar, we pass on to one whose name is a household word throughout Christendom, S. Laurence, the Deacon of Rome. A glance at the map of the world will suffice to show how indelibly that name is imprinted not only on quiet villages in England and Scotland, in France, in Italy, and in Spain, but on the great natural features of the New World—the rivers, the bays, the islands, of North and South America. Even in Australia the Old-World name meets us attached to a colonial settlement young enough to have for its near neighbours such modern-sounding towns as "Palmerston" and "Gladstone."

And yet how little is really known of Laurence the Deacon beyond his faithful discharge of his trust in the moment of danger, and the agonizing death that ensued! It is but for three days in his brief life

* Taken from Baring-Gould, and from D. C. B., "Felicula" and "Petronilla."

that he stands before us, yet his dauntless bearing throughout those days of testing remains for ever in our imagination as an imperishable possession. As one recalls the story of the young deacon who thus suddenly leapt into immortal fame, Scott's oft-quoted lines rise to the mind with a singular appropriateness—

> "Sound, sound the clarion, fill the fife,
> To all the sensual world proclaim,
> One crowded hour of glorious life
> Is worth an age without a name."

Rightly to understand the history of S. Laurence we must consider for a moment the history of his times. Since the Decian persecution the Church, enjoying a brief interval of repose under an emperor seemingly friendly, met unharmed for worship in the underground basilicas, ministering day by day, through the hands of her deacons, to the needs of the ever-increasing congregation of sick and poverty-stricken brothers and sisters in Christ. In this year 258 we are still near enough to Apostolic times to find the Roman Church limiting the number of its deacons to seven, in imitation of the original practice at Jerusalem; and foremost among the seven—entrusted, as it would seem, with the more especial charge of the sacred vessels and other like valuables—was the youthful Laurence, whom, for his sort of headship over the rest, some old writers have designated "the arch-deacon."

Suddenly the storm broke. Valerian the Emperor, under the baneful influence of a certain Egyptian soothsayer, completely changed his attitude towards the Christians, and in this very year launched the most deadly blow that had been aimed at them since the death of Nero. In the preceding year he had issued a rescript prohibiting public assemblies for worship, and commanding the banishment of the bishops and teachers.

It had been only partially carried out; but among those thus banished had been S. Cyprian, to whose correspondence we owe our knowledge of the course of events at Rome. Some months later a second and more tremendous rescript was put forth, which ran as follows: "Let bishops, presbyters and deacons be immediately put to death by the sword; let senators and knights be first deprived of their rank and possessions, and if they still continue Christians, let them suffer the due punishment of death; let women of condition be deprived of their estates and banished." *

And so the Roman Empire once more thought to stamp out Christianity by falling back upon its old policy of seizing upon the leaders, unconvinced as yet by past experience that though the leaders may be destroyed, yet "the sheep are not scattered, for indeed it is not the real shepherd who has been cut off. He lives untouched and uninjured, this Christ Whom the dying chiefs said they carried about with them wherever they went." † But for the moment the attack was directed against the

* Quoted in Backhouse and Tylor. † Scott Holland's "Apostolical Fathers."

leaders, whether in office or in station, and the rank and file of the believers were comparatively safe.

And the leaders, what did they do when they "knew that the writing was signed"? Did they cease to fulfil the duties of their calling? Not so; for, as says the writer just quoted: "They cannot be induced to withdraw prudently from the position they have taken up, or to consent to break up their following; for indeed they are not free to play fast and loose with their leadership. . . . They are servants not less, servants pledged to no doubtful and uncertain service."

Take, for example, Laurence's own tenderly loved master, Sixtus, the Bishop of the Roman Church, whose eleven months' pontificate coincided with the fiercest stress of the persecution. With the intention, it may be, of avoiding needless risk, the bishop at this time assembled his flock, not in the most frequented of the catacombs, that of S. Callistus, but in the less-known church within the cemetery of Prætextatus. There, in the full knowledge of the fate that awaited him, the aged bishop, supported by his faithful band of deacons, met his congregation, "and prayed and gave thanks before his God as he did aforetime."

It was on a Sunday morning in August,* as he sat teaching in his pontifical chair, that the blow fell. When the peaceful gathering was suddenly broken up by the entrance of the Imperial soldiers, the worshippers closed in around their bishop in the vain hope of defending him; while he, on his side, pressed forward to offer himself up. He was arrested and led away to death with four of his deacons. Such were the stunning tidings that reached Cyprian in his banishment. Among those who stood by there was none who so coveted a martyr's death as Laurence the Deacon, none who would more joyously have followed Sixtus to the place of execution. But it was not given him to die in the first ardour of that hour of willing self-surrender. So far as we can gather from the narrative that has come down to us, his life was spared at that time in the hope that he, guardian of the Church treasures, might be able to

* The date assigned to S. Sixtus in all the earliest Kalendars is August 6, which would be a Monday; but one Kalendar at least gives August 5. This date has the balance of probabilities as being a Sunday, which would agree better than Monday with the known circumstances of the martyrdom. There may have been a temptation to name the 6th of August rather than the 5th, in order to justify to the letter Sixtus's prophecy that in three days Laurence should follow him to glory, but even this can only be accomplished by reckoning three clear days between August 6 and August 10. There are other trifling discrepancies in the details of the precise manner of S. Sixtus's death, and in the parting words exchanged between him and Laurence, but there are only such differences as we might look to find in various accounts committed to writing at some time after the event. "Possibly," says one writer, "if the exact facts were more fully known the accounts would not be irreconcilable." —D. C. B., "Xystus." As regards the precise words put into the mouths of both bishop and deacon in the discourses of S. Ambrose and S. Augustine, we are probably to believe in their general truth rather than in their verbal exactness, but these accounts given us by the Fathers a century after the martyrdom, have a very different value from the elaborate legends of the ninth century. "Few martyrdoms of the first three centuries are better attested than this one."—D. C. B. "S. Laurence's name appears in Kalendars which can hardly date more than a generation after his death."—Lightfoot.

ransom himself, and so to profit the State. What to others would have been a reprieve was to him only the withholding of a longed-for honour; and as his master was led away, the passionate cry burst from the young man's lips, of which the echoes have come down to us in a Latin hymn written by a Spanish poet:* "Whither goest thou, O my father, without thy son and servant? Am I unworthy to accompany thee to death? Shall the priest go to the sacrifice without his attendant deacon?" So with tears he spoke, and the aged Sixtus turning, bade him not grieve, for, said he, "in three days thou shalt follow after me, and thy battle shall be harder than mine."

So they parted, and Laurence went his way, and, in obedience to the bishop's instructions, distributed to the poor and needy such money and treasures as were in his keeping, lest as the persecution increased they should fall into the hands of the heathen. These things he did openly, and the authorities hearing of it were the more persuaded that he had great riches in his possession, and commanded him to bring them forth. Laurence demanded a brief interval in which to collect them, and at the appointed time presented himself before the authorities, followed by an immense crowd of poor and halt and sick, gathered from the most wretched quarters of the city. "These," said he, boldly, "are the Church's riches." A generation later, in the days of Diocletian, such an expedient would infallibly have resulted in death to all the Christians concerned; but Laurence was aware that at this time the battle was directed against the leaders alone. For himself he was courting death, and he well knew it. Very different no doubt was this boyish defiance, this welcoming of persecution, from S. Sixtus's unmoved performance of his accustomed duties, or S. Cyprian's conviction that though martyrdom was an honour for which to thank God, a Christian had no right to forfeit his life unnecessarily. It is more the spirit of the fiery Tertullian years before, when he proudly boasted to his heathen antagonists: "We are a wonder to you. We conquer when we are killed. You may call us food for the faggots, and may burn us bound to the stake, in the circle of fire. That is the fashion of our victory; that is our festal array; that is the chariot in which we ride out our triumph." The courageous patience of a Sixtus or a Cyprian is a higher thing than the youthful Laurence's careless throwing away of life: we know it, and yet who can fail to be stirred by such splendid recklessness? Who shall deny that such utter contempt of pain and death thrilled through the whole Church, nerving thousands of Christians then and in after days to face the more bravely the trials that they were called inevitably to meet?

Laurence's bold defiance, provoked, as might be expected, the hot indignation of the prefect, and he was condemned to the awful suffering of being roasted over a slow fire. But no torture could subdue that dauntless spirit, and the ironical taunt uttered in the midst of the flames: "I am done enough; now turn me and eat me," though it

* Prudentius, about the year 400.

makes us shudder to read it, was strictly in keeping with his bearing throughout.

So died S. Laurence, "the Stephen of the Western Church," * as he has been called. His bones were gathered up and laid in the cemetery on the way to Tivoli, known as the cemetery of S. Cyriace,† but afterwards called by the name of its most famous occupant, S. Laurence. The knowledge of that sacred resting-place was carefully guarded till such time as freedom from persecution allowed it to be marked by a church built on the site.

The church of S. Laurence built by the Emperor Constantine was but the first of a succession of churches raised over that same precious cemetery, that sleeping-place which has been "selected by the latest of the Popes" (Pio Nono), "whose long tenure of office and notable career alike single him out from the long line of his predecessors, as his last resting-place by the side of the famous deacon of Rome." ‡ At a subsequent rebuilding § a triple dedication was bestowed upon this church; with S. Laurence there was associated his chief and fellow-martyr, S. Sixtus, and to these two was added yet a third name, that of another supposed fellow-martyr, S. Hippolytus. He, as we have elsewhere seen, was only admitted into that company through error, but he has nevertheless been obstinately mixed up with the history of the Valerian martyrs (p. 211).

So long as the story of S. Laurence continues to be told, so long S. Sixtus's part in it must be remembered. In a well-known passage in the "Imitatione Christi," concerning "the want of all comfort," the writer illustrates his point by quoting the account given by one of the Fathers ‖ of the parting between S. Sixtus and S. Laurence, and shows how "the holy martyr Laurence overcame the world, and rather chose what pleased God than human comfort," when "for the love of Christ he patiently suffered God's chief priest, Sixtus, whom he dearly loved, to be even taken away from him." For a time S. Sixtus was separately venerated on his own account, and in very early days he must have been held in reverence in England, for it appears from the correspondence of Gregory the Great that Augustine found the British Christians adding yet this to their manifold errors, that they were venerating what Augustine held to be pseudo-relics of S. Sixtus, or rather, relics of some pseudo S. Sixtus; and he desired S. Gregory to furnish him for their benefit with genuine relics of the said saint, a request with which the Pope readily complied to the best of his ability.

In spite, however, of this Papal gift, it so happens that we have no single English dedication in honour of S. Sixtus. The story of the young deacon's bold contempt of suffering burnt itself in upon men's imaginations, and seemed to dazzle their eyes to the sight of courage no less great but

* Lightfoot.

† "Probably the original possessor of the ground who gave her name to this cemetery."—Lightfoot's "Hippolytus."

‡ Lightfoot's "Hippolytus."

§ Either by Sixtus III. in the fifth century, or Pelagius III. in the sixth.—See Lightfoot.

‖ S. Maximus of Turin.

less conspicuously displayed. S. Sixtus and the other deacons still continued to hold their place in the martyrologies, but honour after honour was heaped upon the anniversary of S. Laurence's death. It was ushered in by a special vigil—a mark of respect not accorded even to all the Apostolic festivals—and we have the evidence of an ancient Kalendar * to prove that at one time it was customary to distinguish the Sundays between the 10th of August and the end of September by their relation to S. Laurence's Day, in the same way as earlier in the year they are distinguished by their relation to Advent or to Easter.

England was sure not to be backward in doing honour to so great a saint, and if S. Sixtus was known to the British Church much more must S. Laurence have been known to it. Augustine and his Roman fellow-workers would of course early familiarize their Saxon converts with the story of a saint so dear to Rome, even as we know that they familiarized them with the story of the Roman boy-martyr, S. Pancras.† Some sixty years after the coming of Augustine, the then Pope, Vitalian, sent to Oswy, King of Northumbria, certain precious relics, and among them, as Bede informs us, relics of the blessed martyr Laurence. It has been ingeniously suggested ‡ that this gift may account for the two unique dedications to S. Laurence in Durham and Northumberland, the one at Pittington, the other at Warkworth—which latter church claims to have been founded by one of Oswy's successors about the year 736. Parts of Lincolnshire would naturally fall under Northumbrian influences, and it has been thought that Frodingham and some other of the thirteen Lincolnshire churches of S. Laurence—those more especially lying near to the northern border of the county—"may retain the memory of this gift;" § but in truth the real fact is that many of our dedications in honour of S. Laurence are of such early origin that it is impossible to trace them back to the period when they were first bestowed.

There is scarcely a county in England which has not its dedication to S. Laurence; ‖ indeed, each county on an average shows rather more than six such dedications, while in Yorkshire the number mounts to eighteen. In cases too numerous to be recorded the architecture of the church proclaims it to have been built at least in Norman times; but even here the probability is that in many instances the dedication-name goes back far behind the existing structure. Moreover, S. Laurence continued to be so great a favourite up to the eve of the Reformation, that until then each century can show some new church in his honour. At that point they suddenly cease, and unlike many other mediæval favourites who experienced this fate, S. Laurence does not appear to have been taken back into very general favour even in our own day; for except in big

* Sacramentary of S. Gelasius.

† Bede.

‡ *Arch. Journal*, vol. 48.

§ Ibid.

‖ The saint appears to be altogether missing from Cornwall and Monmouthshire, both of them counties very largely pre-occupied by Celtic saints; also from Rutland and from Leicestershire; but closer investigation might bring to light dedications to him in all four counties.

towns, such as Birmingham, Northampton, and Bristol, modern dedications to him are very rare. It is possible, by the way, that the Bristol dedication in this name may have been suggested by the memory of an old hospital to S. Laurence * formerly existing in the city.

But to return to the ancient churches in this name, only a very few of which can be noticed in detail. There is the ancient church and parish of S. Laurence in Thanet, the mother-church of Ramsgate, a church which has the honourable distinction of marking the spot on which Christianity was first declared to our Saxon forefathers. The true patron of this church is sometimes said, but quite erroneously, to be S. Laurence, the Archbishop of Canterbury (CH. XXI.), and not S. Laurence the Deacon.

Then there is S. Laurence's, Winchester, which claims, though without sufficient evidence, to be the mother-church of all Winchester.† Again, there is the tiny picturesque church of S. Laurence in the Isle of Wight, which gives its name to the entire parish, and proudly claims—though here again the claim is disputed—to be the smallest church in England.

The churches to S. Laurence built in or before Norman times are too many to be enumerated. Lurgashall in Sussex, for example, is believed still to exhibit some traces of its Saxon origin; and if the West Riding church of Hatfield is less ancient than Lurgashall as to the actual fabric, it is none the less the successor of a church that was recorded in the Domesday Survey. The church of Blackmore in Essex is part of an Augustinian Priory of S. Laurence founded in the twelfth century, and enjoys, like another Essex church of about the same date (that of Ridgewell), the privilege of holding a fair on the eve, day, and morrow of the feast of S. Laurence.‡ Blackmore itself was appropriated to the important Augustinian monastery of "Holy Cross and S. Laurence" at Waltham; so, too, were Caterham in Surrey and Wormley in Hertfordshire; and it may not unreasonably be presumed that all three churches took their name from the parent house. In these matters the influence of a great monastery is wonderfully far-reaching.

The City of London naturally had its share of dedications to this most popular saint. Of S. Lawrence Pountney nothing now remains but the name; but S. Lawrence Jewry still exists, and proclaims its connexion with the martyred deacon by displaying on its steeple a gridiron—an emblem which we may be very sure was not originated by Sir Christopher Wren, but was a remembrance of the familiar device belonging to the earlier building that was destroyed by the Great Fire.§ This same church gives name to "Laurence Lane," Cheapside, where we come across our saint in an unwonted secular capacity, doing duty as the signboard of an inn. "Here," says Stow, "among many fair houses there is one large Inn for receipt of travellers, called Blossom Inn, but corruptly Bosoms

* Murray.
† Ibid.
‡ Morant.
§ "London P. and P."

Inn, and hath to sign St. Laurence the Deacon, in a border of blossoms or flowers." It was here "at the signe of St. Laurence, otherwise called Bosoms Inn," that a part of the extensive suite of the Emperor Charles V. was lodged when that sovereign visited London in 1522. The inn, with its garlanded sign of S. Laurence the Deacon, has been swept away, but a memory of it still remains in the railway parcel depôt known as Blossom Inn Yard.*

S. Laurence in Norwich—founded, as it is believed, in 1038—may also be singled out for special notice by reason of the curious fifteenth-century sculpture on the west doorway, which shows the saint stretched on his gridiron, and the Roman soldiers tending the fire, while a crowned figure with sword in hand, intended to represent the Almighty, is striking down the persecutor.†

The total number of dedications to S. Laurence in this country is usually stated to be two hundred and fifty. Our lists show only two hundred and twenty-eight; but if we take account of churches dedicated to him in conjunction with some other saint—S. Mary, for example, or S. Peter, or S. George—and also of those which have an alternative dedication—as, for example, to S. Giles or to S. Leonard—we shall bring the figures up to about two hundred and forty-three; and it is quite certain that some of the churches dedicated in this name have fallen into ruins, or perhaps been entirely demolished, which would easily explain the slight variation in the statistics.

Some of these churches adhere to the correct Latin spelling of the name, "Laurence," but it is far more often found in its English form, spelt with a *w*.

It has been suggested by a very high authority‡ that "out of the two hundred and fifty churches in England which are dedicated to St. Laurence the deacon, some few may be held to commemorate St. Laurence, the successor of Augustine, or to have been indebted for their names to the reverence inspired by the two conjointly." On this subject something has been said in its proper place (CH. XXI.), but there can be no sort of doubt that the immense majority of such dedications were intended to honour none other than the popular hero, Laurence the Roman martyr.

S. Hippolytus the Presbyter.

This saint has for centuries been associated with S. Laurence as his supposed fellow-martyr. The whole question has been fully discussed elsewhere (see S. Hippolytus, CH. XIX.).

S. Vincent, D.M. Jan. 22, 304.

The story of the martyrdom of S. Vincent the Deacon is the Spanish counterpart of the Roman story of S. Laurence, and is in itself no whit less striking than the earlier story; nevertheless, S. Vincent has never equalled S. Laurence in popularity, least of all in England, where the Roman deacon numbers well-nigh fifty

* "London P. and P."

† "Church Congress Handbook," 1895.

‡ Bishop Stubbs in D. C. B.

churches for every one dedicated to the memory of the Spaniard. The difference lies, not in the character of the two martyrs, but in the circumstances of the case. S. Laurence stands first in order of time, and thus to some extent pre-occupied the ground; but it is the difference of nationality* that is the real cause of the distinction. S. Laurence came from *Rome*, S. Vincent from the more unfamiliar Spain; and it is, we believe, chiefly for this reason that the heroic young Spaniard of whom we have now to tell is so much less widely commemorated than the Roman deacon.

A word must be said as to the authorities for S. Vincent's martyrdom. We know from independent sources what care the Church took at this period of her history to have authentic accounts of the sufferings of her various members drawn up by the official notaries of the different localities, who had the best means of collecting certain information on the subject;† but unhappily in the case of S. Vincent the original documents had already been lost within a hundred years of the martyrdom. The version that has come down to us, though avowedly not the original, is nevertheless of very early date. The sermons preached by S. Augustine, and the poems composed by the Spanish hymn-writer Prudentius,‡ were based upon the Acts such as we now have them. There is no reason to doubt their general truthfulness, though it is plain that they have been considerably embellished and the various speeches amplified by the editor. Prudentius must have felt a thrill of patriotic delight in introducing into his elaborate panegyric on such famous Roman martyrs as S. Agnes and S. Laurence his own countryman, S. Vincent of Saragossa.

Little is known of Vincent's childhood beyond the fact that he was brought up by Valerius, the aged bishop of Saragossa, who took pains to give his young charge a thoroughly liberal education. When Vincent was of sufficient age he was admitted to Deacon's Orders, and henceforth he became doubly helpful to his old friend the bishop, serving him not merely in the regular duties of his vocation, but often acting as his deputy in preaching, for Valerius laboured under an impediment of speech, which was so intensified by nervous excitement as at times practically to deprive him of the power of speaking.

When in the time of Diocletian the great wave of persecution broke out anew, Bishop Valerius and his well-known deacon were among the Spanish victims. They were arrested by order of the governor Dacian, brought heavily chained to Valencia, and there consigned to a dark miserable dungeon, where they were detained for a long time in the hope of wearying them into submission. At last they were brought to trial, and the appeals addressed to each of the two were well calculated to move either in his tenderest point. The old man was appealed to by virtue of his leadership: Was he willing by his obstinacy, he was asked, to drive

* See this point discussed in full in the beginning of CH. XIX., p. 192.

† See S. Cyprian's careful directions on this subject in his epistles.

‡ See p. 204.

younger Christians to share his hard fate? And then for Vincent: Was he, with all his splendid youth and strength, bent on needlessly sacrificing all chance of future usefulness? The bishop could not frame words, and Vincent answered for them both. The speech itself is too long and elaborate to be genuine, but we are left in no doubt as to its general drift. Was the alternative between death and sacrifice to the so-called gods? Well, then, let it be death. He poured out his defence with all the youthful defiance of another Laurence, and showed a fearless contempt of his judges that concentrated all Dacian's fury upon him. To mark the difference between the two offenders, Valerius was left free to follow his belief—only in exile—while the young deacon was reserved for further punishment. So the older man was called to bear the heavy sorrow of seeing his beloved companion enter upon a conflict which it was no longer his to share. From this point the bishop disappears from the narrative, but his name is found once, a couple of years later, among those who took part in the Council of Elvira, and after his death he, too, was numbered among the saints.

And so Vincent stood alone, with no revered chief to encourage him in his sore need, exposed to the utmost tortures that the malice of the persecutors could devise. As he lay stretched upon the rack men marked the sweet smile that played upon his countenance, and marvelled at his sublime serenity. A new way of escape was now offered him; he might save himself by giving up the sacred books of his religion to be burned, but he scorned such a compromise, which would in truth have been held on all sides as surrendering his cause. The written word should not be dishonoured through him. Then, like another Laurence, he was condemned to be placed over a slow fire. But pain had already done its worst for him, and he seemed unconscious of further suffering. Still breathing, he was snatched from his fiery bed and placed upon the ash-strewn floor of the dungeon, and there he lay as though in bliss, seeing visions of angels. Then the governor, perchance moved by a sudden impulse of remorse, ordered the martyr to be moved on to a soft bed, and gave leave for his friends to be admitted. In sorrowful reverence they gathered round his couch; but even as they watched, the sufferer sank into a peaceful sleep, from which he never waked. The rage of the governor broke forth once more, and spent itself upon even the poor mutilated body. He ordered it to be put into a sack and cast into the sea; but it was washed ashore by the tide and rescued by the Christians of Valencia, and there secretly treasured till such time as it was possible to give it honourable burial.

There are extant no less than five sermons preached by S. Augustine on different anniversaries of S. Vincent's Day, and he bears witness that in his time there was no part of Christendom where this feast was not observed.

Although historically S. Vincent is wholly associated with Eastern Spain, his glory has spread throughout the entire Peninsula, more

especially since the twelfth century, when relics of the martyr, real or pretended, were translated to Lisbon with much pomp. Cape St. Vincent is perhaps the most world-famous memorial of the saint, but his name is dotted all over the map of Spain and Portugal, and through the influence of Spanish colonization, it has become almost as familiar in the New World as in the Old. We meet it even in our own British possessions in South Australia—brought there doubtless by very indirect channels, yet still witnessing to the heroic young Spanish martyr. We find his church existing to this day at Rome, and here he is coupled with the Persian martyr, S. Anastasius (CH. LI.), a strange association arising purely from the accidental coincidence of their being celebrated on the same day.

In France, too, S. Vincent was widely honoured, from the days when King Childebert besieged Saragossa and humbled the defeated inhabitants by carrying off the relics of their glorious patron, "S. Vincent the Invincible." The relics were borne home in triumph to a church in Paris, known from this circumstance as "S. Vincent's," but now more commonly called "S. Germanus of Paris."

But in the one city where we should most naturally look to find S. Vincent, in Madrid, the capital of all Spain, his place is occupied by the Roman deacon. It is S. Laurence of Rome, not S. Vincent of Saragossa, who is the patron of the Escurial.

England, notwithstanding French influences, has resembled Madrid in preferring S. Laurence to S. Vincent, for so far as appears there are but five churches dedicated to the Spanish martyr. Two out of this scanty total are in Lincolnshire, the one at Caythorpe, the other at Burton-by-Lincoln. They may perhaps have had a common origin, but they are sufficiently far removed from one another to allow of their being quite independent. Then we have Newnham in Hertfordshire, and Littlebourne in Kent, and, lastly, Ashington in Somerset; but Somerset has yet another reminder of the brave young Spaniard in the well-known "St. Vincent's Rock" at Clifton, so called from a now vanished chapelry dedicated in his honour. It is much to be hoped that this old association may one day be revived by some modern church in Clifton.

Travelling northwards, we find traces of the saint at Auchinleck in Ayrshire. It is a strange chance that connects S. Vincent with Boswell, but readers of the "Tour to the Hebrides" may recall the pride with which the writer dwells upon all the glories of his ancestral home at Auchinleck, and not least upon the family burying-ground, "the spot of consecrated earth on which may be traced the foundations of an ancient chapel to S. Vincent." They may recall his mingled self-satisfaction and self-abasement in the reflections that the remains of such "sanctity, which were considerable, should have been dragged away and employed in constructing the building which was to be the forerunner of that elegant modern mansion," of which Dr. Johnson was pleased to "speak

so handsomely," and his final pious thought that "perhaps this chapel may one day be restored."

S. Valentine, P.M. Feb. 14, date uncertain.

It is the two deacons, Laurence and Vincent, who are the glory of this chapter: S. Valentine the Priest resembles S. Nicomede the Priest in this one point—that he has, as it would seem, no single church dedicated in his honour; but he is curiously unlike him in being one of the most universally remembered of all the black-letter saints. S. Valentine's Day, like S. Swithun's, is still a landmark for hundreds of people, who would be puzzled to give any account of the saint himself. Nor, indeed, is there much to be told, and even what there is is of doubtful authenticity. He is said to have been a Roman priest who suffered in the time of the Emperor Claudius; but in truth the time of his martyrdom is as uncertain as all else concerning him. His name is not found at all in the Roman Kalendar drawn up nearest to his own time, but appears in the Kalendar of S. Gregory the Great; and in the interval between these two martyrologies, he had come to be very widely reverenced, insomuch that his relics were eagerly sought after, and were, as it happened, forthcoming in such abundance as to drive devout-minded but honest critics to the conclusion that some of them must have belonged to "some other S. Valentine." * Our saint is known to have had not a few namesakes, and much labour has been expended upon the attempt to distinguish between them, but Baillet for one gives up the hopeless task with the words: "What distinction can one make amidst such confusion, where there is nothing but conjecture to go by?"

In spite of the multitude of his relics, in spite of the now ruined church dedicated to him in Rome, in spite of the little town in the Abruzzi that to this day keeps alive the memory of "San Valentino," there is, as we have said, no trace of any English church bearing his familiar name—a name which must have been familiar in English ears ever since the time of Bede's Kalendar.

No one needs to be reminded of the endless superstitions and curious local customs that gradually grew up around this festival of early spring, endowing it with a character all its own as the Lovers' Festival; but how such practices grew out of the Acts, genuine or fictitious, of S. Valentine the Priest has been a puzzle to many. The real explanation appears to be that the association is a purely accidental one. S. Valentine's Day fell on February 14, while February 15 was the great pagan feast of the Lupercalia.† Many of the observances of the one festival were tacitly transferred to the other. The Church adapted the existing customs to her own use, and the old Roman revels were thus continued under a new name; no longer under the patronage of the god Pan, but under the Martyr Valentine. So it befell that long after the saint's true history was

* Baillet, February 14.

† "A yearly festival observed at Rome on February 15 in honour of Pan, destroyer of wolves (lupi)."—Haydn's "Dictionary of Dates."

wholly forgotten, his day still marked an era in the year, and it was long remembered throughout England that the beautiful and unfortunate Elizabeth, daughter of James I., popularly known as the "Queen of Hearts," was married to the Elector Palatine on S. Valentine's Eve.

To this day the name of the obscure Roman priest still holds its place amongst us, not in our Prayer-book Kalendar only, but also as one of our good old English Christian names.

END OF VOL. I.

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